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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT

IN NINE VOLUMES

VOLUME II.

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK
1894

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ADDENDA.

Much Ado About Nothing.

ii. 1. 159 *blood*] *fraud* Gould conj.
iii. 1. 45 *as full as*] *a full as* Gould conj.
iii. 2. 97 *paint out*] *point out* Gould conj.
iv. 1. 44 *proof*] *person* Gould conj.
v. 1. 37 *the style*] *with style* Gould conj.
39 *push*] *tush* Gould conj.
65 *bruise*] *weight* Gould conj.
196 *sad*] *glad* Gould conj.
271 *bones*] *manes* Gould conj.
277 *right*] *rite* Gould conj.
v. 2. 27 *in singing; but*] *in singing, not* Gould conj.
v. 3. 20 *uttered*] *conquered* Gould conj.

Love's Labour's Lost.

i. 1. 106 *shows*] *hearth* Cartwright conj.
127 *gentility*] *civility* Cartwright conj.
158 *will last*] *will fast* Gould conj.
215 *soul's*] *sole* Gould conj.
247 *passion*] *pass on* Gould conj.
ii. 1. 16 *sale*] *tale* Gould conj.
247 *I'll*] *He'll* Gould conj.
248 *my*] *their* Gould conj.
iv. 2. 127 *intellect*] *interior* Gould conj.
iv. 3. 162 *gnat*] *sprat* Cartwright conj.
176 *men like you, men of inconstancy*] *men like you, of inconsistency* Cartwright conj. *men like women in inconstancy* Gould conj.
326 *power*] *pore* Gould conj.
340, 341 *the voice...heaven*] *the voice, of all the gods, Makes heaven* Brae conj.
377 *no time*] *nothing* Gould conj.
378 *betime*] *become* Gould conj.

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iv. 3. 380 *whirls in*] *metes out* Gould conj.
382 *copper buys no better*] *conduct buys no bitter* Gould conj.
v. 1. 25 *Laus...intelligo*] *Laus Deo, bone, intelligo* Schmidt conj.
v. 2. 43 *pencils, ho!*] *reprisals now* Gould conj.
67 *perttaunt-like*] *pert'nently* Cartwright conj.
168 *behold with...eyes,*] *behold*— Boyet. *With...eyes!* Gould conj.
331 *flower*] *slave* Gould conj.
465 *years*] *leers* Cartwright conj.
471 *will*] *fraud* Gould conj.
676 *Ates...Ates*] *sacks...sacks* Gould conj.
791 *last love*] *last out* Gould conj.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

i. 1. 189 *tongue*] *voice* Cartwright conj.
ii. 1. 131 Add *Having her womb...* Cartwright conj.
254 *these*] *those* Cartwright conj.
255 *there*] *where* Cartwright conj., arranging the lines as Keightley.
iii. 2. 57 *dead*] *lead'n* Cartwright conj.
144 *princess*] *essence* Cartwright conj.
176 *thy dear*] *thy fere* Cartwright conj.
iv. 1. 163 *Melted as*] *Melted as is* Cartwright conj.
188 *jewel*] *double* Cartwright conj.
v. 1. 59 *strange*] *stained* Cartwright conj.
91 *poor duty*] *poor simple duty* Cartwright conj.
do] *do, but would* Abbott conj.
92 *might*] *right* Cartwright conj.
221 *A lion-fell, nor else*] *A lion's fell, none else* Cartwright conj.
321 *lips*] *O's* Cartwright conj.
380 *house give*] *hall a* Cartwright conj.
381 *By*] *Gives* Cartwright conj.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

i. 1. 62 *me*] *me up* F_3F_4.
89 *new court*] *court* Furness conj.
93 *into*] *into a* F_3F_4.
126 *him*] *them* F_4.
134 *entrap*] *to entrap* F_3F_4.
i. 2. 1 *my*] om. Pope.
5 *any*] *my* F_3F_4.
34, 35 *those...and*] om. Rowe (ed. 1).

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i. 2. 120 *this*] *this is* F_4.
121 *may*] om. Rowe.
157, 158 *your eyes...your judgement*] *your own eyes...your judgment* Johnson.
178 Cel.] Orl. Theobald.
223 *promise*] *promise here* Keightley.
248 *the*] *these* Rowe.
of] *to* F_3F_4.
i. 3. 63 *we*] *we but* Pope.
91 *Hath*] *Has* Rowe (ed. 2).
112 *me*] om. F_4.
113 *curtle-axe*] *curtelass* Capell.
133 *go we in content*] *go in; we consent* Neil conj.
ii. 1. 5 *but*] *now* Ingleby conj.
8 *bites*] *baits* F_3F_4.
43 *it with*] *in the* F_4.
said] *say* F_4.
60 *of this*] *this* F_3F_4. *through this* Rowe (ed. 1).
65 Sec. Lord.] Ami. Capell.
69 First Lord.] 2. Lor. F_3F_4.

As some misapprehension has arisen in consequence of the bibliographical note on the back of the title to vol. I. it may be as well to make the following statement:

The Cambridge Shakespeare was first published in nine volumes, which appeared at intervals from 1863 to 1866. Volumes I. II. III. were issued in 1863; volumes IV. and V. in 1864; volumes VI. and VII. in 1865; and volumes VIII. and IX. in 1866. On the completion of the work the Publishers found it necessary to reprint vol. I. in order to make up sets, and accordingly a limited number of copies was struck off in 1867. This volume was merely reprinted and did not pass through the Editors' hands.

The Editors of the first volume were Mr WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK and Mr JOHN GLOVER. After its publication in 1863 Mr Glover left Cambridge, and I became associated with Mr Clark in the Editorship, an arrangement which continued to the end.

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
March 1891.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE five plays contained in this volume are here printed in the order in which they occur in the Folios.

1. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. The first edition of this play is a Quarto, of which the title is as follows:

Much adoe about | Nothing. | *As it hath been sundrie times publikely* | acted by the right honourable, the Lord | Chamberlaine his seruants. | *Written by William Shakespeare.* | London | Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and | William Aspley. | 1600.

The First Folio edition of this play was obviously printed from a copy of the Quarto belonging to the library of the theatre, and corrected for the purposes of the stage. Some stage directions of interest occur first in the Folio, but as regards the text, where the Folio differs from the Quarto it differs almost always for the worse. The alterations are due however to accident not design.

'Davenant's version,' to which reference is made in the notes, is his play 'The Law against Lovers.'

2. LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST was published for the first time in Quarto, with the following title:

A | Pleasant | Conceited Comedie | called, | Loues labors lost. | As it was presented before her Highnes | this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented | *By W. Shakespere.* | Imprinted at London by *W. W.* | for *Cutbert Burby.* | 1598.

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The Folio edition is a reprint of this Quarto, differing only in its being divided into Acts, and, as usual, inferior in accuracy. The second Quarto (Q_2) is reprinted from the First Folio.

It bears the following title:

Loues Labours lost. | A wittie and | pleasant | comedie, | As it was Acted by his Maiesties Seruants at | *the* Blacke-Friers *and the* Globe. | *Written* | By William Shakespeare. | London, | Printed by W. S. for *Iohn Smethwicke*, and are to be | sold at his Shop in Saint *Dunstones* Church- | yard vnder the Diall. | 1631.

3. A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. Of this play also the first edition is a Quarto, bearing the following title:

A | Midsommer nights | dreame. | As it hath beene sundry times pub-|*lickely acted, by the Right honoura*-|ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his | *seruants.* | *Written by William Shakespeare.* | Imprinted at London, for *Thomas Fisher*, and are to | be soulde at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, | in *Fleetestreete.* 1600.

The copy of this Quarto in the Capell collection was formerly in the possession of Theobald, and bears this note in his handwriting: "Collated with the other Old Quarto with the same Title, printed by James Roberts in 1600, L. T." The results of the collation are recorded in the margin. We have called this Q_1.

In the same year another edition appeared, also in Quarto, with this title:

A | Midsommer nights | dreame. | As it hath beene sundry times pub-|*likely acted, by the Right Honoura*-|ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his | *seruants.* | *Written by William Shakespeare.* | *Printed by Iames Roberts*, 1600.

On comparing these two Quartos we find that they correspond page for page, though not line for line, except in the first five pages of sheet G. The printer's errors in Fisher's edition are corrected in that issued by Roberts, and from this circumstance, coupled with the facts that in the Roberts Quarto the

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'Exits' are more frequently marked, and that it was not entered at Stationers' Hall, as Fisher's edition was, we infer that the Roberts Quarto was a pirated reprint of Fisher's, probably for the use of the players. This may account for its having been followed by the First Folio. Fisher's edition, though carelessly printed, contains on the whole the best readings, and may have been taken from the author's manuscript.

The First Folio edition was printed from Roberts's Quarto, which we have quoted as Q_2.

4. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Two Quarto editions of this play were published in the same year; (1) that generally known as the 'Roberts Quarto,' our Q_1, bearing the following title-page:

The | excellent | History of the Mer-|*chant of Venice.* | With the extreme cruelty of *Shylocke* | the Iew towards the saide Merchant, in cut-|*ting a iust pound of his flesh. And the obtaining* | of *Portia*, by the choyse of | *three Caskets.* | Written by W. Shakespeare. | Printed by *J. Roberts*, 1600.

and (2) that known as the 'Heyes Quarto,' which we have called Q_2, whose title-page is as follows:

The most excellent | Historie of the *Merchant* | *of Venice.* | With the extreame crueltie of *Shylocke* the Iewe | towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound | of his flesh: and the obtayning of *Portia* | by the choyse of three | chests. | *As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord* | *Chamberlaine his Seruants.* | Written by William Shakespeare. At London, | Printed by I. R. for Thomas Heyes, | and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the | signe of the Greene Dragon. | 1600.

Different opinions have been entertained as to the respective priority of these two editions. Johnson and Capell both speak of the Heyes Quarto as the first. On the other hand, in the title-page of the Roberts Quarto, now at Devonshire House, J. P. Kemble, to whom the whole collection of Dramas belonged, has written 'First edition.' 'Collated and perfect, J. P. K. 1798.'

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And on the opposite page he has copied the following 'entry on the Stationers' Registers.' 'July 22, 1598. James Roberts) A booke of the Merchaunt of Venyse, otherwise called the Jewe of Venyse. Provided that it be not printed by the said James Roberts or any other whatsoever without leave first had from the ryght honourable, the Lord Chamberlen—39. b.' This shows that he had examined the question. He possessed moreover a copy of the Heyes Quarto, also collated by him and found perfect.

Mr Bolton Corney in *Notes and Queries* (2nd ser. Vol. x. p. 21), has shown that there is at least a strong probability in favour of the precedence of the Roberts Quarto. We have therefore decided to call the Roberts Quarto Q_1, and the Heyes Q_2.

In a critical point of view the question is of little or no consequence. After a minute comparison of the two, we have come to the conclusion that neither was printed from the other. We are indebted sometimes to one and sometimes to the other for the true reading, where it is very improbable that the printer should have hit upon the correction. For example, Act II. Sc. 8, line 39, the Roberts Quarto, sig. E. 1. recto, has 'Slubber not business...' while the Heyes Quarto, sig. D. 4. recto, has 'Slumber....' On the other hand, Act III. Sc. 1, line 6, the Heyes Quarto, sig. F. 2. recto, has 'gossip report,' the true reading, while the Roberts Quarto, sig. F. 2. verso, has 'gossips report.' Other instances might be brought to prove that neither edition is printed from the other. But there is reason to think that they were printed from the same MS.[1] Their agreement in spelling and punctuation and in manifest errors is too close to admit of any other hypothesis. We incline to believe that this common MS. was a transcript made from the author's. It is certain, for instance, that the MS. had 'veiling an Indian beauty' (Act III. Sc. 2, line 99), and it is equally certain that

[1] Perhaps different copies of the same MS. [W. A. W.]

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'beauty' was not the word Shakespeare meant. Other examples of common errors derived from the MS. will be found in our footnotes, and our readers may investigate the question for themselves.

Q_1 seems to have been printed by a more accurate printer or 'overseen' by a more accurate corrector than Q_2, and therefore *cæteris paribus* we have preferred the authority of Q_1.

The First Folio text is a reprint of the Heyes Quarto, which had doubtless belonged to the theatre library, and, as in other cases, had had some stage directions inserted.

The third Quarto, Q_3, is also reprinted from Q_2. It was published with the following title-page:

The most excellent | Historie of the Merchant | of Venice. | With the extreame crueltie of *Shylocke* | the Iewe towards the said Merchant, in | cutting a just pound of his flesh: and the ob-|taining of PORTIA by the choice | *of three Chests.* | As it hath beene divers times acted by the | *Lord Chamberlaine his Servants.* | Written by William Shakespeare. | London, | Printed by *M. P.* for *Laurence Hayes*, and are to be sold | at his Shop on Fleetbridge. 1637.

The so-called Fourth Quarto differs from Q_2 only in having a new title-page. We might have suppressed 'Q_4' altogether, but having made the collation we allow the record to stand. The title-page of Q_4 is as follows:

The most excellent | Historie | of the | Merchant of Venice: | With the extreame cruelty of *Shylocke* | the *Jew* towards the said Merchant, in cutting a | just pound of his flesh | and the obtaining | of *Portia* by the choyce of three Chests. | As it hath beene diverse times acted by the | *Lord Chamberlaine his Servants.* | Written by William Shakespeare. | London: | Printed for *William Leake*, and are to be solde at his shop at the | signe of the Crown in *Fleet-street*, between the two | Temple Gates. 1652.

The 'Lansdowne version,' which we have quoted in the notes, is the adaptation of *The Merchant of Venice*, published by Lord Lansdowne in 1701 under the title of *The Jew of Venice.*

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5. AS YOU LIKE IT was printed for the first time in the First Folio; at least if any previous edition was ever published, no copy of it is known to be extant. This alone, of all the plays contained in the present volume, is divided into scenes in the Folio. In this play an unusual number of certain and probable emendations are due to the Second Folio.

The Quincy MS. is an annotated copy of the Fourth Folio, quoted by Mr Grant White and Mr Halliwell.

In addition to those mentioned in the preface to the first volume, to whom we beg here to repeat our acknowledgments, we have to thank the Countess of Ellesmere and the Duke of Devonshire for the liberality with which they have thrown open to us the treasures of their libraries. We have to thank the Duke of Devonshire also for the interest which he has taken in our work and the help he has been kind enough to render in person. And on the same score we owe a debt of gratitude to Dr Kingsley, Mr Howard Staunton, Mr H. J. Roby, and Professor Craik, whose excellent volume *The English of Shakespeare* is too well known to need any commendation from us.

One act of kindness deserves an especial record. Dr Leo of Berlin, who had himself prepared an edition of *Coriolanus*, was meditating a complete edition of Shakespeare on the plan we have adopted, but gave up the scheme when he found we had anticipated him. Reading in the preface to our first volume an expression of regret that there was no index to Mr Sidney Walker's *Shakespeare Criticisms*, Dr Leo copied out and sent us an index which he had made for his own use. It has been of the greatest service to us, and we here beg to thank him most cordially for his generous aid.

W. G. C.
W. A. W.

[1863]

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NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

In the notes to *Much Ado about Nothing* 'Capell MS.' denotes corrections made by Capell in his copy of Pope's first edition.

'Theobald conj. MS.' denotes the conjectures found in Theobald's Letters to Warburton now in the British Museum (Eg. 1956), and 'Hanmer conj. MS.' the conjectures in a MS. letter from Hanmer to Warburton (Eg. 1957).

By 'Macmillan MS.' is indicated the MS. notes in an annotated copy of the second folio which was formerly in the possession of Mr Alexander Macmillan.

In the case of those readings which do not depend upon the spelling it has not been thought worth while to record minute variations and the spelling is that of the earliest copy quoted.

W. A. W.

March, 1890.

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

DON PEDRO, prince of Arragon.
DON JOHN, his bastard brother.
CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence.
BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua.
LEONATO, governor of Messina.
ANTONIO, his brother.
BALTHASAR, attendant on Don Pedro.
CONRADE, BORACHIO, } followers of Don John.
FRIAR FRANCIS.
DOGBERRY, a constable.
VERGES, a headborough.
A Sexton.
A Boy.

HERO, daughter to Leonato[2].
BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.
MARGARET, URSULA, } gentlewomen attending on Hero.

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—*Messina.*

[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] First given by Rowe.
[2] See note (I).

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Before* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, *and* BEATRICE, *with a* Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there

SCENE I. Before L.'s house] Capell. A Court before L.'s house. Pope. Enter...] See note (1).
1 Leon.] Leonato (wth a letter) Collier MS.
1, 8 *Pedro*] Rowe. *Peter* Q Ff.
8 *numbers*] *number* F_4.

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appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

25 *Mountanto*] *Montanto* Pope.
35 *bird-bolt*] Theobald. *but-bolt* Id. conj. *Burbolt* Q Ff.
37 *promised*] *promise* F_4.
39 *be*] om. F_3F_4.
meet] *met* Capell.
40 *these*] Q F_1. *those* $F_2F_3F_4$.
41 Beat.] Mes. F_2.
victual] Capell. *vittaile* Q. *victuall* $F_1F_2F_3$. *victuals* F_4.
eat] F_3F_4. *eate* Q F_2. *ease* F_1.
42 *he is*] Q. *he's* Ff.

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Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

50 *stuffing,—well,*] Theobald (Davenant's version). *stuffing well,* Q Ff. (*wel* Q).
54 *that. In*] Ff. *that, in* Q.
57 *warm*] *from harm* Warburton.
58 *wealth*] *wearth* Hanmer.
59 *creature. Who*] *creature, who* Q.
65 *an*] Theobald. *and* Q Ff. *if* Pope.
73 *Benedick*] *Benedict* Q F_1.
74 *a'*] *a* Q. *he* F_1. *it* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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Beat. Do, good friend.
Leon. You will never run mad, niece.
Beat. No, not till a hot January.
Mess. Don Pedro is approached. 79

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* BALTHASAR.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it. 82

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave. 86

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her? 90

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father. 95

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you. 100

77 *never*] Q. *ne're* Ff.
79 Enter...] Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthasar, and Iohn the bastard Q Ff.
80 SCENE II. Pope.
80, 81 *you are...trouble:*] Ff. *are you ... trouble:* Q. *are you... trouble?* Collier.
87 *too*] Q F_1. *more* $F_2F_3F_4$. *most* Rowe.
90 *sir*] Q. om. Ff.
92 *we*] *you* Rowe (ed. 2).

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Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may

103 *it*] *her* Keightley conj. *on* Hudson (Keightley conj.).
110 *pernicious*] *pertinacious* Grey conj.
115 *an*] Rowe. *and* Q Ff. *if* Pope.
116 *yours were*] *yours* Hudson (Collier MS.). *you wear* Anon. conj. (N. & Q. 1879).
121 *i'*] Capell. *a* Q Ff. *o'* Warburton.
125 *That...all, Leonato.*] *That...all: Leonato,* Q. *This...all: Leonato,* Ff. *This...all: Don John,* Hanmer. See note (II).
127 *tell him*] Q F_1F_2. *tell you* F_3F_4.

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detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [*To Don John*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio.*

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgement.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you

132 [To Don John] Hanmer.
132, 133 *lord:...brother,*] Capell. *lord, ...brother:* Q F_1F_2. *Lord,...Brother;* F_3F_4.
137 [Exeunt...] Exeunt. Manent... Q. Exeunt. Manet... Ff.
138 SCENE III. Pope.
144 *their*] *her* Capell conj.
146 *pray thee*] Q F_1. *prethee* $F_2F_3F_4$.
147 *a high*] *a his* Q F_1F_2. *an high* F_3 F_4.
156 *into*] *in too* Hanmer.

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this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song? 160

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you? 167

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you. 175

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance. 179

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but, on my allegi-

161 *ever I*] *I ever* Pope.
164, 173 *an*] Capell. *and* Q Ff. *if* Pope.
165 *with a*] *with such a* Rowe (ed. 2).
170 *Is't*] *Is it* Capell MS.
this? In faith] Q Ff. *this, in faith?* Pope. *this, i'faith* Capell.
175 Re-enter Don Pedro.] Hanmer. Enter Don Pedro, Iohn the bastard. Q Ff.
176 SCENE IV. Pope.
177 *Leonato's*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Leonatoes* Q F_1F_2. *Leonato* F_3F_4. *Leonato's house* Pope.
180 *can*] *cannot* F_4.

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ance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who? now that is your Grace's part. Mark how short his answer is;—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 'twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.'

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all

182 *allegiance. He*] *allegiance, he* Nicholson conj.
183 *With who?*] Q F_1. *With whom?* $F_2F_3F_4$.
184 *his*] *the* Collier MS.
185, 186 Claud. *If...were it.* Bene. *Uttered like the old tale...* Johnson conj. See note (III).
185 Claud.] D. Pedro. Hudson.
196 *spoke*] Q. *speake* F_1F_2. *speak* F_3F_4.
208 *recheat*] *recheate* Rowe (ed. 2). *rechate* Q Ff.

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women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's:

214 *I shall*] *'Shall* or *I'll* S. Walker conj. (reading as verse).
223 *hits*] *first hits* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
224 *Adam*] *a dab* Bishop conj.
229 *vilely*] Rowe (ed. 2). *vildly* Q F_4. *vildely* $F_1F_2F_3$.

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commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it,—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. [*Exit.*

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,

243 *you*—] Theobald. *you.* Q Ff.
245 *it*,—] Theobald. *it.* Q Ff.
249 *guarded*] *garded* Collier MS. *guards*] *gards* Collier MS.
252 SCENE V. Pope.
253 *to teach*] *to use* S. Walker conj.
267 *wars.*] *wars*,— Collier.

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And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?
Claud. How sweetly you do minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.
D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

271 *I will*] *I'll* Pope.
271, 272 *and with her father, And thou shalt have her*] Q. Omitted in Ff, restored by Theobald.
272 *Was't*] Rowe. *Wast* Q Ff.
273 *story*] *string* Lettsom conj.
274 *you do*] Q. *do you* Ff.
279 *The fairest...necessity.*] *The fairest current's the necessity* Bulloch conj. *The fairest argument is necessity* Bailey conj. (1866). *The fairest warrant is necessity* Anon. conj. *grant*] *plea* Hanmer. *ground* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
grant is] *garant's* Anon. conj.
is] Q F_1F_2. *in* F_3F_4.
the] *to* Hudson (Hayley conj.). *thy* Keightley conj. (N. & Q. 1867).
286 *the*] *a* F_4.
290 *presently*] *instantly* Capell conj. MS.

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SCENE II. *A room in* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO, *meeting.*

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news, that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good? 5

Ant. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it. 13

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself. 16

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Enter attendants.*] Cou-

SCENE II.] Capell. Scene continued in Pope.
A room in L.'s house] Capell. See note (IV).
Enter...] Enter L. and an old man brother to L. Q Ff. Re-enter A. and L. Pope.
4 *strange*] Q. om. Ff.
6 *event*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *euents* Q F_1.
8 *thick-pleached*] Hyphened by Theobald.
mine orchard] Q. *my orchard* Ff.
9 *thus much*] Q. *thus* Ff.
12 *he meant*] Q $F_1F_2F_3$. *meant* F_4.
17 *appear*] *approve* Dyce conj.
18 *withal*] Theobald. *withall* Q F_1F_2. *with all* F_3F_4.
19 *an*] Q F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
20 [Enter attendants.] Edd. Several cross the stage here. Theobald. Enter several persons, bearing things for the Banquet. Capell. Enter some. Collier MS. Several gentlemen and others cross the stage. Nicholson conj.
Cousins] *Cousin* Johnson.

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sins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter DON JOHN *and* CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou sayest thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this

23 *cousin*] *cousins* Steevens (1793).
SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE VI. Pope. The same.] An Apartment in Leonato's House. Theobald. The Street. Hanmer. Scene changes. Pope.
Enter...] Enter Sir Iohn the Bastard, and Conrade his companion. Q Ff.
1 *good-year*] *goodyeere* Q. *good yeere* F_1F_2. *good year* F_3F_4. *good-jer* Theobald. *goujeres* Hanmer. *goujere* Steevens (1793).
4 *breeds*] *breeds it* Theobald.
7 *brings*] Q. *bringeth* Ff.
8 *at least*] Q. *yet* Ff.
9 *wonder*] *wonder not* Theobald conj. MS.
10 *moral*] *morall* Q F_1. *mortall* F_2F_3 F_4.
16 *the full*] *full* S. Walker conj., who would print lines 16—21 as verses, ending *this...controlement...brother ... grace ... root...yourself...season... harvest.*

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till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

17 *of late*] *till of late* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *until of late* Singer, ed. 2 (Singer MS.).
19 *true*] Q. om. Ff.
23 *in his grace*] *by his grace* Johnson conj. *in his garden* Id. conj. (withdrawn).
26 *but*] *that* Reed (1803).
27 *muzzle*] *mussel* Q. *mussell* $F_1F_2F_3$. *muzzel* F_4.
33 *I make*] Q. *I will make* Ff.
36 *came*] *come* Capell conj.
42 *brother's*] *bothers* Q.

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D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he? 46

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio. 55

D. John. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord. 60

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

45 *and who*] om. Grant White conj.
47 *on*] Ff. *one* Q.
48 *came*] Q F_1. *come* $F_2F_3F_4$.
49 *to this?*] *to know this?* Johnson.
52 *whipt me*] Q. *whipt* Ff.
59 *me?*] Ff. *me.* Q.
62 *of*] Ff. *a* Q.
64 [Exeunt.] Ff. exit. Q.

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ACT II.

SCENE I. *A hall in* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns;' but to a cow too curst he sends none.

ACT II. See note (v).
SCENE I. A hall...] Theobald. L.'s House. Pope. See note (VI).
Enter...] Enter L., his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinsman. Q Ff. (and kinsman F_3F_4). See note (I). Enter...and others, mask'd. Capell MS.
10, 12 *Benedick's*] *Benedict's* Rowe (ed. 2).
12 *face,—*] *face*—Rowe. *face.* Q Ff.
15 *a'*] Collier. *a* Q. *he* Ff.
19 *I shall*] *and I shall* Hanmer.

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Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [*To Hero*] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please you.' But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'

26 *the woollen*] *woollen* Rowe (ed. 2).
27 *on*] Q. *upon* Ff.
34 *bear-ward*] Knight. *Berrord* Q F_1F_2. *Bearherd* F_3F_4.
into] *to* Hanmer.
35 *hell?*] Hanmer. *hell.* Q Ff. *hell,*— Theobald.
35—41 Put in the margin as spurious by Warburton.
37 *horns*] *his horns* F_4.
40 *Peter for the heavens;*] Pope. *Peter: for the heavens,* Q Ff. *Peter: for the heavens!* Staunton.
42 [To Hero] Rowe.
44, 47 *courtesy*] *cursie* Q. *curtsie* Ff.
45 *Father*] Q. om. Ff.
47 *please*] Q F_1. *pleases* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother: make good room. [*All put on their masks.*

52 *an account*] Q. *account* Ff.
53 *wayward*] *cold wayward* F_2F_4.
54 *my*] om. F_3F_4.
59 *important*] *importunate* Rowe (ed. 2).
61 *hear*] *here* Q.
62 *as*] om. Rowe.
65 *ancientry*] *aunchentry* Q F_1F_2. *anchentry* F_3F_4.
67 *sink*] *sincke* Q. *sinkes* F_1F_2. *sinks* F_3F_4. *sink-a-pace* Capell conj. *sink apace* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). See note (VII).
72 [All...masks.] L. and his Company mask. Capell.

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Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, masked.*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Drawing her aside.*

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

73 SCENE II. Pope.
Enter...masked.] Enter prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthaser, or dumb Iohn. Q. Enter ...Iohn, Maskers with a drum. Ff.
74 *So you*] *So, you* Q.
77 *company f*] Rowe (ed. 2). *company.* Q Ff.
82—85. Printed as two verses by Grant White (Blakeway conj.).
83 *Jove*] Q. *Loue* F_1. *love* $F_2F_3F_4$.
84, 85. Hero...*thatch'd.* D. Pedro... *love.*] Hero...*thatch'd. Speak...speak, Jove.* Anon. conj.
85 D. Pedro] Marg. Heath conj. [Drawing her aside.] Capell.
86, 89, 91. These lines are given to Benedick in Q Ff. Theobald gives them to Balthasar.
87, 92, 94. Marg.] Mas. F_4. See note (VIII).
90 Marg.] Mask. F_4.
91 [turning off in Quest of another. Capell.

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Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales':—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool;

93, 96 given to Bene. Tieck conj.
96 *No*] *Amen.* *No* Collier MS. [parting different Ways. Capell.
101 *ill-well*] Theobald. *ill well* Q Ff. *ill Will* Rowe. *ill, well* Pope.
106 *mum,*] *mumme,* Q Ff. *mummer,* Anon conj.
107 [mixing with the Company. Capell.
110 *not tell*] Q F_1. *tell* $F_2F_3F_4$.
116 Beat.] om. F_2.

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only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*

D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her: she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

121 *only his*] *his only* Anon. conj. *impossible*] *impassible* Warburton. *importable* Mason conj. (withdrawn).

123 *pleases*] Q. *pleaseth* Ff.

132 [Music.] Musick within. Theobald. [Musick begins: Dance forming. Capell.

135 [Exit, led by Benedick. Capell MS. [Dance.....Claudio.] Dance exeunt. Q. [Exeunt. Musicke for the dance. Ff. [Exeunt. Manent Don J., B. and C. Warburton. [Dance: and Exeunt D. Pe. and Leo. conversing; Her. Bea. Mar. Urs. Ben. Bal. and Company. Capell.

136 SCENE III. Pope.

146 *you*] *ye* Theobald.

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D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so; the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

150 [Exeunt...] exeunt: manet Clau. Q. Ex. manet Clau. F_1. Exit. manet. Clau. $F_2F_3F_4$.
152 *these*] *this* F_3F_4.
156 *their*] *your* Hanmer.
158 *for*] om. Pope.
161 *therefore*] *then* Pope.
Re-enter...] Capell. Enter...Q Ff.
162 *Claudio?*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Claudio.* Q Ff.
167 *county*] Q. *Count* Ff.
of] Q F_4. *off* $F_1F_2F_3$.
168 *an*] *a* F_4.

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Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me. 175

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may. 186

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your

172 *drovier*] Q Ff. *drover* Rowe (ed. 2).
175 (angerly) Collier MS.
176 *Ho! now*] *Ho now* Q F_1. *Ho no!* F_2F_3. *No no!* F_4.
blind man] Rowe. *blindman* Q F_1F_2. *blind-man* F_3F_4.
179 *fowl*] *foule* Q. *fowle* F_1. *soule* F_2. *soul* F_3F_4.
181 *Ha!*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *hah*, Q. *Hah!* F_1.
182 *Yea*] Q F_1. *you* F_2. *yet* F_3F_4.
182, 183 *so...wrong;*] *so; (but...wrong)* Capell. *so; I...wrong;* Rann.
183, 184 *the base, though bitter, disposition*] *the base thought—the bitter disposition* Kinnear conj.
183 *base*] *bare* Anon conj. *false* Cartwright conj.
184 *though bitter*] *the bitter* Steevens, 1793 (Johnson conj.). *tough, bitter* Jackson conj. *through-bitter* Anon. conj.
world] *word* F_3F_4.
187 SCENE IV. Pope.
Re-enter Don Pedro.] Steevens. Enter the Prince. Ff. Enter the Prince, Hero, Leonato, Iohn and Borachio, and Conrade. Q. Re-enter Don Pedro, Hero, and Leonato. Capell.
191 *I told*] Q. *told* Ff.

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grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance,

192 *good*] Q. om. Ff.
this] *the* Rann. *his* Hudson (S. Walker conj.)
194 *up*] Q. om. Ff.
198, 205 *birds'*] *birds* Q Ff. *bird's* Rowe (ed. 2).
214 *but with*] *with but* Capell conj.
217 *that*] Q. *and that* Ff.
218 *impossible*] *impassable* Theobald (Warburton). See note (IX). *impetuous* Hanmer. *importable* Collier, ed. 2 (Johnson conj.). *imposeable* Becket conj. *impitiable* Jackson. *unportable* Collier MS.

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upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her. 232

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies; rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me? 242

219 *at*] *as* Keightley conj.
220 *me*] *him* Keightley.
221 *her terminations*] Q. *terminations* Ff. *her minations* S. Walker conj.
222 *to the north*] *the north* Warburton conj.
224 *left*] *lent* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *before*] *after* Keightley conj.
227 *the infernal*] *in the infernal* F_3F_4.
230 *as in*] *or in* Staunton conj.
232 *follows*] *follow* Pope.
233 Re-enter ...] Enter ... Ff. Enter Claudio and Beatrice. Q. Re-enter Beatrice and Claudio. Capell.
234 SCENE V. Pope.
239 *off*] *of* Collier. See note (x). *any*] *an* Collier MS.
241 *You have*] *Have you* Collier MS.

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D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*Exit.* 245

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it. 251

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek. 256

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick? 260

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion. 264

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy! 270

245 *my Lady Tongue.*] Q. *this Lady tongue* F_1. *this lady's tongue* $F_2F_3F_4$.
249 *his*] Q. *a* Ff.
263 *civil count*] *civil, count* Theobald.
264 *that jealous*] Q. *a jealous* Ff. *as jealous a* Collier MS.
265—270 *I' faith...joy!*] Six lines of verse, S. Walker conj.
266 *I'll*] Q F_1. *I* $F_2F_3F_4$.
267 *Claudio,*] *Claudio,* [leading him to Hero,] Capell.
268—269 *and his...obtained:*] Pope. *and his...obtained,* Q Ff. *and, his ...obtained,* Collier.

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Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt; I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your Grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your Grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

274 *cue*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Qu* Q Ff.
276 *much.*] Rowe. *much?* Q Ff.
284 *her*] Q. *my* Ff.
285 Claud.] Leon. Hanmer.
286 *for alliance*] *our alliance* Theobald conj. MS.
287 *to*] *through* Jackson conj.
world] *wood* Johnson conj.
sun-burnt] *sundered* Bailey conj. (1866).
288 *corner, and cry*] *corner, and cry,* Rowe. *corner and cry,* Q Ff (*crie,* Q).
heigh-ho for a husband!] See note (XI).
290 *would*] *had* Capell MS.

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D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your Grace's pardon. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

299 *of*] Ff. *a* Q. *o'* Edd. conj.
302 *was I*] Q F_1F_2. *I was* F_3F_4.
308 SCENE VI. Pope.
pleasant-spirited] Theobald. *pleasant spirited* Q Ff.
311 *ever*] *even* Anon. conj.
312 *of unhappiness*] *of an happiness* Theobald. *an unhappiness* Warburton (a misprint) and Capell conj.
320 *County*] *Countie* Q. *Counte* F_1. *Count* $F_2F_3F_4$.
326 *my*] Q. om. Ff. *our* Collier MS.

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D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter DON JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

331 *mountain*] *mooting* Johnson conj. *maintain* Herr. conj. *mountain of affection*] *mounting affection of* Becket conj.
331, 332 *the...the*] *th'...th'* Q Ff.
332, 333 *not but*] *not* Rowe (ed. 2).
349 *in*] om. F_3F_4.
SCENE II.] SCENE VII. Pope. The same.] Edd. Scene changes. Pope. Scene changes to another apartment in L.'s house. Theobald.

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Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio —whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despite them I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honour, who

30 *Don*] Q. *on* Ff.
31 *know that*] *know* Rowe.
33 *in love*] Q. *in a love* Ff.
33—35 *as,—in...maid,—that*] Capell. (*as in...match*)...*maid, that* Q Ff.

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hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent,—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. LEONATO'S *orchard.*

Enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Boy!

Enter Boy.

Boy. Signior?

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

36 *scarcely*] *hardly* Rowe.
40 *Claudio*] *Borachio* Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). See note (XII).
41 *so*] om. F_3F_4.
43 *truth*] Q. *truths* Ff. *proofes* Collier MS.
Hero's] *her* Capell.
49 *you*] Q. *thou* Ff.
51 [Exeunt.] Rowe. Exit. Q Ff.
SCENE III.] SCENE VIII. Pope.
Leonato's orchard.] Leonato's Garden. Pope.
Enter Benedick.] Collier (ed. 1). Enter Benedicke alone. Q Ff. Enter B. and a Boy. Rowe. Enter B. and a Boy following. Staunton. Enter Benedick, a Boy following. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
2 Enter Boy.] Collier (ed. 1). om. Q Ff.

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Boy. I am here already, sir. 5

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet,—just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. 32

[*Withdraws.*

7 [Exit Boy.] exit. Q Ff (after line 5).
14 *walked...a-foot*] *gone...a-foot* or *walk'd ten miles* Seymour conj.
18 *orthography*] Ff. *ortography* Q. *orthographer* Rowe (ed. 2). *orthographist* Capell conj.
23 *an*] *and* Q.
26 *be*] *come* Daniel conj.
27—30 See note (XIII).
29 *I*] Q. om. Ff.
32 [Withdraws.] Theobald. om. Q Ff. Retires behind the trees. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

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Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?
Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!
D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?
Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

Enter BALTHASAR *with Music.*

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.
Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.
D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.
Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he swear he loves.
D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balth. Note this before my notes;
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.
D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. [*Air.*

33 SCENE IX. Pope.
Enter.....Leonato.] Capell. Enter prince, Leonato, Claudio, Musicke. Q. Enter Prince, L., C., and Iacke Wilson. Ff.
38 *kid-fox*] *cade-fox* Hanmer. *hid fox* Warburton.
Enter...Music.] Q. om. Ff.
40 *tax*] *task* Capell conj.
41, 42 F_1 repeats these lines in the turn of the page.
45—56 Put into the margin as spurious by Pope.
46 *suit*] *suit thus* Keightley.
53 *nothing*] Q Ff. *noting* Theobald.
[Air.] Capell. om. Q Ff.

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Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

The Song.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

56, 77 &c. (behinde) Collier MS.
57 Balth.] Bal. Capell. om. Q Ff.
63 *your*] *yours* F_2.
65 *moe*] Q F_1. *more* $F_2F_3F_4$.
66 *Of*] *Or* Collier MS.
67 *fraud...was*] Q. *fraud...were* Ff. *frauds...were* Pope.
68 *leavy*] *leafy* Pope.
72 *no, no*] *ne no* F_4. *no, faith;*] *no; faith*, Collier.
74 *An*] Capell. *And* Q Ff. *If* Pope. *been*] *bin* Q.
76 *lief*] *liue* Q.
79 *us*] om. Rowe. *night*] om. Pope.

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Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exit Balthasar.*] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection; it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

82 [Exit B.] Exeunt Bal. and Musick. Capell. See note (XIV).
86 *sits*] *sits yonder* Keightley.
91, 100, 109, 112, 195 [Aside. Theobald.
93, 94 *it,...affection;*] *it,...affection,* QFf. *it;...affection,* Pope. *it;...affection,*— Capell.
94 *infinite*] *definite* Warburton.
100 *this*] Q F_1. *the* $F_2F_3F_4$.
102 *tell you*] *tell* Capell.

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Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her; 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the

110 *himself*] *itself* Reed (1803).
123 *paper*] *paper full* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
125 *us of*] *of us* Q.
126 *was*] om. F_3F_4.
127 *over*] *ever* F_2.
sheet?] Capell. *sheete.* QFf. *sheets.* Collier MS.
132 *for*] om. Rowe.
135 *prays, curses*] *prays, cries* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *curses, prays* Halliwell.

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ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would make but a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not; and she will die, ere she make her love known; and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

139 *afeard*] Q Ff. *afraid* Rowe.
143 *make but*] Q. *but make* Ff.
145 *An*] Capell. *And* Q Ff. *If* Pope. *alms*] *alms-deed* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
146 *excellent sweet*] *excellent-sweet* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.)
155 *daffed*] Johnson. *daft* Q Ff. *doff't* Pope. *dafft* Theobald.
157 *a'*] *a* Q. *he* Ff.
166 *contemptible*] *contemptuous* Hanmer.

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Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claud. Before God! and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit. 171

Claud. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear. 176

Leon. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling. 179

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel. 185

Leon. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady. 191

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

168 *happiness*] *appearance* Long MS.
169 *Before*] Q. *'Fore* Ff.
172 Claud.] Q. Leon. Ff.
174 *say*] Q. *see* Ff.
176 *most*] Q. om. Ff.
177—182 Leon. *If he...make.*] Put into the margin as spurious by Pope.
177 *a' must*] *a must* Q Ff. *he must* Rowe.
177, 178 *keep peace*] *keep the peace* Dyce (ed. 2).
183 *seek*] Q. *see* Ff.
184 *wear*] *wait* Rowe (ed. 1).
190 *see*] *shew* Rowe (ed. 1).
191 *unworthy*] Q. *unworthy to have* Ff.
192 *walk*] *walk in* Keightley conj.

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Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*

Bene. [*Coming forward*] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair,—'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous,—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me,—by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and

196 *gentlewomen*] Q. *gentlewoman* Ff.
197, 198 *one an opinion of another's*] *an opinion of one another's* Pope.
200 *in to*] Q F_4. *into* $F_1F_2F_3$. *to* Rowe (ed. 1).
[Exeunt...] Exeunt. Ff. om. Q.
201 SCENE X. Pope.
[Coming forward] B. advances from the Arbour. Theobald. om. Q Ff.
204 *their*] Q. *the* Ff.
211 *reprove*] *disprove* Keightley conj.
214 *have*] *to have* Rowe.
215 *remnants*] Q F_1. *remaines* F_2. *remains* F_3F_4.
217, 218 *youth...age*] *age...youth* Collier MS.

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these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;' there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me;' that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

224 *in to*] *into* F_3.
225 *dinner*] See note (XV).
232 *knife's*] Pope. *knives* Q Ff.
choke] *not choke* Hudson (Collier MS.)
235 *in to*] *into* F_1. *to* Reed (1803).
238 *is*] *are* Hanmer.

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ACT III.

SCENE I. LEONATO'S *orchard.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick

SCENE I. Leonato's orchard.] Continues in the Garden. Pope. Enter...Ursula.] Enter H. and two Gentlewomen, M. and Ursley. Q. Enter H. and two Gentlemen, M. and U. Ff.

1 *to*] *into* Pope. *in to* Keightley.

4 *Whisper*] *Whisper in* Keightley conj.

Ursula] *Ursley* Q.

8 *ripen'd*] Rowe. *ripened* Q Ff.

9 *like*] *like to* Pope.

12 *listen our propose*] Q. *listen our purpose* F_1. *listen to our purpose* $F_2F_3F_4$.

14 *warrant you*] Q F_1. *warrant* $F_2F_3F_4$.

[Exit.] $F_2F_3F_4$. om. Q F_1.

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Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter BEATRICE, *behind.*

Now begin;
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

[*Approaching the bower.*

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

23 Enter B. behind.] Steevens (after line 23). Enter B. Q (after line 25), Ff. (after line 23). Enter B., running towards the arbour. Theobald. Enter Beatrice stealing in behinde. Collier MS.

23—33 Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.

29 *even*] *e'en* Pope.

32 *lose*] *loose* Q F_1.

33 *false sweet*] *false-sweet* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.)
[Approaching...] They advance to the bower. Malone.

34 (loude) Collier MS.
she is] *she's* Pope.

42 *wrestle*] Johnson. *wrastle* Q Ff.

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Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.
Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.
Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

45 *as full as*] Q F_1F_2. *as full, as* F_3F_4. *at full, as* Long MS.
51 *eyes*] Q F_1. *eye* $F_2F_3F_4$.
58 *she*] *sheele* Q.
62 *She would*] *She'd* Pope.
63 *antique*] Q. *anticke* F_1.
65 *agate*] *agat* Rowe. *agot* Q Ff. *aglet* Theobald (Warburton).
vilely] Pope. *vildly* Q F_3F_4. *vildlie* F_1F_2.

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Hero. No, not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit!
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong!
She cannot be so much without true judgement,—
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have,—as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

72 *not*] *for* Rowe. *nor* Capell.
75 *She would*] *She'd* Pope.
air] *an air* Rowe (ed. 1).
77 *cover'd*] *couerd* Q. *couered* Ff.
79 *better death than*] *better death, then* Q. *better death, to* F_1. *bitter death, to* $F_2F_3F_4$.
80 *as die*] *as 'tis to die* Pope.
89 *swift*] *sweet* Rowe.
91 *Signior*] om. Pope.
92, 93 Hero. *He is...Always*] *He is...* Hero. *Always* Long MS.
96 *bearing, argument*] F_4. *bearing argument* Q $F_1F_2F_3$.
for bearing, argument] *forbearing argument* Jackson conj.

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Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in:
I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's limed, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*

Beat. [*Coming forward*] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A room in* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

101 *every day*] *in a day* Collier MS. *every day, to-morrow*] Rowe. *euery-day to morrow* Q Ff.
103 *me to-morrow*] *me,—to-morrow!* Anon. conj.
104 *She's...madam*] As in Hanmer. Two lines in Q Ff. Prose in Pope. *limed*] Q. *tane* Ff. *ta'en* Rowe.
106 *Cupid kills*] Q F_1F_2. *Cupids kills* F_3. *Cupids kill* F_4.
[Exeunt...] Exeunt. B. advancing. Theobald. Exeunt. Rowe. Exit. Ff. om. Q.
107 *mine*] *my* F_4.
110 *behind the back*] *but in the lack* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
SCENE II. A room...] Capell. Enter Don Pedro...] Enter Prince... Q Ff.
2 *go I'*] *I go* F_3F_4.

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Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love; if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist

10 *hangman*] *henchman* Upton conj. *twangman* Becket conj.
13 *been*] F_4. *bin* Q $F_1F_2F_3$.
15 *be*] *is* Pope.
21, 22. Omitted by Tieck.
21 Bene.] Leon. Anon. conj.
23 (Ben. sighes) Collier MS.
24 *Where*] *Which* Rowe.
25 *can*] Pope. *cannot* Q Ff.
30—33 *or in the...doublet*] Q. omitted in Ff, restored by Pope (ed. 2).

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downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

33 *no doublet*] *all doublet* Rann (Mason conj.).
34 *fool*] *food* Keightley conj.
35 *appear*] Q. *to appear* Ff.
37 *a'*] *a* Q Ff. *he* Rowe.
o' mornings] Pope (ed. 1). *a mornings* Q Ff. *a-mornings* Pope (ed. 2).
45 *a'*] *a* Q Ff. *he* Rowe.
49 D. Pedro.] Prin. Ff. Bene. Q.
54 *now governed*] *governed* Anon. conj. *new-governed* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
55, 56 *conclude, conclude*] Q. *conclude* Ff.
57 *I know*] *I would fain know* Long MS.

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D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter DON JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. [*To Claudio*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will

62 *face*] *heels* Theobald. *feet* Mason conj.
upwards] *downwards* Theobald conj.
66 [Exeunt...] Theobald. om. Q Ff.
70 Enter Don John.] Rowe. Enter Iohn the Bastard. Q Ff.
71 SCENE III. Pope.
77 D. Pedro.] Claudio. Capell conj.
78 [To Claudio] Rowe.

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manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage,—surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal. 92

Claud. Who, Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal? 96

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it. 105

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly. 109

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her. 114

86, 87. *brother,...heart hath*] Rowe. *brother* (*I thinke...heart*) *hath* Q Ff.

91 *has*] Q. *hath* Ff.
been] *bin* Q.

93 *Who, Hero?*] *Who, Hero? my Hero? Leonato's Hero?* Lettsom conj.

100 *to-night,*] Q omits the comma.

102 *her then,*] Hanmer. *her, then* Q Ff.

111 *her to-morrow, in*] Rowe. *her to morrow in* Q Ff. *her; to-morrow, in* Capell.

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D. John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.* 121

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES *with the Watch.*

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch. 6

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

First Watch. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read. 11

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacole. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Sec. Watch. Both which, master constable,— 15

116 *midnight*] Q. *night* Ff.

120, 121 *so...sequel.*] Printed as a verse by Rowe.

121 *when you have*] *when have* F_2.

SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope. om. Q Ff.

Enter D. and Verges...] Rowe. Enter D. and his compartner... Q Ff.

8 *desartless*] *disartless* F_4.

10 *George*] *Francis* Halliwell. See note (XVI).

15 *constable,—*] *constable* Ff. *constable.* Q.

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Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Sec. Watch. How if a' will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

Watch. Well, sir.

19 *no*] *more* Warburton.
21 *lantern*] Steevens (1793). *lanthorne* Q F_1F_2. *lanthorn* F_3F_4.
24 *a'*] *he* Rowe.
32 *to talk*] Q. *talk* Ff.
34, 41, 50, 62, 81 Watch.] Watch 2. Rowe.
39 *those*] Q. *them* Ff.

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Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him? 51

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company. 55

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it. 61

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats. 66

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge:—you, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him. 70

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that I think a' cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will. 75

Verg. By'r lady, I think it be so.

55 *your*] Q F_1F_2. *his* F_3F_4.
66 *he bleats*] Q F_1F_2. *it bleats* F_3F_4.
71 *a'*] *a* Q $F_1F_2F_3$. *I* F_4. *he* Pope.
73 *statues*] F_1. *statutes* Q $F_2F_3F_4$.

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Dog. Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night. Come, neighbour.

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu: be vigitant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

Bora. What, Conrade!

Watch. [*Aside*] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

77 *an*] Rowe (ed. 2). *and* Q Ff.
79 *fellows*'] Hanmer. *fellowes* Q F_1F_2. *fellows* F_3F_4. *fellow's* Rowe. *counsels*] *counsel* F_4.
87 *vigitant*] Q F_1. *vigilant* $F_2F_3F_4$. Exeunt...] Rowe. Exeunt. Q Ff. (Eeunt. F_2).
88 SCENE V. Pope.
89, 99 Watch.] 2. W. Capell. [Aside] Rowe. (stand backe) Collier MS.
95 *with*] om. Rowe (ed. 1).
99 Marked as Aside by Johnson.
100 *Don*] *Dun* Q.

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Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. [*Aside*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

104 *villany*] *villain* Warburton. *rich*] *cheap* Theobald conj.
107 *unconfirmed*] *unconformed* Grant White conj.
115 Watch.] 1. W. Capell. [Aside] Marked by Capell.
115, 116 *a'...a'*] *a...a* Q Ff. *he...he* Pope. See note (XVII).
116 *this seven year*] Q. *this seven years* Ff. *these seven years* Warburton. *these seven year* Steevens.
119 *vane*] Q $F_2F_3F_4$. *vaine* F_1. *rain* S. Walker conj. See note (XVIII).
121 *is?*] Theobald. *is,* Q Ff. *hot bloods*] Hyphened in Q Ff.
122 *sometimes*] Q Ff. *sometime* Steevens.
123 *reechy*] *rechie* Q Ff. *reeky* Cambridge (ed. 1).
123, 124 *sometime*] Q F_1F_2. *sometimes* F_3F_4.
124 *god*] *the god* Pope.
124, 125 *sometime*] Q $F_1F_3F_4$. *somtime* F_2. *sometimes* Rowe.
125 *smirched*] *smirch* Warburton.
126 *club?*] Hanmer. *club.* Q Ff.

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Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion? 130

Bora. Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter. 138

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

First Watch. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand! 150

Sec. Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

First Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock. 155

127 *and I see*] Q. *and see* Ff.
129 *too*] om. Rowe.
135 *vilely*] Hanmer. *vildly* Q Ff.
137 *afar*] *far* Pope.
139 *they*] Q. *thy* Ff.
147 *saw*] *had seen* Capell.
149 [starting out upon them. Capell.
150 (forward) Collier MS.
153 *the*] Q F_1F_2. *a* F_3F_4.

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Con. Masters, masters,—

Sec. Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

First Watch. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. HERO'S *apartment.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit.*

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare

156 *masters,—*] Theobald. *masters.* Q Ff.

159—161 Con. *Masters,*— First Watch. *Never...us.*] Theobald. Con. *Masters, neuer...us.* Q Ff.

SCENE IV.] Capell. SCENE VI. Pope.

Hero's apartment.] H's Apartment in Leonato's House. Theobald. Leonato's House. Pope.

5 [Exit.] Hanmer. om. Q Ff.

6 *rabato*] Hanmer. *rebato* Q Ff.

8 *troth's*] *troth it's* Rowe (ed. 2). *troth 'tis* Collier MS. See note (XIX).

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fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth's but a night-gown in respect of yours,—cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband:' an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

17 *troth's*] *troth it's* Pope. *troth tis* Collier MS. See note (XIX).
in] *it* Q.

18 *o' gold*] Capell. *a gold* Q Ff. *of gold* Pope.

19 *pearls, down sleeves*] *pearls down the sleeves* Steevens conj. *pearls down sleeves* Knight (Steevens conj.).
skirts, round] Q F_1F_2. *skirts, round,* F_3F_4. *skirts round,* Hanmer. *skirts round* Dyce.

29 *say, 'saving...husband:'*] See note (XX).
an] Capell. *and* Ff. *&* Q. *If* Pope.

31 *heavier for*] *heauier, for* Q.
an] Capell. *and* Q Ff. *if* Pope.

34 SCENE VII. Pope.

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Marg. Clap's into 'Light o' love;' that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Bene-

38 *Clap's*] Q. *Claps* Ff. *Clap us* Rowe (ed. 2).
38, 40 *o' love*] Rowe (ed. 2). *a love* Q Ff.
40 *Ye*] Q Ff. *Yes*, Rowe. *Yea*, Steevens, 1778 (Capell conj.).
41 *see*] Q. *looke* F_1F_2. *look* F_3F_4.
45 *o'*] Theobald. *a* Q Ff.
46 (sighes) Collier MS.
49 *an*] Capell. *and* Q Ff. *if* Pope.
57 *goodly*] Q F_1F_2. *a goodly* F_3F_4.
65 *this*] *the* Capell conj.

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dictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another room in* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

76 *of thinking*] *with thinking* Pope. *o' thinking* Capell.
79 *eats*] *eats not* Johnson conj.
83 *that*] om. F_4.
84 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Q Ff.
85 [Exeunt.] om. F_1.
SCENE v.] SCENE VIII. Pope.
Another room...] Another Apartment...Theobald.
Enter...] Enter Leonato, and the

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Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dog. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your

Constable, and the Headborough. Q Ff.

4 *it is*] *'tis* F_4.

9 *off*] Steevens, 1793 (Capell conj.). *of* Q Ff.

11 *honest*] *as honest* Rowe (ed. 2).

22 *ah*] *ha* Rowe (ed. 2).

23 *an 'twere a thousand pound*] Capell. *and 't twere a thousand pound* Q. *and 'twere a thousand times* Ff. *and twice a thousand times* Pope.

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worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see. Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges: well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

30 *ha'*] *ha* Q. *have* Ff. *hath* Pope.
35 *God's*] *he's* Pope.
an] Pope. *and* Q Ff.
ride of a horse] Q F_1. *ride of horse* F_2. *rides an horse* F_3F_4. *ride an horse* Rowe (ed. 2).
42 *watch, sir,*] *watch* F_4.
43 *aspicious*] *aspitious* Q Ff. *auspicious* Rowe (ed. 2).
46 *it*] Q. om. Ff.
47 [Exit. Q Ff. (Going) Collier MS.
48 Enter...] Rowe.
51 [Exeunt L. and M.] Capell. [Ex. Leonato. Rowe. om. Q Ff.
54 *examination*] Q. *examine* Ff.
these] Q. *those* Ff.

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Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a noncome: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, *and attendants.*

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

56 *you*] om. Pope.
57 *that*] *that* [touching his forehead. Johnson.
to a noncome] Q Ff. *to noncome* Pope. *to a non-com* Capell.
59 [Exeunt.] om. Q.
SCENE I. A church.] Pope.
and attendants.] om. Q Ff. Guests and attendants. Grant White.
4 *lady.*] *lady?* Rowe (ed. 2).
6 *her: friar,*] *her: Frier,* Q F_1. *her, Frier,* $F_2F_3F_4$. *her, Friar;* Rowe (ed. 2).
9 *count.*] *count?* Rowe (ed. 2).

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Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.
There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

19 *not knowing what they do!*] Q. omitted in Ff.

21 *ah, ha, he*] Q. *ha, ha, he* Ff.

42—44 Capell MS. proposed to make four lines ending *lord?...soul...lord, ...proof.*

43 *Not to knit*] QF_1. *Not knit* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Nor knit* Steevens conj.

42, 43 *Not to be...soul*] as one line, Steevens (Tyrwhitt conj.).

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Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—
Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.
Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Claud. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.
Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?
Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?
D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.
Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.
Hero. True! O God!

44 *Dear*] *Dear, dear* Capell. *proof*] *approof* Theobald.
46 *virginity,—*] *Virginity—* Rowe. *virginitie.* Q F_1.
48 *You will*] *You'll* Pope.
49, 50 *And so...Leonato,*] As in Pope. One line in Q Ff.
52 *show'd*] *shew'd* Rowe. *shewed* Q Ff.
55 *thee! Seeming!*] Grant White (Seymour conj.). *thee seeming,* Q Ff. *thy seeming,* Pope. *the seeming!* Knight. *thee, seeming!* Collier. *write*] *rate* Warburton conj.
56 *You...orb*] Becket would put in inverted commas. *seem*] *seem'd* Hanmer. *Dian*] *Diane* Q F_1F_2. *Diana* F_3F_4.
60 *rage*] *range* Collier MS.
61 *wide*] *wilde* Collier MS.
62 Leon.] Claud. Tieck.
67 *True!*] F_3F_4. *True,* Q F_1F_2. *True?* Collier.

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Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is so: but what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechising call you this?
Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,

75 *do so*] Q F_2. *doe* F_1. *to do* F_3F_4.
76 *O, God defend me! how*] Dyce. *O God defend me how* QF_1. *O God defend me, how* $F_2F_3F_4$. *O God, defend me! how* Boswell.
78 $F_2F_3F_4$ give this line to Leonato; Theobald restored it to Claudio.
81 *itself*] *herself* Rowe.
86 *are you*] Q. *you are* Ff.
91 *most like a liberal*] *like an illiberal* Hanmer. *like a most liberal* Anon. conj.
94 *Fie, fie*] *Fie* Hanmer, dividing the lines, *A thousand...are Not...spoke of.*

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Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[*Hero swoons.*

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think. Help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

95 *spoke*] Q. *spoken* Ff.
97 *Thus*] *Thou* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
99 *been*] *bin* Q.
101 *thy thoughts*] Q Ff. *the thoughts* Rowe.
108 [Hero swoons.] Hanmer.
111 [Exeunt...] Rowe. om. Q Ff.
112 SCENE II. Pope.
116 (Reuiuing) Collier MS.
118, 119 One line of verse, Boswell (Seymour conj.).
118 *look up*] *still look up* Steevens conj., reading *Have...up?* as one line.

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Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirched thus and mired with infamy,
I might have said, 'No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins'?
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her,—why, she, O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!

120 *Why, doth not*] Theobald. *Why doth not* Q Ff.
125 *shames*] *shame's* F_3F_4.
126 *rearward*] F_3F_4. *rereward* Q. *reward* F_1. *reareward* F_2. *hazard* Collier MS. *re-word* Brae conj.
128 *frame*] *'fraine* Warburton. *hand* Hanmer. *frown* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
129 *O,*] Q F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$. *I've* Rowe. *O, one*] *One is* Long MS. *One one* Collier MS.
131 *I not*] *not I* Rowe.
133 *smirched*] Q. *smeered* $F_1F_2F_3$. *smeer'd* F_4.
136, 137 *and...and...And*] *as...as...As* Warburton.
137 *And*] *'Twas* Long MS.
140 *ink,*] *ink!* Capell.
143 *foul-tainted*] Dyce (S. Walker conj.). *foule tainted* Q Ff. *soul-tainted* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

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Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.
Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.
Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant

143—145 *Sir, sir...to say.*] Printed as prose in Q Ff, as verse by Pope.
148 *truly, not; although*] Rowe. *truly: not although* Q F_1. *truly: not, although* F_2F_3. *truly: not; although* F_4.
149 *been*] *bin* Q F_1F_2.
152 *Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie*] Q. *Would the princes lie and Claudio lie* F_1. *Would the prince lie and Claudio would he lie* $F_2F_3F_4$.
155—158 *Hear me.....mark'd*] See note (XXI).
156 *been*] *bin* Q. *bene* F_1F_2.
been silent] *silent been* Grant White.
157 *course*] *crosse* Collier MS.
159, 160 *apparitions To start into*] Q $F_1F_2F_3$. *apparitions To start in* F_4. *apparitions start Into* Steevens (1793).
161 *beat*] *beate* Q. *beare* F_1F_2. *bear* F_3F_4.
165 *observations*] *observation* Hanmer.

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The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.
Leon. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?
Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?
Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!
Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.
Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.
Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,

167 *tenour*] Theobald. *tenure* Q Ff.
book] *books* Hudson (Heath conj.).
168 *reverence, calling*] *reverend calling* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
170 *biting*] *blighting* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
Friar] om. Hanmer.
185 *princes*] Q F_1. *prince* $F_2F_3F_4$.
186 *bent*] *bend* Becket conj.
188 *lives*] *lies* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
189 *frame of*] *fraud and* Collier MS.
192 *of it*] *it* F_3F_4.

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Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?
Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us

194 *invention*] *intention* Collier MS.
197 *kind*] *cause* Collier, ed. 2 (Capell conj. MS.).
200 *throughly*] *thoroughly* F_4.
202 *princes. left for dead*] Theobald. *Princes' left for dead* Warburton. *princesse* (*left for dead*) Q Ff.
217 *it so*] *so it* F_4.
219 *Whiles*] *Whilst* Pope. *lack'd and lost*] *lost and lack'd* Collier MS.
220 *rack*] *reck* Johnson.

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Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accused her,
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,

222 *Whiles*] *Whilst* Rowe. *Whist* Warburton (a misprint).
224 *life*] *love* Pope.
228 *moving-delicate*] Capell. *moouing delicate* Q. *mouing delicate*, F_1. *moving, delicate*, $F_2F_3F_4$.
237 *but*] *in* Keightley conj. *at* Hudson.
249 *I flow in grief*] *I flow In grief, alas*, Hanmer, reading *In...me* as one line. *alas, I flow in grief* Capell. *I float in grief* Daniel conj.

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The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.*

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!

254 [Exeunt...] Exeunt. Manent Benedick and Beatrice. Rowe. Exit. Q Ff.
255 SCENE III. Pope.
273 *swear*] Q. *swear by it* Ff.

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Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

289 *it*] Q. om. Ff.
290 [He seizes her. Halliwell.
293 Beatrice—] Theobald. Beatrice. QFf.
299 *he*] Rowe. *a* Q Ff.
303 *rancour,—*] *rancour*— Rowe. *rancour?* Q Ff.
305, 308 *Beatrice,—*] *Beatrice;* Capell. *Beatrice.* Q Ff.

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Beat. Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

311 *Beat*—] Theobald. *Beat?* Q F_1. *Bett?* F_2F_3. *But?* F_4. *But*— Rowe. *But, Beatrice*— Steevens conj. *Bett*— Collier MS.

312 *counties*] *counts* Rowe (ed. 2).

313 *count, Count Comfect*] *counte, counte comfect* Q. *count, comfect* F_1. *count-comfect* $F_2F_3F_4$. *count confect* Collier (ed. 2). *count—confect* Grant White.

316 *courtesies*] *cursies* Q F_1. *curtsies* F_2. *curtesies* F_3F_4. *courtesy* Collier (ed. 2). *curtsie* Collier MS. *curses* Grant White conj.

317 *tongue*] *tongues* Hanmer.

328 *I leave*] Q. *leave* Ff.

329 *a dear*] *a deere* Q F_1. *deere* F_2. *dear* F_3F_4.

331 [Exeunt.] om. Q F_1.

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SCENE II. *A prison.*

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Sexton, *in gowns; and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine. 6

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend? 10

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God? 15

Con. } Yea, sir, we hope.
Bora. }

Dog. Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves? 21

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope.
A prison] Theobald.
Enter...] Capell. Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne Clearke in gownes. Q Ff. See note (XXII).
1, 9 &c. Dog.] Capell. Keeper. Q Ff. To-Cl. Rowe. See note (XXII).
2, 5 &c. Verg.] Capell. Cowley. Q F_1F_2 F_3. Cowly. F_4. Dog. Rowe. See note (XXII).
2 *a cushion*] Q F_1. *cushion* $F_2F_3F_4$.
4 Dog.] Capell. Andrew. Q Ff. Verg. Rowe. See note (XXII).
16—19 *Yea, sir...villains!*] Omitted in Ff, restored by Theobald.
20 *go*] *grow* Rowe (ed. 2).

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Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sex. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

First Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down, Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else?

Sec. Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow?

First Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon

25 *ear: sir,*] *ear sir,* Q $F_1F_2F_3$. *ear sir;* F_4.
29 *down*] *drowne* F_3.
30 *constable*] *Town-Clerk* Rowe.
31 *forth*] Q Ff. om. Rowe.
32 *eftest*] *easiest* Rowe. *deftest* Theobald.
39 *constable,—*] *Constable.* Q Ff. *Town-Clerk* Rowe.
44 *for accusing*] *for the accusing* Rowe (ed. 2).
47 *by mass*] Q. *by th' masse* Ff.

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his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dog. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God's my life, where's the sexton? let him write down, the prince's officer, coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down

60 *Leonato's*] *Leonatoes* Q. *Leonato* Ff.
61 [Exit.] om. Q Ff.
62, 65, 69 Dog.] Rowe. Const. Q Ff.
63, 64 Verg. *Let them be in the hands—* Con. *Off, coxcomb!*] Malone. Couley. *Let them be in the hands of Coxcombe.* Q. Sex. *Let...Coxcombe.* Ff. Conr. *Let...coxcomb!* Theobald. Conr. *Let us...Coxcomb.* Hanmer. Sexton. *Let them be in hand.* Conr. *Off, Coxcomb!* Warburton. Ver. *Let them be in bands.* Con. *Off, coxcomb!* Capell. Ver. *Let them be in band—* Con. *Off, coxcomb.* Steevens (1793). Ver. *Let them bind their hands.* Con. *Off, coxcomb.* Tyrwhitt conj. (withdrawn). Verg. *Let them be in the bands—* Con. *Off, coxcomb!* Singer (ed. 1). Ver. *Let them be in the hands of—* Con. *Coxcomb!* Staunton (Malone conj.). Ver. *Let them be bound.* Bor. *Hands off Coxcombe.* Collier MS. Con. *Let them be, in the hands of coxcomb.* Grant White. Verg. *Let them be in the—* Con. *Hands off, coxcomb!* Kinnear conj. See note (XXIII).
66, 67 *bind them. Thou*] *bind them; thou* F_2F_4. *bind them, thou* Q. *binde them, thou* F_1F_3.
68 Con.] Rowe. Couley. Q $F_1F_2F_3$. Cowley. F_4.

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an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! 80

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.
Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel; 5
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,

76 *is in*] Q. *in* Ff.
78 *had losses*] *horses* or *trossers* or *strait trossers* Bailey conj. (doubtfully). *losses*] *leases* Collier MS. *law-suits* Anon. (N. and Q.) conj.
80 [Exeunt.] Pope. [Exit. Q Ff.
SCENE I. Before L.'s house] Pope. Enter L. and A.] Rowe. Enter Leonato and his brother. Q Ff.
1 Ant.] Rowe. Brother. Q Ff.
6 *comforter*] Q. *comfort* F_1. *comfort els* F_2. *comfort else* F_3F_4.
7 *do*] *doe* Q. *doth* Ff.

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And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem!' when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience

10 *speak*] *speak to me* Hanmer.
patience] *patience to me* Keightley.
16 *Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem!'*] Capell. *And sorrow, wagge, crie hem* Q F_1F_2. *And hallow, wag, cry hem* F_3. *And hollow, wag, cry hem,* F_4. *And Sorrow wage; cry, hem!* Theobald. *And sorrow waive, cry hem* Hanmer. *And, sorrow wag! cry; hem* Johnson. *And sorrow gagge; cry hem* Tyrwhitt conj. *And sorrowing, cry hem* Halliwell (Heath conj.). *Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem,* Steevens (Johnson conj.). *In sorrow wag; cry hem,* Malone. *And sorry wag, cry hem* Steevens conj. *And, sorrow waggery hem* Ritson conj. *And sorrow-wagg'd cry hem* Becket conj. *And sorrow, wag! cry hem* Collier (ed. 1). *And—sorrow, wag!—cry hem* Dyce (ed. 1). *Call sorrow joy, cry hem* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *Say, sorrow, wag; cry hem* S. Walker conj. *And sorrow's wag, cry hem* Grant White. *And sorrow away! cry hem* Halliwell conj. *At sorrow wink, cry hem* Anon. conj. *And sorrow sway; cry Hem* Keightley. *And sorrow drug, cry hem* Ingleby conj. (withdrawn). *And, sorrow swage, cry hem* Ingleby conj. (Ath. 1864) withdrawn. *At sorrow wag, cry hem* Beke conj. (Athenæum). *And sorrow weigh, cry hem* Wagner conj. *And so forth; wag, cry hem* Bulloch conj. *And, sorrow-wrung, cry hem* Herr conj.
18 *candle-wasters*] *caudle-waters* Jackson conj.
yet] *you* Collier MS.
21 *speak*] Q F_1F_2. *give* F_3F_4.

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To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord:
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

36 *toothache*] *tooth-ake* Q $F_1F_2F_3$. *tooth-ach* F_4.
38 *push*] Q Ff. *pish* Rowe (ed. 2). *push!* Collier (ed. 2).
45 Scene II. Pope.
47 *lords,—*] Capell. *Lords?* Q Ff. *Lords!* Rowe.
51 *right*] *rite* F_1.

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Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leon. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by,
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors;
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany!
Claud. My villany?
Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.
D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,

52 *wrongs*] *wrongeth* Hanmer. *wrongs him*] *wrongeth him* Hanmer. *wrongs him, sir* Capell. *is it wrongs him* Keightley.
53 *Marry, thou dost wrong*] *marry, Thou, thou dost wrong* Steevens. *Who? Marry thou dost wrong* Dyce ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). *Who? Marry thou wrong'st* Hudson.
60, 61 *age, to brag*] *age to brag* Rowe (ed. 2). *age to bragge*, Q F_1F_2. *age to brag*, F_3F_4.
63 *mine*] Q. *my* Ff.
67 *mine*] *my* Pope.

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His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;
Win me and wear me; let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself. God knows I loved my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,—
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go antiquely, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

78 *daff*] *doffe* Warburton.
83 *Come, follow me,*] *Come, follow,* Hudson (reading with Capell). *come, sir boy, come, follow me*] Q Ff. *come boy, follow me* Pope. *come sir boy, follow me* Capell.
86 *Brother,*—] Theobald. *Brother.* Q Ff.
89 *man indeed*] *man, indeed,* Theobald.
91 *braggarts, Jacks*] *jacks, braggarts* Hanmer.
Antony,—] Theobald. *Anthony.* Q Ff.
94 *monging*] Q F_1. *mongring* $F_2F_3F_4$.
96 *and*] om. Dyce ed. 2 (Spedding conj.).
outward] *an outward* Rowe.
97 *off*] Theobald. *of* Q Ff.
100 *Antony,*—] Theobald. *Anthonie.* Q F_1. *Anthony.* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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Ant. Come, 'tis no matter:
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.
D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.
Leon. My lord, my lord,—
D. Pedro. I will not hear you.
Leon. No? Come, brother; away! I will be heard.
Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.
[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*
D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Enter BENEDICK.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?
Bene. Good day, my lord.
D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.
Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.
D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

102 *wake*] *rack* Hanmer. *wrack* Warburton. *waste* Talbot conj. *task* Keightley.
patience] *passions* Anon. conj.
105 *But what was*] *But was* $F_2F_3F_4$. *But was most* Collier MS.
106—109 Printed as three lines ending *No!...shall,...it.* by Hanmer.
106 *lord,—*] *lord—* Pope. *Lord.* Q Ff.
107 Enter Benedicke. Ff.
108 *No?*] Capell. *No* Q F_1. *No!* F_2 F_3F_4.
Come] om. Steevens.
109 *for it*] *for't* S. Walker conj. arranging as Hanmer.
Enter Ben. Q.
[Exeunt...] Exeunt amb. Q. Exeunt ambo. Ff (after 108).
110 *we*] *he* F_3F_4.
114 *almost*] om. Rowe (ed. 2).
115 *like*] *likt* Q F_1.
117 *brother. What*] *brother; what* F_4. *brother, what* $F_1F_2F_3$. *brother what* Q.

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Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. [*Aside to Claudio*] You are a villain; I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

120, 121 Verse, the first line ending *valour*, S. Walker conj.
120 *a*] om. F_3F_4.
123 *high-proof*] Capell. *high proofe* Q Ff.
134 *an*] Capell. *and* Q Ff. *if* Pope.
143 [Aside to Claudio] Edd. See note (XXIV).

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D. Pedro. What, a feast, a feast? 149

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily. 154

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit:' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit:' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise:' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues:' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all. 171

Claud. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

149 *a feast, a feast?*] Q F_1. *a feast?* $F_2F_3F_4$.
150 *I'faith*] *Ay, faith,* Capell conj.
him; he] *him, he* Ff. *him he* Q.
a calf's-head] Malone. *a calues head* Q F_1F_2. *calves heads* F_3F_4.
151 *a capon*] *a cap-on* Capell. *capers* Collier MS. *bacon* Collier conj.
156 *True*] *Right* Rowe (ed. 2).
said] Q. *saies* $F_1F_2F_3$. *says* F_4.
157 *Right*] *Just* Rowe (ed. 2).
158 *says she*] *said she* Pope.
159 *said she*] *says she* Steevens.
160, 161 *a wise gentleman*] *a wise gentle man* Johnson conj.
164 *there's*] *theirs* Q.
166 *properest*] F_4. *properst* Q. *propreste* $F_1F_2F_3$.
169 *an*] Hanmer. *and* Q Ff.
172 *God*] *who* Collier MS.

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D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man'?

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and till then peace be with him. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee.

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dog. Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she

174 *savage*] Q F_1F_2. *salvage* F_3F_4.
175 *on*] *one* Q.
180 *braggarts*] Theobald. *braggards* Q Ff.
184 *lady. For*] *lady: for* Q $F_1F_2F_3$. *lady, for* F_4. *lady for* Rowe.
185 [Exit.] Rowe.
189 *thee.*] *thee?* Pope.
193 SCENE IV. Pope.
195 *let me be*] Q F_1. *let me see* $F_2F_3F_4$. *let be* Capell.
let me be: pluck] *let me pluck* Hudson (Malone conj.).
197 SCENE IV. Hanmer. Enter...] Hanmer. Enter Constables, C. and B. Q (after 192). Enter Constable, C. and B. Ff (after 192).

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shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one! 201

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves. 208

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge. 212

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: what's your offence? 217

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments: how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villany they

198 *weigh more*] *more weigh* S. Walker conj.
an] Theobald. *and* Q Ff. *if* Pope.
206 *slanders*] *slanderers* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
206, 210 *sixth*] F_4. *sixt* Q $F_1F_2F_3$.
211 *you lay*] *lay you* F_4.
215 *Who*] Q F_1. *Whom* $F_2F_3F_4$.
218 *farther*] *further* Rowe (ed. 2).
222 *overheard*] *heard* F_4.

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have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery:
And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO, *with the* Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

231 *Runs...blood?*] As in Pope. Prose in Q Ff.
232 *whiles*] *while* Rowe.
234 *Yea, and...of it*] *Yea; And...on't* S. Walker conj.
and] om. Pope.
richly] *rich* $F_2F_3F_4$.
235 *and framed*] om. F_3F_4.
237 *thy*] *thine* Collier MS.
240 *reformed*] *informed* F_3F_4.
245 SCENE V. Pope.
Re-enter...] Capell. Enter Leonato. Ff. Enter L. and Sexton. Theobald. Enter Leonato, his brother, and the Sexton Q.

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Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?
Bora. Yea, even I alone.
Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men;
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds:
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.
Claud. I know not how to pray your patience;
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not
But in mistaking.
D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I:
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.
Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my house;

249 *Art thou*] Q. *Art thou thou* F_1. *Art thou, art thou* $F_2F_3F_4$.
249, 250 *Art...child?*] As in Q. Prose in $F_1F_2F_3$. Verse, the first line ending *breath*, in F_4.
250 *Yea,*] om. Hanmer.
259 *Impose*] *Expose* Hanmer. *me to*] *to me* Capell conj.
264 *to*] *too* F_3F_4.
265 *I cannot bid you bid my daughter live*] Q F_1. *I cannot bid you daughter live* F_2. *I cannot bid your daughter live* F_3. *You cannot bid my daughter live* F_4. *You cannot bid my daughter live again* Rowe. *I cannot bid you cause my daughter live* Collier MS. *I cannot bid you make my daughter live* Keightley.

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And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

280 *offer; and dispose*] *offer, and dispose* Ff. *offer and dispose,* Q.
281 *For*] *From* Capell MS. and Collier MS. (partly expunged).
Claudio] *Claudio at your pleasure* Keightley conj.
285 *pack'd*] *packt* Q Ff. *pact* Collier.
288 *been*] *bin* Q F_1F_2.

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Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. [*To the Watch*] Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE II. LEONATO'S *garden.*

Enter BENEDICK *and* MARGARET, *meeting.*

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

306 *arrant*] *errant* F_4.
311 [Exeunt D. and V.] Edd. Exeunt D., V. and Watch. Capell. Exeunt. Ff (after line 312). om. Q.
315 [To the Watch.] Edd.
315, 316 *Bring...fellow.*] As in Pope. Prose in Q Ff.
316 [Exeunt, severally.] Theobald. Exeunt. Q Ff.
SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE VI. Pope.
Leonato's garden.] Reed. L.'s house. Pope. See note (XXV).
Enter...meeting.] Capell. Enter B. and M. Q Ff.

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Marg. Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Exit Margaret.*

[*Sings*] The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why,

8, 9 *me! why, shall...stairs?*] *me, why shal...staires.* Q. *me, why, shall... staires?* Ff. *Why, shall I always keep by low squires?* Bulloch conj. *Why, shall a' always keep below stairs?* Kinnear conj.

9 *keep below*] *keep above* Theobald. *keep men below* Hudson (Steevens conj.). *keep them below* Singer conj.

23 [Sings] Pope.

23—26 Printed as prose in Q Ff, as verse by Capell.

29 *names*] Q F_3F_4. *name* F_1F_2.

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they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms. 37

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then! 40

Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed. 47

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me? 53

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to

31 *over and over*] Q F_1. *over* $F_2F_3F_4$.
32 *it in*] Q F_3F_4. *it* F_1F_2.
33 *baby*] *babie* Q F_1. *badie* F_2F_3. *bady* F_4. *baudy* Rowe.
34 *innocent*] Q F_1. *innocents* $F_2F_3F_4$. *innocent's* Rowe.
36 *nor*] Q. *for* Ff.
37 Enter Beatrice.] Ff. Enter B. Q (after line 38).
38 SCENE VII. Pope.
called] *call* Rowe.
42 *came*] *came for* Pope.
48 *his*] *its* Rowe.
54 *all together*] *altogether* Hanmer.
maintained] *maintain* Capell conj.

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intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me? 57

Bene. Suffer love,—a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates. 62

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself. 65

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you? 70

Bene. Question: why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin? 76

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste. 81

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's

57 *first*] om. Rowe.
64 *this*] *that* Hanmer.
69 *monument*] Q. *monuments* Ff. *bell rings*] Q. *bells ring* Ff.
71 *Question:*] *Question*, Q Ff. *Question?* Pope. om. Hanmer.
72 *rheum*] *thewme* F_3. *thewm* F_4. *is it*] *it is* F_4.
74 *myself. So*] *myself so* Q Ff.
81 Enter U.] Q. Enter U. Ff (after line 79).

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old coil at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and three or four with tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

A Lord. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reading out of a scroll*]

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

83 *been*] *bin* Q F_1F_2.
88, 89 *heart...eyes*] *eyes...heart* Barry conj.
88 *in thy lap*] *on thy lip* Brae conj.
89 *eyes*] *arms* Kinnear conj.
90 *uncle's*] *uncle* Rowe.
[Exeunt.] Ff. exit. Q.
SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE VIII. Pope.
A church.] Pope. A Church. A stately Monument in the Front. Capell.
2 A Lord.] Lord. Q Ff. Atten. Rowe.
3 Claud. [Reading...] Capell. Epitaph. Q Ff.
by] *with* Capell (corrected in MS.).
9 [affixing it. Capell.
10 *dumb*] F_4. *dombe* $F_1F_2F_3$. *dead* Q.

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SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe. [*Exeunt.*

13 *thy*] *the* Rowe.
knight] *bright* Collier MS.
15 *they*] *we* Collier MS.
16, 17 As in F_3F_4. One line in Q F_1F_2.
16 *assist*] *thou assist* Hanmer.
17 *us*] *us thou* Hanmer.
19 *yawn*] *oh, yawn* Hanmer.
20 *Till*] *Until* Hanmer.
death] *songs of death* Steevens conj.
uttered] *interred* Herr conj.
21 *Heavily, heavily*] Q. *Heauenly, heauenly* Ff.
22, 23 As in Rowe. One line in Q Ff.
22 Claud.] Rowe. Lo. Q Ff.
23 *rite*] Pope. *right* Q Ff.
29 *several way*] *way can tell* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
30 *weeds*] *weede* Collier MS.
32 *speed's*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *speeds* Q F_1. *speed* $F_2F_3F_4$.
33 *whom*] *which* Hanmer.

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SCENE IV. *A room in* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, *and* HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.
[*Exeunt Ladies.*
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me. You know your office, brother:
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.

SCENE IV.] SCENE IX. Pope.
A room...] Capell. Leonato's House. Pope.
...Margaret] om. Steevens (1793).
5 *will, as it appears*] Capell. *will as it appeares*, Q Ff.
7 *sort*] *sorts* Q.
10 *you*] Q F_1. *yong* F_2. *young* F_3F_4.
12 [Exeunt Ladies.] Q Ff (after line 16). Capell (after line 17). Dyce (after line 14).
23 Leon.] Q F_1. Old. $F_2F_3F_4$. Ant. Rowe.

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Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince: but what's your will?
Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage:
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking
Friar. And my help.
Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *and two or three others.*

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.
Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
Leon. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready.
[*Exit Antonio.*
D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;

30 *In the*] Q F_1. *I'th* $F_2F_3F_4$.
state] *estate* Johnson.
31 *friar*,] om. F_3F_4.
33 *Here...Claudio*] Q. omitted in Ff.
34 SCENE X. Pope.
and...others] and...other. Q. with attendants. Ff.
39 [Exit Antonio.] Theobald. om. Q Ff.
40 *Benedick*] *Bened.* Q.
45 *all Europa*] Q F_1F_2. *so all Europe* F_3F_4. *all our Europe* Steevens conj.

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As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.
Claud. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the* Ladies *masked.*

Which is the lady I must seize upon?
Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand: before this holy friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife: [*Unmasking.*
And when you loved, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero!
Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defiled; but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.
D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;

50 *And got*] Q F_3F_4. *A got* F_1F_2.
52 *comes*] Q Ff. *come* Rowe.
SCENE XI. Pope.
Re-enter...] Capell. Enter Antonio, with Hero ... mask'd. Theobald. Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula. Q Ff. Collier MS. adds 'veiled'.
54 This line is given to Leonato in Q Ff, to Antonio first by Theobald.
58 *hand: before.....friar,*] Pope. *hand before...Frier,* Q Ff.
60 [Unmasking.] Rowe.
63 *defiled*] Q. om. Ff. *belied* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *revil'd* Collier conj. (Athen. 1876).

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When after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?

Beat. [*Unmasking*] I answer to that name. What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio
Have been deceived; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula
Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,

69 *you*] *thee* F_3F_4.
73 [Unmasking] Capell.
74 *Why, no*] *Why* F_3F_4. *No* Steevens (1793).
75, 76 Printed as prose in Ff.
76 *they swore*] Q Ff. *for they did swear* Hanmer. *for they swore* Capell.
77 *Troth, no;*] *No,* Steevens (1793). *Troth,* Collier MS.
78 *cousin, Margaret*] Rowe. *cosin Margaret* Q Ff.
79 *Are much*] *Have been* Theobald. *did swear*] *swore* Collier MS.
80 *that*] Q. om. Ff.
81 *that*] Q. om. Ff.
82 *'Tis no such*] *It is no* Collier MS. *such*] Q. om. Ff. *me?*] *me.* Q.
88 *Fashion'd*] Rowe. *Fashioned* Q Ff.

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Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends: let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

94 *would*] *will* Rann (Mason conj.). *not*] *yet* Theobald. *now* Hanmer.
96 *I was told*] Q F_1F_2. *as I told* F_3F_4. *as I was told* Rowe.
97 Given to Leonato in Q Ff, corrected by Theobald (Thirlby conj.). [Kissing her.] Theobald.
99 *wit-crackers*] *witte-crackers* Q F_1F_2. *witty-crackers* F_3F_4.
102 *a'*] *a* Q Ff. *he* Rowe.
103 *purpose*] *propose* Reed (1803).
105 *what*] Q F_3F_4. om. F_1F_2.
112 *do*] *no* F_4.
116 *afterward*] Q F_1. *afterwards* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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Bene. First, of my word; therefore play, music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, 120
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers. [*Dance.*
[*Exeunt.*

117 *of*] *o'* Rowe (ed. 2).
play,] Pope. *play* Q Ff.
118 *there is no*] *No* S. Walker conj making a verse.
119 *reverend*] *reuerent* Q.
122 *thee*] *the,* F_4.
123 *Strike*] *Come strike* Keightley.
Dance.] Dance of all the Actors. Collier MS.
[Exeunt.] om. QF_1.

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NOTES.

Note I.

Dramatis Personæ. Rowe and Pope included in the list of Dramatis Personæ, 'Innogen, wife to Leonato.' At the beginning of the first scene the Quarto and the Folios have, 'Enter Leonato Governour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, with a messenger,' and at the beginning of Act II. Sc. 1, 'Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, &c.' But as no reference is made to such a character throughout the play, Theobald was doubtless right in striking the name out. The author probably, as Theobald observed, had designed such a character in his first sketch, and afterwards saw reason to omit it. It is impossible to conceive that Hero's mother should have been present during the scenes in which the happiness and honour of her daughter were at issue, without taking a part, or being once referred to.

Note II.

I. 1. 125. The punctuation which we have adopted seems to be the only one which will make sense of this passage without altering the text. We must suppose that, during the 'skirmish of wit' between Benedick and Beatrice, from line 96 to 123, Don Pedro and Leonato have been talking apart and making arrangements for the visit of the Prince and his friends, the one pressing his hospitable offers, and the other, according to the manners of the time, making a show of reluctance to accept them.

Note III.

I. 1. 185, 186. Johnson was not satisfied with his own conjecture, and supposed something to be omitted relating to Hero's consent or to Claudio's marriage; 'something which Claudio and Pedro concur in wishing.'

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Note IV.

I. 2. 1. We take this opportunity of reminding the reader that when no authority is given for the place of the scene, we generally follow the words of Capell. He, however, more frequently expands than alters the directions given by Pope. At the beginning of the next scene he puts, unnecessarily, 'Another room in Leonato's house.' The stage was left vacant for an instant, but there is nothing to indicate a change of place.

Note V.

II. 1. 1. Mr Spedding, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, June 1850, proposed to rearrange the Acts thus:

Act II. to begin at what is now Act I. Sc. 2,
Act III. ..... Act II. Sc. 3,
Act IV. ..... Act III. Sc. 4,

Act V. remaining as it is.

We have not felt ourselves at liberty in such cases as this to desert the authority of the Folio.

Note VI.

II. 1. Scene, a hall in Leonato's house. It may be doubted whether the author did not intend this scene to take place in the garden rather than within doors. The banquet, of which Don John speaks, line 150, would naturally occupy the hall or great chamber. Don Pedro at the close of the scene says, 'Go *in* with me, &c.' If the dance, at line 135, were intended to be performed before the spectators, the stage might be supposed to represent a smooth lawn as well as the floor of a hall. On the other hand, the word 'entering,' at line 71, rather points to the scene as being within doors.

Note VII.

II. 1. 67. The conjecture of the MS. corrector of Mr Collier's Folio, which seems to have suggested itself independently to Capell (*Notes*, Vol. II. p. 121), is supported by a passage in Marston's *Insatiate Countesse*, Act II. (Vol. III. p. 125, ed. Halliwell):

'Thinke of me as of the man
Whose dancing dayes you see are not yet done.
Len. Yet you sinke a pace, sir.'

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Note VIII.

II. 1. 87. Mr Halliwell mentions that *Mar.* is altered to *Mask.* in the third Folio. This is not the case in Capell's copy of it.

Note IX.

II. 1. 218. In the copy before us of Theobald's first edition, which belonged to Warburton, the latter has written 'Mr Warburton' after the note in which the reading 'impassable,' adopted by Theobald, is suggested and recommended, thus claiming it as his own. We have accepted his authority in this and other instances. [But it is given in a MS. letter from Theobald to Warburton.]

Note X.

II. 1. 239, 240. *bring you the length of Prester John's foot: fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard.* Though 'of' and 'off' are frequently interchanged in the old copies, yet, as in this place both Quarto and Folios are consistent in reading 'of' in the first clause and 'off' in the second, we follow them.

Note XI.

II. 1. 288. The old copies here give us no help in determining whether Beatrice is meant to cry, 'Heigh-ho for a husband,' or merely, 'Heigh-ho,' and wish for a husband. Most editors seem by their punctuation to adopt the latter view. We follow Staunton in taking the former. It probably was the burden of a song. At all events it was so well-known as to be almost proverbial. It is again alluded to III. 4. 48.

Note XII.

II. 2. 40. The substitution of 'Borachio' for 'Claudio' does not relieve the difficulty here. Hero's supposed offence would not be enhanced by calling one lover by the name of the other. The word 'term,' moreover, is not the one which would be used to signify the calling a person by his own proper name. It is not clearly explained how Margaret could, consistently with the 'just and virtuous' character which Borachio claims for her in the fifth act, lend herself to the villain's plot. Perhaps the author meant that Borachio should persuade her to play, as children say, at being Hero and Claudio.

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Note XIII.

II. 3. 27—30. *wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her.* Pope erroneously remarks, 'these words added out of the edition of 1623.' They are found in the Quarto, all the Folios, and Rowe.

Note XIV.

II. 3. 82. We have adhered to the old stage direction in this place, because it is not certain that any musicians accompanied Balthasar. The direction of the Quarto at line 38, 'Enter Balthasar with musicke,' may only mean that the singer had a lute with him. In the direction of the Folios, at line 33, only 'Jacke Wilson' is mentioned.

Note XV.

II. 3. 225. Mr Halliwell says that we ought to change 'dinner' to 'supper' here and at line 235, in order to make the action consistent, as we find from line 34 that it is evening: 'How still the evening is, &c.' Such inaccuracies are characteristic of Shakespeare, and this cannot well have been due to the printer or copier.

Note XVI.

III. 3. 10. *George Seacole.* For 'George' Mr Halliwell reads 'Francis.' But 'Francis Seacole,' mentioned III. 5. 52, is the sexton, and, as it would appear, town-clerk also, too high a functionary to be employed as a common watchman. If the same person had been intended, the error would have been analogous to that in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Master Page is christened 'Thomas' in one place and 'George' in another.

Note XVII.

III. 3. 115, 116. Here Rowe, contrary to his custom, does not alter 'a' into 'he.' We do not in all cases notice these perpetually recurring variations.

Note XVIII.

III. 3. 119. Mr Halliwell says that he has found 'raine' for 'vaine' in one copy of the first Folio.

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NOTE XIX.

III. 4. 8, 17. The recurrence of this phrase makes it almost certain that the omission of 'it' is not a printer's error, but an authentic instance of the omission of the third personal pronoun. So the first, or second, is omitted in III. 4. 51; 'What means the fool, trow?' For other instances, see Sidney Walker's *Criticisms*, Vol. I. p. 77 sqq. And compare note XI, *Measure for Measure*.

NOTE XX.

III. 4. 29. *say, 'saving your reverence, a husband.'* The Quarto and Folios punctuate thus: *say, saving your reverence a husband.* Modern editions have *say, saving your reverence, 'a husband.'* But surely Margaret means that Hero was so prudish as to think that the mere mention of the word 'husband' required an apology.

NOTE XXI.

IV. 1. 155—158. *Hear me...mark'd.* This commencement of the Friar's speech comes at the bottom of page, sig. G_1 recto of the Quarto. The type appears to have been accidentally dislocated, and the passage was then set up as prose. The Folio follows the Quarto except that it puts a full stop instead of a comma after 'markt.' Some words were probably lost in the operation, giving the Friar's reason for remaining silent, viz. that he might find out the truth. The whole passage would therefore stand as follows:

> Hear me a little; for I have only been
> Silent so long and given way unto
> This course of fortune.....
> By noting of the lady I have mark'd, &c.

The usual punctuation:

> And given way unto this course of fortune,
> By noting of the lady: I have mark'd, &c.

makes but indifferent sense.

'I have only been silent' may mean 'I alone have been silent.'

NOTE XXII.

IV. 2. The Quarto and Folios agree, with slight differences of spelling, in the stage direction given in the note. The Town Clerk is clearly the same functionary as the Sexton mentioned in the second line.

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The first speech is given in the Quarto and Folios to '*Keeper*'—a misprint for '*Kemp*'—the name of the famous actor who played Dogberry. All the other speeches of Dogberry throughout the scene, except two, are given to '*Kemp*,' those of Verges to '*Cowley*' or '*Couley*.' Both William Kempt (i.e. Kempe or Kemp) and Richard Cowley are mentioned in the list of the 'Principall Actors' prefixed to the first Folio. The speech of Dogberry, line 4, is assigned to '*Andrew*,' which is supposed to be a nick-name of Kemp, who so often played the part of 'Merry Andrew.' That in lines 14, 15, is given in the Quarto to '*Ke.*' and in the Folios to '*Kee.*' or '*Keep.*,' a repetition of the error in line 1. The retention of these names in the successive printed copies, as well as that of '*Jack Wilson*' in a former scene, show the extreme carelessness with which the original MS. had been revised for the press in the first instance, and supplies a measure of the editorial care to which the several Folios were submitted. All that is known about these actors is collected in a volume edited by Mr Collier for the Shakespeare Society.

Note XXIII.

iv. 2. 63, 64. Verg. *Let them be in the hands.* Con. *Off coxcomb!* The reading of the Quarto is '*Couley.* Let them be in the hands of *Coxcombe.*' In the Folio, '*Sex.*' is substituted for '*Couley,*' without materially improving the sense. The first words may be a corruption of a stage direction [*Let them bind them*] or [*Let them bind their hands*].

Note XXIV.

v. 1. 143. We have introduced the words '[*Aside to Claudio*]', because it appears from what Don Pedro says, line 149, 'What, a feast, a feast?' and, from the tone of his banter through the rest of the dialogue, that he had not overheard more than Claudio's reply about 'good cheer.'

Note XXV.

v. 2. Scene, Leonato's garden. It is clear from line 83, where Ursula says, 'Yonder's old coil at home,' that the scene is not supposed to take place in Leonato's house, but out of doors. We have therefore, in this case, deserted our usual authorities, Pope and Capell.

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LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

FERDINAND, king of Navarre.

BIRON,
LONGAVILLE, } lords attending on the King.
DUMAIN,

BOYET,
MERCADE, } lords attending on the Princess of France.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.
SIR NATHANIEL, a curate.
HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.
DULL, a constable.
COSTARD, a clown.
MOTH[2], page to Armado.
A Forester.

The PRINCESS of France.

ROSALINE,
MARIA, } ladies attending on the Princess.
KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Lords, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—*Navarre.*

[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] first given by Rowe. See note (1).
[2] MOTH] MOTE. Grant White conj.

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LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST[1].

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The king of Navarre's park.*

Enter FERDINAND, *king of* NAVARRE, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;

[1] See note (II).

SCENE I. The king...park] See note (III).

Biron] $F_2F_3F_4$. Berowne Qq F_1 and passim.

1 King.] Ferdinand. Qq Ff.

3 *And...death;*] Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.

then] *there* Keightley conj.

5, 6 *buy That*] *buy: That* Qq F_1.

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Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolved; 'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,

13 *Academe*] Q_2 F_2. *Achademe* Q_1 F_1. *Academy* F_3F_4.
16, 17 *me My*] *me, My* $F_2F_3F_4$. *me: My* Qq F_1.
18 *schedule*] *sedule* Q_1. *scedule* Q_2 Ff.
23 *oaths*] *oath* Steevens. See note (IV). *keep it too*] *keepe it to* Qq F_1. *keepe them to* F_2. *keep them too* F_3F_4.
26, 27 *have...dainty...Make rich*] *make ...grosser...Enrich.* So quoted in The Optick Glasse of Humors.
27 *bankrupt quite*] *bancrout quite* Q_1. *bankerout* Ff. *banquerout* Q_2. *quite* restored by Pope, and again rejected by Theobald.
29 *these*] *this* Collier MS.
30—32 *slaves: To...pomp, I...these*] *slaves To...pomp; I...these,* Hutchesson conj. (Gent. Mag. 1790).
31 *pomp*] *pome* Q_1.
32 *these*] *three* Daniel conj.

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Which I hope well is not enrolled there;
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which I hope is not enrolled there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day,—
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day,—
Which I hope well is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

48 *Not...sleep*] *To study, not see ladies; fast, not sleep* Mason conj. *not sleep*] *nor sleep* Steevens (1773, 1778, 1785).
50 *an*] Theobald. *and* Qq Ff.
55 *study?... know.*] Capell. *study,... know?* Qq Ff.
57 *common*] *cammon* Q_1.
62 *feast...forbid*] Theobald. *fast...forbid* Qq Ff. *fast...fore-bid* Hanmer (Theobald conj.).

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When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

65 *hard a keeping*] *hard-a-keeping* Hanmer.
67 *thus*] Qq Ff. *this* Pope.
70 *quite*] *quit* Q_1.
72 *Why,*] Pope. *Why?* Qq Ff.
but] Q_1. *and* Ff Q_2.
77 *of light*] Qq F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
79 *losing*] *loosing* Qq.
83 *it was*] *was it* Steevens (1778).
87 *base*] *bare* Dyce ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.)
authority] *auctʜoritie* Q_1.
others'] *other* Rowe (ed. 1).

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Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something, then, in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,

92 *nought but fame;*] *nought: but feign;* Warburton. *nought but shame;* Id. conj.

100 *envious sneaping*] *envious-sneaping* S. Walker conj.

104 *any*] Qq Ff. *an* Pope.
abortive] *abhortive* Q_1.
birth] *thing* Kinnear conj.

106 *in*] *on* Capell conj.
new-fangled] *new-spangled* Grey conj.
shows] F_3F_4. *showes* Qq F_1F_2. *earth* Theobald. *mirth* Globe ed. (S. Walker conj.). *wreath* Staunton conj. Malone supposes a line to be lost after line 103. Keightley suggests, *Among the offspring of the teeming earth.*

107, 108 *But like...So you*] *So like... But you* Lettsom conj.

108 *So you, to study*] *Go you to study,* Anon. conj. *But you'll to study,* Lettsom conj. *For you, to study* Keightley, reading line 109 as Ff. *to study*] *by study* Collier MS.

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Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron: adieu.

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron [*reads*]. 'Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court,'—Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty. [*Reads*] 'on pain of losing her tongue.' Who devised this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!

[*Reads*] 'Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.'

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

109 *Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate*] Q_1. *That were to climb o'er the house to unlock the gate* Ff Q_2. *Clymbe ore the house-top to unlocke the gate* Collier MS. *That were to climb the house o'er to unlock the gate* Grant White.

110 *sit*] Qq $F_2F_3F_4$. *fit* F_1. *set* Malone conj. See note (v).

114 *I'll keep what*] *I'll keep to what* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
swore] $F_2F_3F_4$. *sworne* Qq F_1.

117 *strict'st*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *strictest* Qq F_1.

119, 122 [reads] [reading. Pope.

123 *this penalty?*] *this?* Steevens (1793), reading as verse.

127 Biron] Theobald. Qq Ff continue this line to Longaville.
gentility] *gentletie* Q_1. *garrulity* Collier, ed. 2 (Theobald conj.) *scurrility* Staunton conj. *giulivity* Nicholson conj. *the generalty* Browne conj. *Quintility* Bulloch conj.

130 *can possibly*] Pope. *can possible* Q_1. *shall possibly* Ff Q_2.

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For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace and complete majesty,—
About surrender up of Aquitaine
To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.
King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.
King. We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.
Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on 'mere necessity.'
So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subscribes.*
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions are to other as to me;
But I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

132 *embassy*] *Embassaie.* Q_1.
136 *bedrid*] *bedred* Q_1.
138 *hither*] *rather* Collier MS.
146 *She*] *We* Capell.
147 *us all*] *us both* Q_2.
151 *speak*] Q_1. *break* Ff Q_2. *pleade* Collier MS. *break it* Brae conj.
153 [Subscribes.] Subscribes and gives back the paper. Capell.
156 *other*] Q_1. *others* Ff Q_2.
158 *the last*] *the one* Hudson (Daniel conj.)
will 'last] *last will* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).

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King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own person?
Biron. This, fellow: what wouldst?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his

161 *refined*] Qq F_1. *conceited* $F_2F_3F_4$.
162 *world's*] *worldes* Q_1. *worlds* F_1Q_2. *world* $F_2F_3F_4$.
world's...planted] *world-new fashions flanted* Collier MS.
fashion] *fashions* Dyce (ed. 2).
164 *One whom*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *On who* Q_1. *One, who* F_1Q_2.
167 *umpire*] *vmpier* Q_1.
170, 171 *knight From*] Theobald. *Knight: From* Qq Ff.
176 *fire-new*] *fire, new* F_1. Long's copy of F_2 has *fire, new.*
178 *is*] *are* Pope.
Enter.....Costard.] Malone. Enter a Constable with Costard with a letter. Qq Ff.
179 *Duke's*] Qq Ff. *King's* Theobald.

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Grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The matter of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

182 *tharborough*] *Farborough* Q_1.
185 *Arme—Arme—*] Warburton. *Arme Arme* Q_1. *Arme, Arme* Ff Q_2.
191 *heaven*] *having* Theobald. *haven* Jackson conj. *hearing* Collier MS.
193 *hear?...laughing?*] Capell. *heare,... hearing.* Qq Ff.
or] *and* Lettsom conj.
194 *and*] om. Rowe (ed. 2).
197 *climb*] F_3F_4. *clime* Qq F_1F_2. *chime* Barry conj. *chime in* Collier MS. *to climb in the merriness*] om. Hanmer.
199 *with the manner*] *with the manor* Hanmer. *in the manner* Warburton.
205 *it is*] Qq F_1. *is* $F_2F_3F_4$. *in* Rowe (ed. 2).
206 *form,—in*] *form, in* Rowe (ed. 2). *forme in* Qq Ff. *form is* Long MS.

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Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King [*reads*]. 'Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron.'—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King [*reads*]. 'So it is,'—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace!

Cost. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words!

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King [*reads*]. 'So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but

214 &c. [reads] Rowe.
welkin's vicegerent] *welkis Vizgerent* Q_1.
220 *true, but so*] *true: but so* Qq Ff. *true, but so, so* Hanmer. *true, but so-so* Dyce (ed. 2).
225 *it is, besieged*] *it is besedged* Q_1. *it is besieged* F_1Q_2.
227 *thy*] *the* Dyce ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
230 *which;*] *which:* Rowe. *which?* Qq Ff.
231 *ycleped*] F_3F_4. *ycliped* Qq F_1F_2.
232 *where;*] *where,* F_3F_4. *where?* Qq F_1F_2.
233 *preposterous*] *propostrous* Q_1.

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to the place where,—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,'—

Cost. Me?

King [*reads*]. 'that unlettered small-knowing soul,'—

Cost. Me?

King [*reads*]. 'that shallow vassal,'—

Cost. Still me?

King [*reads*]. 'which, as I remember, hight Costard,'—

Cost. O, me!

King [*reads*]. 'sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, which with,—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,'—

Cost. With a wench.

King [*reads*]. 'with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.'

Dull. Me, an't shall please you: I am Anthony Dull.

King [*reads*]. 'For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty. DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

235 *where,—*] *where?* Qq F_1. *where:* $F_2F_3F_4$.
237 *minnow*] *Minow* Qq Ff. *minion* Johnson conj. *minim* Anon. conj.
238, 240, 242 *Me?...Me?...me?*] Ff Q_2. *Mee?...Mee?...mee.* Q_1. *Me...Me... me.* Hanmer.
241 *vassal*] *vessel* Rann.
246 *continent*] *Continet*, F_1. *which*] *with*, Theobald.
250 *sweet*] Qq F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
251 *meed*] *need* Warburton.
252 *thy*] Qq F_1. *the* $F_2F_3F_4$.
254 *you:*] Theobald. *you?* Qq Ff.
256 *keep*] Qq $F_2F_3F_4$. *keeper* F_1. *vessel*] *vassal* Theobald.
259 *Adriano*] Qq. *Adriana* Ff.

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King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.
My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

262 *worst*] *wost* Q_1.
270 *I...I*] *It...I* F_2.
271, 272, 273 *damsel*] Q_1, except in line 271 *demsel. Damosell* Ff Q_2.
274 *varied too*] *varried to* $Q_1 F_1$.
283 *shall*] *he shall* Keightley.
284 *deliver'd*] *deliuered* Q_1.
286 [Exeunt...] Exeunt. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. Qq F_1.
287 *good man's hat*] *man's good hat* Capell conj. *goodman's hat* Anon. conj.

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These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and, therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH *his Page.*

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent

289 Given to Constable in Collier MS.
292 *prosperity*] *prosperie* Q_1.
Affliction] *affliccio* Q_1.
293 *till then, sit thee*] Q_1. *untill then sit* Ff Q_2. *untill then sit thee* Collier MS. *till then, set thee* Collier (ed. 2).
294 [Exeunt.] Q_1. Exit F_1 Q_2 F_2. om. F_3F_4.
SCENE II.] SCENE III. Pope.
The same. Armado's house. Pope. See note (III).
Enter Armado...] Enter Armado a Braggart... $F_2F_3F_4$.
8, 12, 13 *juvenal*] *juvenile* Pope.
10, 11, 16 *senior*] *signeor* Q_1. *signeur* F_1 Q_2.
13 Arm.] Boy. F_2.

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epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [*Aside*] He speaks the mere contrary; crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the Duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

14 *epitheton*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *apethaton* Q_1. *apathaton* F_1Q_2.
22 *Little pretty*] *Little! pretty* Theobald.
apt?] *apt.* Q_1.
23 *apt*] om. Q_2.
27 *ingenious*] Q_1F_4. *ingenuous* $F_1Q_2F_2F_3$.
33 [Aside] Hanmer.
the mere contrary] Qq F_1. *the clean contrary* $F_2F_3F_4$. *contrary* Hanmer.
36 *Duke*] *King* Theobald.
40 *fitteth* Q_1. *fits* Ff Q_2.

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Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere ye'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

48 *do*] Q_1. om. Ff Q_2.
51 *here is*] Q_1. *here's* Ff Q_2.
ye'll] *Yele* Q_1. *You'll* Ff Q_2.
51, 52 *it is*] *is it* Warburton.
55 [Aside. Hanmer.
61 *courtesy*] *cursie* Q_1. *curtsie* F_1. *curtesie* F_2.
63 *been*] *bin* Q_1.

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Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown:

79 *precisely of...complexion.*] *precisely, of...complexion?* Capell. *complexion.*] Collier. *complexion?* Qq Ff.

86 *green wit*] See note (VI).

87 *My*] *Me* Q_2.

88 *maculate*] Q_1. *immaculate* Ff Q_2.

94 *pathetical*] *poeticall* Collier MS.

97 *blushing*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *blush-in* Qq F_1.

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Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. [*Aside*] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must suffer him to take no delight nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week. For this

105, 107 *ballad*] Rowe. *Ballet* Qq Ff.
107 *very guilty*] Qq Ff. *guilty* Rowe.
114 *rational*] *irrational* Hanmer (Theobald conj.).
115 [Aside] Hanmer.
116 *master*] *master deserves* Hanmer.
117 *love*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *loue* Qq. *ioue* F_1.
118 *And.... wench.*] Spoken aside, Nicholson conj.
120 Enter...] Enter Clown, Constable, and Wench. Qq Ff. Enter C., D., J. and Maid. Rowe.
122 *suffer him to*] Q_1. *let him* Ff Q_2.
123 *a'*] Q_1. *hee* F_1 Q_2. *he* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away!

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

125 [Exit. Ff Q_2. om. Q_1.
133 *that*] Q_1 $F_2F_3F_4$. *what* F_1 Q_2. *face?*] *face.* Q_1.
138 Dull.] Theobald. Clo. Qq F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
[Exeunt D. and J.] Exeunt. Qq Ff.
139 Arm.] Ar. Q_1. Clo. F_1. Brag. Q_2. Con. $F_2F_3F_4$.
144 *fellows*] *followers* Capell.
148 *will fast*] *will be fast* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see.

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood, if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.* 174

155 *not*] om. Q_2.
too] Q_1. om. Ff Q_2.
words] *wards* Johnson conj.
157 [Exeunt...] Ex. Moth with Costard. Pope. Exit. Qq Ff.
162 *attempted*] *tempted* Collier MS.
163 *was Samson*] *was Sampson* Q_1. *Sampson was* Ff Q_2.
165 *Solomon*] F_3F_4. *Salomon* Qq F_1F_2.
169 *duello*] *Duella* Q_1.
171 *manager*] *arniger* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
173 *sonnet*] Qq Ff. *sonneteer* Hanmer. *sonneter* Capell. *a sonnet* Amyot conj. *sonnet maker* Collier MS. *sonnets* Verplanck. *sonnetist* Dyce (ed. 2). *sonnet-monger* Keightley.
174 [Exit.] Q_1. Exit. Finis actus primus F_1 Q_2. Finis actus primi. $F_2F_3F_4$.

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ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker: good Boyet,

ACT II.] om. Q_1. Actus secunda. F_1 F_2. Actus secundus. Q_2 F_3F_4.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter the Princesse of Fraunce, with three attending Ladies, and three Lordes. Qq Ff.
1 *dearest*] *clearest* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
2 *who*] Qq F_1. *whom* $F_2F_3F_4$.
3 *what's*] *what* Collier MS.
13 Prin.] $F_2F_3F_4$. Queene. Qq F_1.
Lord] *L.* Qq Ff.
beauty, though] *thought* Q_2.
18 *much*] *are* Hanmer.
19 *your wit in the praise*] Qq F_1. *thus your wit in praise* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his Grace:
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.

[*Exit Boyet.*

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

First Lord. Lord Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:

21 *You...*] Prin. *You...*F_1Q_2.
25 *to's seemeth*] Qq Ff. *to us seemeth* Rowe (ed. 2). *to us seems* Pope.
32 *Importunes*] *Importuous* Q_1.
34 *humble-visaged*] *humble visage* Q_1.
36 [Exit B.] Dyce. Exit. Qq Ff (after line 35).
37, 38 Printed as prose in Qq Ff. First as verse by Rowe (ed. 2).
37 *my*] *the* Collier MS. (expunged).
38 *duke*] *king* Theobald.
39 First Lord. *Lord Longaville*] Capell. Lor. *Longauill* Qq Ff.
you] *ye* Warburton.
40 Mar.] Rowe. 1 Lady. Qq Ff. Lord. Hanmer.
know] *knew* $F_2F_3F_4$.
40—43 *madam: at...solemnized In*] Capell. *Maddame at...solemnized. In* Qq Ff.
43 *In Normandy,*] Mar. *In Normandy* Hanmer.

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A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?
Mar. They say so most that most his humours know.
Prin. Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.
Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.

44 *of sovereign parts*] Ff Q_2. *of sovraigne peerelsse* Q_1. *of— sovereign, peerless* Malone conj. *a sovereign pearl* Steevens conj. *of his sov'reign peerless* Jackson conj.
45 *Well fitted in arts*] Qq F_1. *Well fitted in the arts* $F_2F_3F_4$. *In arts well fitted* Keightley (Grant White conj.).
47, 48 *gloss...gloss*] *glose...glose* Q_1.
51 *none spare*] *spare none* Rowe (ed. 2).
52 *merry mocking*] *merry-mocking* Rowe.
55 *Who...rest?*] omitted by Rowe (ed. 1).
56 Kath.] Cath. Rowe. 2 Lad. Qq Ff. *Dumain*] *Damaine* F_2.
58 *power to do most*] *powerful to do* Hanmer.
60 *he*] *she* F_1 Q_2.
61 *Alençon's*] *Alansoes* Qq F_1. *Alanzoes* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Alanson's* Rowe.
64 Ros.] Rossa. F_1 Q_2. Rosa $F_2F_3F_4$. 3 Lad. Q_1.
these] *the* Q_2.
65 *if*] Q_1. *as* Ff Q_2.
if...a truth] *as...a youth* Theobald conj.

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Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

First Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeeled house.
Here comes Navarre.

69 *his wit*] Qq F_1. *wit* $F_2F_3F_4$.
76 *voluble*] *valuable* Rowe (ed. 2).
80 First Lord.] Lord. Q_1. Ma. Ff Q_2.
Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Qq Ff.
84 *much*] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
88 *unpeeled*] Q_1. *unpeopled* Ff Q_2.
See note (VII).
89 *Here*] Bo. *Heere* Q_1.
[Ladies mask. Capell.

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Enter King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and* Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. 'Fair' I give you back again; and 'welcome' I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjured, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

90 SCENE II. Pope.
King.] Navar. Qq Ff.
...and Attendants] Rowe. om. Qq Ff.
93 *wide*] *wild* Reed (1803).
too] *is too* Keightley.
99 *it; will*] Capell. *it will*, Qq Ff. *it's will*, Rowe (ed. 2).
100 *it is*] *'tis* S. Walker conj.
105 *And*] *Not* Hanmer. *And 'tis no* Keightley conj.
105, 106 *And...sudden-bold*] As one line in Q_1.
108 [gives a paper. Collier MS.
110 [Nav. reades. Collier MS.

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Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Biron. I know you did.
Ros. How needless was it, then, to ask the question!
Biron. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.
Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o' day?
Ros. The hour that fools should ask.
Biron. Now fair befall your mask!
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, so you be none.
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we, as neither have,
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If, then, the king your father will restore
But that one-half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his Majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,

114 Ros.] Rosa. Ff Q_2. Kather. Q_1. See note (VIII).
115—117 As two verses ending *then*,... *quick.* in Capell.
116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126 Ros.] Rosa. Ff Q_2. Kath. Q_1.
121 *o'*] Theobald. *a* Qq Ff.
128, 157, 162, 166, 178 King.] Kin. F_1Q_2. Ferd. Q_1. Fer. $F_2F_3F_4$. Nav. Collier MS.
129 *a*] *one* Rowe (ed. 1).
130 *the one*] *th' one* S. Walker conj.
134 *the which*] *which* Hanmer.
138 *unsatisfied*] *but satisfied* Q_2.

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For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word.
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.

142 *repaid*] *repaie* F_1 Q_2.
143 *A*] Q_1. *An* Ff Q_2.
demands] *remembers* Rowe.
144 *On*] Theobald. *One* Qq Ff.
a] Q_1 $F_1F_2F_3$. *an* Q_2 F_4.
147 *father*] *fathers* Q_2.
148 *gelded*] Pope. *guelded* Qq Ff.
158 *And if*] *An if* Delius conj.
159 *We arrest*] *We 'rest* or *W' arrest* S. Walker conj.
167 *I will*] Q_1. *would I* Ff Q_2.

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Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so received
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your Grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says 'ay'.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. No point, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

171 *in*] Ff Q_2. *within* Q_1.
174 *so*] om. Long MS.
fair] Q_1. *farther* Ff Q_2. *free* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
176 *shall we*] Q_1. *we shall* Ff Q_2.
178 [Exit.] Qq Ff. [Exeunt King and his train. Capell.
179 *mine own*] Q_2. *my none* Q_1. *my own* Ff. *my* Capell.
179, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190 Biron.] Ber. Q_1. Boy. Ff Q_2.
180 *Pray*] *Now, pray* Capell, reading as verse.
183—192 Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.
183 *fool*] *foole* Q_1. *soule* $F_1Q_2F_2$. *soul* F_3F_4.
sick?] *sicke.* Q_1.
189 *No point,*] *No poynt,* (in italics) Qq Ff. *No,* (rom.) *point,* (ital.) Capell.

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Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*
Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?
Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.
Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*
Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?
Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.
Boyet. She hath but one for herself, to desire that were a shame.
Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter? 200
Boyet. Her mother's I have heard.
Long. God's blessing on your beard!
Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Falconbridge.
Long. Nay, my choler is ended. 205
She is a most sweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, sir, that may be. [*Exit Long.*
Biron. What's her name in the cap?
Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap.
Biron. Is she wedded or no? 210
Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.
Biron. You are welcome, sir: adieu.

192 Biron.] Ber. Qq F_1. Bir. $F_2F_3F_4$. [Retiring.] Capell. [Exit. Qq Ff. stand backe. Collier MS. Enter Dumaine. Qq Ff. Dumaine comes forward. Collier MS.
194 *Katharine*] Singer, ed. 2 (Capell conj.). *Rosalin* Qq Ff.
195 Enter Longavile. $F_2F_3F_4$. Collier MS. adds 'comes forward.' *lady. Monsieur,*] *Lady Mounsir,* Q_1. *Lady, Mounsier* F_1.
197—203 *A woman...offended.*] Put in the margin by Pope.
197 *sometimes*] *sometime* Q_2. *an*] *and* Q_1. *if* Ff Q_2.
198 *name.*] *name?* Q_1.
202 *on your*] Qq. *a your* Ff.
203—205 *Good...ended.*] Two lines in Q_1.
205 *Nay, my choler is ended*] omitted by Pope.
207 Enter Berowne. Qq Ff. Collier MS. adds 'comes forward.'
208—226 *What's...abused*] Put in the margin by Pope.
209 *Rosaline*] Singer, ed. 2 (Brae conj.). *Katherin* Q_1. *Katherine* Ff Q_2.
212 *You*] Ff Q_2. *O you* Q_1. See note (IX).

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Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit Biron.*

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*

Mar. Not so, gentle beast:
My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation, which very seldom lies,
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

213 *and welcome to you*] to the Ladies, Nicholson conj.
[Exit Biron.] Q_1. [Exit. Ff Q_2. [The Ladies unmask. Capell.

214 *lord*] *L.* Q_1.

218 Mar. *Two hot sheeps, marry.* Boyet. *And...ships?*] Rowe (ed. 2). Lady Ka. *Two hot Sheepes marie.* Bo. *And...Shipps?* Q_1. La. Ma. *Two hot Sheepes marie: And wherefore not Ships?* Ff Q_2. See note (VIII).

220—223 Mar.] Rowe. La. Qq Ff.

221 [Offering...] Capell.
Mar.] Rowe. Lad. Q_1. La. Ff Q_2.

222 *no*] *not* Brae conj.
though] *for* Keightley.

224 *but, gentles, agree*] Theobald. *but gentles agree* Qq Ff.

227, 229 Punctuated as in Theobald. *obseruation (which...eyes. Deceiue* ... Q_1. *obseruation (which...eyes) Deceiue* Ff Q_2.

230—252 Prin. *With what?...lie.*] Put in the margin by Pope.

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Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.
Prin. Your reason?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.
Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclosed.
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

232 *reason f*] Rowe. *reason.* Qq Ff.
233 *did*] Q_1. *doe* Ff Q_2.
their] *the* Q_2.
234 *thorough*] *through* Q_2.
235 *agate*] Malone. *Agot* Qq Ff. *Agat* Rowe (ed. 2).
235, 236 *impress'd...express'd*] Dyce. *impressed...expressed* Qq Ff.
240 *feel only*] *feed only by* Johnson conj., *feed on by* Jackson conj., *feed only* Kinnear conj.
243 *where*] Q_1. *whence* Ff Q_2.
244 *point you*] *poynt you* Q_1. *point out* Ff Q_2. *prompt you* Keightley. *tempt you* Id. conj.
245 *quote*] Q_2. *coate* $Q_1F_1F_2$. *coat* F_3F_4.
247 *and*] om. Q_2.
248 *An*] Theobald. *And* Qq Ff.
249 *disposed.*] *disposed*—Warburton.

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Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.
Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.
Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.
Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?
Mar. No.
Boyet. What then, do you see?
Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.
Moth. Concolinel. [*Singing.*
Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

253 Ros.] Rosa. Rowe. Lad. Q_1. Lad. Ro. Ff Q_2.
254 Mar.] Rowe. Lad. Ma. Ff Q_2. Lad. 2. Q_1.
255 Ros.] Rosa. Rowe. Lad. 3. Q_1. Lad. 2. Ff Q_2.
256 Mar.] Rowe. Lad. Q_1. La. 1. Ff Q_2.
257 Ros.] Rosa. Rowe. Lad. Q_1. Lad. 2. Ff Q_2.
[Exeunt.] Exeunt omnes. Qq Ff.
ACT III.] Actus Tertius. F_1Q_2. Actus Tertia. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. Q_1.
SCENE I.] Rowe. SCENE II. Capell, following Theobald, who continues Act II.
Enter Armado and Moth.] Enter Braggart and his Boy. Q_1. Enter Braggart, and Boy. Song. Ff (Broggart F_1) Q_2. Enter Braggart, and Boy. Song. See my Loue. Collier MS.
3 Collier MS. adds in brackets 'armato bene.'

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Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note—do you note me?—that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,— 25

7 *Master*] Q_1. om. Ff Q_2.

9 *thou?...French?*] Capell. *thou?... French.* Q_1. *thou,...French?* Ff. *thou...French?* Q_2.

11 *your*] Q_1. *the* Ff Q_2.

12 *eyelids*] Q_1. *eye* Ff Q_2. *eyes* Dyce (ed. 2).
sometime] *something* Rowe (ed. 1). *sometimes* Pope.

13 *as if*] Theobald. *if* Qq Ff.
singing love, sometime] Theobald. *singing loue sometime* Q_1. *singing, loue sometime* Ff Q_2.

14 *through the nose*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *through: nose* Qq F_1.
snuffed] F_1. *snufft* Q_1 (Cap.). *snuffe* Q_1 (Griggs' facsimile).

16, 17 *thin-belly*] F_3F_4. *thinbellies* Q_1. *thinbellie* F_1Q_2. *thinebelly* F_2. *thin-belly doublet*] *thin belly-doublet* Steevens. *thin belly's doublet* Collier.

19 *complements*] *'complishments* Hanmer (Warburton).

21 *them men of note—do you note me?—that*] Hanmer. *them men of note: do you note men that* Qq Ff. *the men of note: do you note men, that* Theobald. *the men men of note: do you note men, that* Theobald conj. *them men of note (do you note men?) that* Malone.

24 *penny*] Hanmer (Theobald conj.). *penne* $Q_1F_1F_2$. *pen* $Q_2F_3F_4$. *pain* or *ken* Theobald conj.

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Moth. 'The hobby-horse is forgot.'

Arm. Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse'?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short: away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

27 *hobby-horse*] *a hobby-horse* Hanmer.
28, 29 *and...hackney*] Spoken aside, Nicholson conj.
37 *and this,*] Theobald. (*and this*) Qq Ff.
without] *out of* Pope.
38, 39 *by heart...by her*] omitted by Rowe.
43, 44 *and'...at all*] Spoken aside, Nicholson conj.
45 Arm.] Boy. Q_2.
46 *message*] *messager* Singer (ed. 2). *messenger* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
46, 47 *A message...ass*] Spoken aside, Nicholson conj.
48 *thou ?*] *thou.* Q_1.

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Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. Minimè, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal; volable and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH *with* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master! here's a Costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l'envoy; begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve in the mail,

53 *The*] Q_1. *Thy* Ff Q_2.
ingenious] *ingenuous* Q_2.
53, 54 *The...slow?*] As in Pope. Prose in Qq Ff.
55 *or rather,*] *or, rather* Staunton.
56 *so*] *so, so soon* Johnson conj. *slow* Staunton conj.
60 *flee*] *fly* Rowe.
[Exit.] om. Qq F_1.
61 *volable*] Q_1. *voluble* Ff Q_2. See note (VII).
free] *faire* Collier MS.
63 *Most rude*] *Moist-eyed* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
64 Re-enter...] Capell. Re-enter M. and C. Theobald. Enter Page and Clown. Qq Ff.
65 SCENE II. Pope.
65—121. Moth. *A wonder...loose.*] Put in the margin by Pope.
66 *come, thy*] Qq F_1. *no* $F_2F_3F_4$.
l'envoy; begin] Capell. *Lenuoy begin* Qq Ff.
67 *in the mail*] *in thee male* Qq F_1. *in the male* $F_2F_3F_4$. *in the vale* Johnson conj. *in the matter* Capell. *à the mal* Becket conj. *in them all* Knight (Tyrwhitt conj.). *in thy mail* Hudson (Brae conj.). *on* (or *of*) *them all* Daniel conj.

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sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

68 *O,*] *O* $Q_1F_3F_4$. *Or* $F_1Q_2F_2$.
plain] *pline* Q_1.
69 *no salve*] Qq F_1. *or salve* $F_2F_3F_4$.
70 *virtue*] *my virtue* S. Walker conj.
71 *my lungs*] *thy lungs* Edd. conj.
73 *word*] Qq F_1. *world* $F_2F_3F_4$.
76 *page*] *Moth* Rowe (ed. 1).
77 *been*] *bin* Qq F_1.
sain] *saine* Q_1. *faine* $F_1Q_2F_2$. *fain* F_3F_4.
78—86 *I will...four*] omitted in Ff Q_2.
86 *stay'd*] *staied* Q_1.
86, 92 *adding*] *making* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
91 Arm.] Qq F_1. Pag. $F_2F_3F_4$.

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Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose: would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat.

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see; a fat l'envoy; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that l'envoy:

I Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances: I smell some l'envoy, some goose, in this.

93 Moth.] om. F_2. Arm. Collier MS.
93, 94 *ending...more?*] Given to Pag. in Collier MS.
96 *an*] Pope. *and* Qq Ff.
99 *Come...begin?*] as in Q_1. Two lines in Ff Q_2.
begin?] *begin.* Q_1.
101 *the*] *a* F_3F_4.
102 *True...in*] As in Q_1. Two lines in Ff Q_2.
110 *I Costard*] *Costard* Warburton.
114 *Sirrah Costard*] *Marry, Costard* Knight (Stratford Shakspere). *Sirrah Costard, marry,* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
115 *Frances*] Capell. *Francis* Qq Ff.

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Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose. 121

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant [*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu. 127

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew! [*Exit Moth.*

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—'What's the price of this inkle?'—'One penny.'—'No, I'll give you a remuneration:' why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word. 134

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

118 *immured*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *emured* Qq F_1.
121, 122 *let me...set thee*] *set me...let thee* Hudson (Brae conj.).
121 *loose*] *be loose* Collier MS.
122 *set thee from*] *set thee free from* Dyce, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
123 *lieu*] *lewe* Q_1.
124 *significant*] *significat* Collier MS., adding (*letter*) as a stage direction in the margin.
[giving a letter] Dyce.
125 [giving him something. Johnson. giving him money. Steevens (1778).
126 *honour*] Q_1. *honours* Ff Q_2.
[Exit.] om. Qq F_1.
128 *my incony Jew*] *my ink-horn, adieu!* Hanmer.
Jew] *jewel* Warburton.
[Exit Moth.] om. F_3F_4. Exit. Qq F_1F_2 (after 127).
129 [lookes at money. Collier MS.
131 *remuneration*] *remuration* Q_1.
inkle] *yncle* Qq Ff.
One penny] *i. d.* Qq F_1F_2. *i. de.* F_3 F_4. *Five farthings* Rowe (ed. 1). *A penny* Rowe (ed. 2).
132, 133 *carries it. Remuneration!*] Theobald. *carries it remuneration* Qq F_1F_2. *carries it's remuneration* F_3F_4.
133 *French*] Q_1. *a French* Ff Q_2.
135 SCENE III. Pope.

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Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration? 137

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk. 140

Cost. I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

Biron. Stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir? 145

Biron. This afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

Biron. Thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first. 150

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady; 155
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go. 159

[*Giving him a shilling.*

Cost. Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remunera-

138 *What*] *O what* Q_1.
139 [shewing it. Collier MS.
140 *three-farthing worth*] Q_1. *three farthings worth* Ff Q_2.
140, 142, 146, 148, 163. Each of these lines begins with *O* in Qq Ff. See note (IX).
143 *win*] om. Q_2.
150 *know*] *know it* F_3F_4.
152, 153 *It...this:*] As in Capell. Two lines, the first ending *afternoon*, in Qq Ff.
154 *princess*] *princes* Q_2.
158 (letter) Collier MS.
159 [Giving...shilling.] Edd.
(money) Collier MS.
160 *Gardon . . . gardon*] Qq F_1. *Guerdon...guerdon* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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tion, a 'leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration! [*Exit.*

Biron. And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy;
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting 'paritors:—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

161 *a 'leven-pence*] *a levenpence* Qq Ff. *elevenpence* Rowe.
162 *in print*] *in point* Anon. conj. ap. Halliwell.
Gardon! Remuneration!] *gardon remuneration.* Q_1. *gardon, remuneration.* F_1Q_2. *guerdon, remuneration* $F_2F_3F_4$.
163—168 Q_1 prints as three lines ending *whip...Constable...magnificent;* Ff Q_2 as six lines ending *loue...whip...Criticke...Constable... Boy...magnificent.*
165 *a humorous*] *an amorous* Hanmer (Theobald conj.).
166 *critic*] *Crietick* Q_1.
168 *so*] *more* Rowe. *moe* Keightley conj.
169 *wimpled*] *whimp'ring* Hanmer.
170 *senior-junior*] Hanmer (Anon. conj. apud Theobald). *signior Iunios* Qq Ff. *signior Juno's* Rowe (ed. 2). *signior Junio* Pope. *Signior Julio's* Upton conj.
dwarf] *drawfe* F_1.
Dan Q_1. *Don* Ff Q_2.
175 *imperator*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Emperator* Qq Ff.
176 *'paritors*] *paritors* Johnson. *Parrators* $Q_1F_1F_2F_3$. *Parritors* Q_2. *Parators* F_4.
177 *field*] *file* Theobald (Warburton).
179 *What! I love! I sue!*] *What? I love! I sue! what?* Hanmer. *What? what? I love! I sue!* Johnson. *What? I! I love! I sue!* Malone (Tyrwhitt conj.). *What I to love! I sue!* Bailey conj.

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A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter the Princess, *and her train, a* Forester, BOYET, ROSALINE, MARIA, *and* KATHARINE.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

180 *German clock*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Iermane Cloake* Q_1. *Germane Cloake* F_1. *Germaine Cloake* Q_2.
182 *aright*] *right* Capell.
being a] Qq F_1. *being but a* $F_2F_3F_4$.
186 *whitely*] F_3F_4. *whitley* Qq. *whitly* F_1F_2. *witty* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *whiteless* Porson conj. *wily* Brae conj. *whitleather* Bailey conj. *witless* Neil conj. *wightly* Cambridge (ed. 1). See note (x).
194 *write*] *will write* Keightley.
sue and groan] $F_2F_3F_4$. *shue, grone* Q_1F_1. *sue grone* Q_2. *sue, watch, groan* Lettsom conj.
195 [Exit.] Rowe. om. Qq Ff.
ACT IV.] ACT III. Theobald.
Enter...] Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, her Ladyes, and her Lordes. Qq Ff.
2 *uprising*] *unrising* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er a' was, a' showed a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:
On Saturday we will return to France.
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say no?
O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit!
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

3 Boyet] Boy. Ff Q_2. Forr. Q_1.
6 *On*] *Ore* Q_1.
9 *Hereby*] *Hard by* Hanmer.
coppice] *copse* S. Walker conj.
11—40 Prin. *I thank...lord.*] Put in the margin by Pope.
13 *madam*] om. F_3F_4.
14 *and again*] Q_1. *and then again* F_1Q_2. *then again* $F_2F_3F_4$.
no?] Theobald. *no.* Qq Ff.
22 *fair*] *faith* Collier MS.
23 *fair*] *the* F_3F_4.
27 *do't*] *doote* Q_1.

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That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter COSTARD.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

29 *purpose*] *purchase* Keightley conj.
32 *for praise*] *to praise* $F_2F_3F_4$.
35 *deer's*] *Deere* F_2.
that] *tho'* Warburton conj.
40 *a*] *her* Rowe.
41 Enter Costard.] Rowe (after line 40). Enter Clowne. Qq Ff (after line 40).
42—52 Cost. *God...will?*] Put in the margin by Pope.
49 *An*] Pope. *And* Qq Ff.
my wit] *your wit* Johnson conj.
49, 50 *your waist...my wit...your waist*] *my waste . . . your wit . . . my waste* Warburton.
50 *o'*] Theobald. *a* Q_1F_1.

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Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet [*reads*]. By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici; which to annothanize in the vulgar,—O base and obscure vulgar!—videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king: why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's. The captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I

53 *I have...Rosaline.*] As in Pope. Two lines in Q_1F_1.
(Giues a letter) Collier MS.
56 (Giues him the Letter) Collier MS.
(opens it) Collier MS. (expunged).
58 *writ*] *write* F_2.
64 *illustrate*] *illustrious* Q_2.
65 *Zenelophon*] *Penelophon* Collier.
66 *annothanize*] Qq F_1. *anatomize* $F_2F_3F_4$. *annotanize* Knight.
67 *videlicet*] *is* Capell.
saw] $F_2F_3F_4$. *See* Qq F_4.
saw] Rowe. *see* Qq Ff.
68 *overcame*] Q_2 F_3F_4. *couercame* Q_1 F_1F_2.
70 *who overcame he?*] Qq Ff. *who overcame him?* Rowe (ed. 1). *Whom overcame he?* Hanmer.
71 *the king's*] $Q_2F_3F_4$. *the King* Q_1F_1.
captive] *captivitie* Q_2.

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enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry, DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?
Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.
Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.
Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince and his bookmates.
Prin. Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?
Cost. I told you; my lord.
Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?
Cost. From my lord to my lady.
Prin. From which lord to which lady?
Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,

76 *What*] F_4. *What*, Qq $F_1F_2F_3$.
77, 78 *for rags?...me.*] *for raggs roabes, for tittles tytles, for thy selfe, mee.* Q_1. *for ragges, roabes: for tittles titles, for thy selfe me.* F_1 Q_2 F_2. *titles:* Q_2. *me.* F_2.
80 *Adriano*] Q_2. *Adriana* Q_1Ff. *Armado*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Armatho* Qq F_1.
87 *feathers*] *feather* $F_2F_3F_4$.
88 *vane*] Rowe. *veine* F_1Q_2. *vaine* Q_1F_2. *vain* F_3F_4.
92 *phantasime*] Qq F_1. *phantasme* F_2 F_3F_4. *phantasma* Capell conj. *Monarcho*] *Monorcho* Q_2. *mammóccio* Hanmer.
94 *you; my*] Theobald. *you my* Qq. *you, my* Ff.

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To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

[*To Ros.*] Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day. [*Exeunt Princess and train.*

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow. Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry, Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry. Finely put on!

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near. Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was

99 *lords*] *ladies* Johnson conj.

100 [To Ros.] Capell.
Exeunt...] Exeunt. Ff Q_2. om. Q_1.
Exit Princess attended. Theobald.

101—142 Boyet. *Who is...sola!*] Put in the margin by Pope.

101 *suitor...suitor*] Steevens (Farmer conj.). *shooter...shooter* Qq Ff.

102, 103 *Why...off!*] As in Capell. One line in Qq Ff.

103 *Finely put off!*] om. Farmer conj. Given to Costard. Dyce conj.

106 *Finely put on!*] om. Farmer conj. Given to Costard. Dyce conj.

107 *deer*] Rowe. *Deare* Qq F_1F_2. *Dear* F_3F_4.

108 *If...near.*] As in $Q_2F_3F_4$. Prose in $Q_1F_1F_2$.
the] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.

111 *But...now!*] As in Q_1. Two lines in Ff Q_2.

115 Boyet.] Biron. Reed (1803).

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a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow-hand! i' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!

119 [Exit. Q_1.
120 *An*] Theobald. *And* Q_1. om. Ff Q_2.
120, 121 *An...can.*] As in Ff Q_2. One line in Q_1.
121 *An*] Theobald. *And* Ff Q_2. *and* Q_1.
[Exeunt R. and K.] Capell. Exit. Ff Q_3. Exit Rosa. Rowe.
123 *hit it*] F_4. *hit* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$.
129 *pin*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *is in* Qq F_1.
132 Exeunt...] Exeunt all but Costard. Theobald. Exit. Collier MS. om. Qq Ff.

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O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were,
so fit.
Armado o' th' one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will
swear!
And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola! [*Shout within.*
[*Exit Costard, running.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear

135—141 *O' my troth...nit!*] After III. 1. 128, in Hudson (Staunton conj.)
137—141 *Armado...nit!*] After III. 1. 128, Staunton conj.
137 *Armado o' th' one*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Armatho ath toothen* Q_1. *Armathor ath to the* F_1Q_2. *Armado ath to* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Armado o' th' to* Grant White. *Armado ath tone* Collier MS. *Armador o' the one* Dyce. *Armado and he to* (or *o'*) *the one* Nicholson conj.
139 After this line Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.) inserts *Looking babies in her eyes his passion to declare.* Keightley marks a line omitted.
140 *o' t' other*] *atother* Q_1F_1. *at other* $Q_2F_2F_3F_4$.
wit] *small wit* Collier MS.
141 *a most*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *most* Qq F_1.
142 *Sola, sola!*] *Sola! sola!* Capell. *Sowla, sowla.* Qq Ff. om. Theobald. [Shout within.] F_4. Shoot within. Q_1. Shoote within. F_1. Shoote with him. Q_2. Showte within. F_2. Exit...] Exit Costard. Theobald. Exeunt. Qq Ff. Exit, running. Capell.
Enter...] Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel. Qq Ff.
1 *reverend*] Theobald. *reuerent* Qq Ff.
3 Hol.] Rowe. Ped. Qq Ff.
sanguis, in blood] *in sanguis, blood* Capell.
4 *the*] Q_1. *a* Ff Q_2.

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of caelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

Dull. 'Twas not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication; facere, as it were, replication, or, rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my haud credo for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus!
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;
he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:
And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,
Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

5 *caelo*] *Celo* Qq F_1F_2. *cælo* F_3F_4. *cælum* Dyce, ed. 2 (Jervis conj.). *cielo* Nicholson conj.

7 *epithets*] *epythithes* Q_1F_1. *epithithes* Q_2. *epythites* F_2F_3. *epithetes* F_4.

20, 21 *Twice-sod...look /*] As in Dyce. Prose in Qq Ff.

23—31 *he hath...wind.*] Spoken by Holofernes, Kinnear conj.

24 *animal*] *animal, not to think* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

26, 27 Printed as prose in Qq Ff, first as verse by Hanmer.

27 *Which we of taste and feeling are, for those...*] See note (XI).

do] Q_1 Ff. om. Q_2.

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For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:
But omne bene, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,
And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed a pricket.

28 *indiscreet*] *indistreell* Q_1.
29 *see*] *set* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
32 *me*] Q_1. om. Ff Q_2.
34 *Dictynna*] Rowe. *Dictisima* Q_1 $F_1F_2F_3$. *Dictissima* Q_2F_4. *Doctissimè...Dictinna* Collier MS.
35 *Dictynna*] *Dictinna* $F_2F_3F_4$. *dictima* QqF$_1$.
36 *title*] *tittle* F_2.
38 *raught*] *rought* Q_1. *wrought* Ff Q_2.
44 *pollusion*] $Q_2F_3F_4$. *polusion* $Q_1F_1F_2$. *pollution* Rowe (ed. 2).
47, 48 *epitaph*] *epigram* Rann (Capell conj.).
48, 49 *ignorant*] *ignorault* Q_1.
49 *call I*] Edd. *call'd* QqFf. *I have call'd* Rowe. *I will call* Singer. *call* Collier MS. *I call* Collier (ed. 2).
a] *the* Q_2.

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Nath. Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell: put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores one sorel.
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and

50—53 Verse, S. Walker conj.
51 *scurrility*] *squirilitie* Q_1.
53 (reades) Collier MS.
54 *preyful*] *prayfull* Qq F_1. *prayfull* F_2. *praisfull* F_3. *praisefull* F_4. *playful* Taylor conj. MS.
54—59. Printed as twelve lines in Qq Ff.
56, 58 *L*] *ell* Qq Ff. *yell* Kinnear conj.
56 *jumps*] *jumpt* Pope.
58 *one sorel*] Edd. *o sorell* Q_1. *O sorell* Q_2 Ff. *of sorel* Warburton. *O sore L* Capell. *or sorel* Anon. conj.
61 [Aside] Dyce. om. Qq Ff. (To himselfe) Collier MS.
63 Hol.] Nath. Qq Ff. See note (XII). *simple, simple;*] Rowe. *simple: simple,* Qq Ff.
66, 67 *pia mater*] Rowe. *primater* Qq Ff.
68 *in whom*] *whom* Q_1.
70 *my*] *our* Rowe (ed. 1).

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their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth. 73

Hol. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but vir sapit qui pauca loquitur; a soul feminine saluteth us. 77

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one? 80

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well. 85

Jaq. Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice; 91

74 *ingenuous*] $Q_2F_3F_4$. *ingenous* Q_1. *ingennous* F_1F_2. *ingenious* Capell.
76 *sapit*] $Q_2F_2F_3F_4$. *sapis* Q_1F_1.
78 *Parson*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Person* Qq F_1. *Pearson* Collier MS.
79—85 Put in the margin by Pope.
79 *pers-on*] *pers-one* Steevens. *Persona* Collier MS. *Person* QqF_1. *Persone* F_2. *persone* F_3. *person* F_4. *An*] Edd. *And* Qq Ff.
80 *pierced*] *pierc'd* Rowe. *perst* Qq Ff.
81 *likest*] Ff Q_2. *liklest* Q_1.
83 *Piercing*] Edd. *Of persing* Qq Ff. *Oh, piercing* Keightley. *A piercing* Kinnear conj. See note (XVII). *lustre*] *cluster* F_3F_4.
86 *Parson*] Qq Ff.
88 [Nathaniel reads it to himself. Hanmer.
89 *Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia* Q_1F_1. *Facile precor gleida quando peccas omnia* Q_2.

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Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa. Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse; lege, domine.

Nath. [*reads*]

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire:
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only num-

92, 93 *Venetia,...ti...ti pretia*] Edd. (from Florio's 'Second Frutes'). *Vinegia...te...ei non te pregia* Theobald. *vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche* Q_1F_1. *vemchie, vencha...perroche* Q_2. *Venechi, venachea, qui non te vide, i non te piaech* $F_2F_3F_4$ (*venache a* F_3F_4).
95 *loves thee not*] Q_1. om. Ff Q_2.
96 *his*—] Hanmer. *his*, Qq Ff.
99 *stanze*] F_1Q_2. *stauze* Q_1. *stanza* $F_2F_3F_4$.
101 *Ah*] *O* 'Passionate Pilgrim.'
101, 103 *vow'd...bow'd*] Rowe. *vowed ...bowed* Qq Ff.
102 *faithful*] *constant* 'Passionate Pilgrim.'
103 *were*] *like* Ib.
105 *would*] *can* Ib.
110 *Thy...bears*] *Thine...seems* Ib.
112 *pardon love this*] *do not loue that* Ib. *pardon, love, this* Rowe.
113 *That sings*] *To sing* 'Passionate Pilgrim.' *That sings the* Hanmer. *That he sings* Keightley.
114 *find*] *mind* Collier MS.
115 *let...canzonet.*] Given to Nath. in Collier MS.
canzonet] Theobald. *cangenet* Qq Ff.

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bers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Imitari is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you? 122

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript: 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.' I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: 'Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.' Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu. 135

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life!

115—122 *Here...you!*] Theobald continues to Holofernes. In Qq Ff the lines are given to Nathaniel.
116 *ratified*] *rarefied* Staunton conj.
117 *caret*] *carent* Nicholson conj.
119 *invention? Imitari*] Theobald. *invention imitaris* QqFf. *invention: imitating* Collier MS. *imitarier* Brae conj.
120 *tired*] *tyred* Qq Ff. *try'd* Theobald. *'tired* Capell. *trained* Heath conj.
121 *damosella virgin*] *damigella vergine* Nicholson conj.
123 Jaq.] Nath. Cowden Clarke. Cost. Kinnear conj.
123, 124 Jaq. *Ay, sir, from one...lords.*] Jaq. *Ay, sir.* Nath. *'Tis from...to one...ladies* Hudson. (Daniel conj.) *one of the strange queen's lords*] *to one of the strange queen's ladies* Theobald. *to one of the stranger queen's ladies* Id. conj.
125—129 *I will...Biron.*] given to Nathaniel in Qq Ff. See note (XII).
128 *writing*] Rowe. *written* Qq Ff.
129 *in*] *it* Q_2.
129—135 Given to Dull by Rowe. Ped. Qq. Per. Ff. Nath. Collier MS.
129 *Sir Nathaniel*] Capell. *Sir Holofernes* Qq Ff. om. Theobald.
133 *royal*] om. Ff Q_2.

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Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith,— 139

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen. 143

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society. 150

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [*To Dull*] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: pauca verba. Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.* 156

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter BIRON, *with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—

137 [Exeunt...] Exit. Qq Ff.
138 Nath.] Rowe (ed. 2). Holo. Q_1. Hol. Ff Q_2.
140 Hol.] Rowe (ed. 2). Peda. Q_1. Ped. Ff Q_2. Dull. Rowe (ed. 1).
143 *Marvellous*] *Marueilous* Qq F_1F_2.
145 *before*] Q_1. *being* Ff Q_2.
repast] *request* Heath conj. *a priest* Theobald conj.
147 *or*] Qq F_1F_2. *and* F_3F_4.
148 *ben venuto*] Rowe (ed. 2). *bien venuto* $Q_1F_2F_3F_4$. *bien vonuto* F_1Q_2. *bien venu too* Edd. conj.
151 *too*] *to* Qq F_1F_2.
SCENE III.] SCENE IV. Pope. Act IV. Capell.
Enter...] Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone. Qq Ff (Birone F_2F_3. Biron F_4).
1 *he*] om. Rowe (ed. 2).
2 *a pitch*] *pitch* Hanmer.

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pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan! [*Stands aside.* 17

Enter the KING, *with a paper.*

King. Ay me! 21

Biron. [*Aside*] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

King [*reads*].

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,

3 *set*] Qq Ff. *sit* Hanmer.
5 *and I the fool:*] *and ay the fool:* Grant White. *am I the fool?* Anon. conj.
6 *I a sheep*] *ay a sheep* Grant White.
7 *o'*] Capell. *a* Qq Ff. *on* Rowe.
9 *love her*] *love* Rowe (ed. 2).
12, 13 *melancholy*] *mallichollie* Qq Ff.
13 *o'*] Rowe (ed. 2). *a'* Qq Ff.
17 [Stands aside. Enter...] [retiring. Enter... Capell, and at line 21 [gets up into a Tree. Id. He stands aside. The King entreth. Qq Ff. He gets him in a tree. The King entreth sighing. Collier MS.
22 [reads] Theobald.

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As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper:—
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*Steps aside.*
What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

Long. Ay me, I am forsworn!

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.

King. In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

24 *thy*] *thine* Collier MS.
rays] *rayse* Q_1.
smote] *smot* $F_2F_3F_4$. *smot.* $Q_1F_1F_2$.
25 *night of dew*] Qq Ff. *nightly dew* quoted by Rann. *dew of night* Singer, ed. 2 (Musgrave conj.). *night off dew* Daniel conj.
33 *my*] *thy* Read (1803).
34 *wilt*] *will* Q_1.
36 *dost thou*] Qq Ff. *thou dost* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
39 [Steps aside.] Enter Longavile. The King steps aside. Qq Ff (Longauill. Q_1).
40 *ear.*] *ears!* Hanmer.
41 *appear!*] *appears.* Hanmer.
(in the tree) Collier MS.
43 *a perjure*] *a perjurd* F_2. *one perjur'd* Grey conj. *a perjurer* S. Walker conj.
45 King.] Rowe (ed. 2). Long. Qq Ff.
46 Biron.] King. Rowe, ed. 2 (a misprint).

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Long. Am I the first that have been perjured so?
Biron. I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know:
Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.
Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.
Biron. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.
Long. This same shall go. [*Reads.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhalest this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

49 *triumviry*] Rowe (ed. 2). *triumpheric* Q_1. *triumphery* $F_1Q_2F_2$. *triumphry* F_3F_4. *triumvirate* Rowe (ed. 1).
50 *simplicity*] *sobriety* Keightley.
54 *guards*] *gardes* Q_1. *garde* F_1Q_2.
55 *slop*] Theobald. *shop* Qq Ff. *shape* Collier, ed. 2 (Egerton MS.). *show* Brae conj.
[Reads.] He reades the Sonnet. Qq Ff.
57 *cannot*] *could not* 'Passionate Pilgrim.'
59 *deserve*] *deserues* Q_2.
62 *earthly*] *earthy* F_3F_4.
64 *Vows are but breath*] *My vow was breath* 'Passionate Pilgrim.'
65 *which on my earth dost*] *that on this earth doth* Ib.
66 *Exhalest*] *Exhale* Ib.
67 *If broken then,*] Q_1Ff. *If broken, then* Q_2 and 'Passionate Pilgrim.'
69 *lose*] F_4. *loose* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$. *breake* 'Passionate Pilgrim.'

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Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.
Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.
[*Steps aside.*
Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Enter DUMAIN *with a paper.*

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!
Dum. O most divine Kate!
Biron. O most profane coxcomb!
Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!
Biron. By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.
Dum. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.
Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. Stoop, I say;

71 *idolatry*] *ydotaris* Q_1.
72 *God amend!*] *God amend us*, Hanmer.
o'] *a* Q_1.
[Enter Dumaine. Qq Ff.
73 [Steps aside.] stepping aside. Johnson. stepping behind a Tree. Capell. (stand backe Longav.) Collier MS.
76 *fools'*] *souls'* S. Walker conj.
77 [Enter Dumaine, with a paper.] Capell.
78 *transform'd!*] *is transform'd;* Hanmer.
80 *coxcomb*] *pate* Keightley.
81 *By*] *Thou* Hanmer.
wonder] *woonder* Q_1.
in] Q_1. *of* Ff Q_2.
82 *not, corporal*] *not croporall* Q_1 (Dev.). *but corporal* Theobald. *most corporal* Collier MS.
83 *hairs*] *heires* Q_1. *hair* Capell conj. *for foul...quoted*] *four-fold...coated* Jackson conj.
hath] *have* Rowe.
quoted] Capell. *coted* Qq Ff.
85, 86 *Stoop...child.* As one line in Qq Ff. Corrected by Theobald.
85 *Stoop*] *Stoops* Dyce, ed. 2 (Jervis conj.) and Collier MS.

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Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

Dum. [*reads*]

On a day—alack the day!—
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!

89 *I*] Johnson. om. Qq Ff.
95 *ode*] *Odo* Q_1.
96 *vary*] *varrie* Q_1. *varry* F_1.
97 Dum. [reads] Dumaine reades his Sonnet. Qq Ff.
98 *month is ever May*] Q_1. *month is every May* Ff Q_2. *every month is May* Anon conj.
is] *was* 'England's Helicon' and 'Passionate Pilgrim.'
101 *velvet leaves the*] *Velvet leaues the* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$. *velvet leaves, the* F_4.
102 *can*] *'gan* Theobald. *gan* 'England's Helicon' and 'Passionate Pilgrim.'
103 *lover*] *shepheard* 'England's Helicon.'
104 *Wish*] Qq F_1. *Wish'd* $F_2F_3F_4$ *Wisht* 'Passionate Pilgrim.'
105 *may blow*] *to blow* F_3F_4.
106 *Air,*] *Ah!* Johnson conj.

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But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
For none offend where all alike do dote.

Long. [*advancing*]. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desirest society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

King [*advancing*]. Come, sir, you blush; as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much;
You do not love Maria; Longaville

107 *alack*] *alas* 'Passionate Pilgrim' and 'England's Helicon.' *is*] *hath* Ib.
108 *thorn*] Rowe, ed. 2 (from 'England's Helicon'). *throne* Qq Ff and 'Passionate Pilgrim.'
111, 112 *Do...thee;*] om. 'Passionate Pilgrim' and 'England's Helicon.'
113 *Thou*] *Thee*— Singer. *whom Jove*] *whom ev'n Jove* Rowe (ed. 2). *whose love Jove* S. Walker conj. (withdrawn). *whom great Jove* Collier MS. *whose sake Jove* Kinnear conj.
118 *fasting*] *fest'ring* Theobald conj. *lasting* Capell.
123, 127, 147 [advancing] Coming forward. Rowe.
126 *o'erheard*] *ore-hard* Q_1.
127 *you blush;*] *do, blush;* Capell conj. *blush you:* Collier MS. *your blush:* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
128 *chide*] *chid* F_2.
129 *Maria;*] *Maria?* Qq F_1F_2. *Maria,* F_3F_4.

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Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush
And mark'd you both and for you both did blush:
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth; [*To Long.*
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath. [*To Dum.*
What will Biron say when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy. [*Advancing.*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears

136 *passion*] *pashion* Q_1.
137 *Ay*] *Ah* Rowe (ed. 1).
138 *One, her*] *One her* Q_1. *On her* F_1Q_2. *Her* $F_2F_3F_4$. *One's* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
139 [To Long.] Johnson.
140 [To Dum.] Johnson.
142 *Faith*] Qq F_1. *A faith* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Of faith* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). *Faith so*, or *Such faith* S. Walker conj. *Faiths* Delius conj. See note (XIII).
zeal] *a zeale* F_2.
144 *leap*] *geap* (=*japs*) Warburton.
145 *I*] *eye* Capell conj.
147 [Advancing.] coming from his Tree. Capell.
150 *art*] Qq F_1. *are* $F_2F_3F_4$.
151 *no*] *mo* Q_2.
coaches; in your tears] Hanmer. *coaches in your Tears*, Rowe (ed. 2). *couches in your teares.* Qq F_1F_2. *couches in your tears*, F_3F_4. *loaches in your tears*, Grey conj. *coaches of your teares:* Collier MS. (expunged).

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There is no certain princess that appears;
You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company

157 *mote...mote*] Rowe. *Moth...Moth* Qq Ff.
162 *gnat*] *knot* Theobald. *sot* Johnson conj. *knott* Collins conj. *quat* Theobald conj.
164 *Solomon*] *Sallomon* Q_1. *Salomon* $F_1Q_2F_2$.
to tune] Q_1. *tuning* Ff Q_2.
166 *critic*] *cynic* Warburton.
toys] *toyles* Q_2.
170 *caudle*] Q_1. *Candle* Ff Q_2.
171, 172 *betray'd*] Pope. *betrayed* Qq F_1.
172 *to me...by you*] Capell. *by mee... to you* Qq Ff. *by me...by you* Theobald.
175 *betray'd*] F_3F_4. *betrayed* Qq F_1F_2.

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With men like you, men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—
King. Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?
Biron. I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!
King. What present hast thou there?
Cost. Some certain treason.
King. What makes treason here?
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.
Jaq. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read:

176 *men like you, men of inconstancy*] Dyce (S. Walker conj.). *men like men of inconstancie* Q_1. *men, like men of inconstancie* F_1Q_2. *men, like men of strange inconstancy* $F_2F_3F_4$ (*strang* F_2). *vane-like men, of strange inconstancy* Hanmer (Warburton). *men-like men, of strange inconstancy* Johnson. *men like men, of strange inconstancy* Steevens (1778). *moon-like men of strange inconstancy* Steevens, 1793 (Mason conj.). *men, like men of such inconstancy* Tieck conj. *men-like women of inconstancy* Collier conj. *men like you, men all inconstancy* Lettsom conj. *men like women for inconstancy* Anon. conj. *moon-like men, men of inconstancy* Kinnear conj.
178 *love*] *Loue* Q_1 (Duke of Devonshire's copy). *Ione* Q_1. *Ioane* $F_1Q_2F_2$. *Joan* F_3F_4. See note (XIV).
179—182 *In pruning...limb!*] Printed as prose in Qq Ff, corrected by Rowe (ed. 2).
182 (Going) Collier MS.
185 *What present*] *What presentment* Singer (ed. 2). *What, peasant,* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). [offering a Paper. Capell.
188 *away*] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.

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Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.
King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the paper.*
Where hadst thou it?
Jaq. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
[*Biron tears the letter.*
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your Grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
[*Gathering up the pieces.*
Biron. [*To Costard*] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:
He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four.
Will these turtles be gone?
King. Hence, sirs; away!

190 *parson*] *person* Qq Ff.
'twas] Q_1. *it was* Ff Q_2.
191 [Giving...paper.] Capell. [He reades the letter. Qq Ff.
195 [Biron ... letter.] Biron ... Paper. Capell.
196 *is in*] Qq F_1F_2. *mean* F_3F_4.
197 (he is stayed.) Collier MS.
199 [Gathering...] gathers... Capell.
200 [To Costard] Theobald.
201 *lord*] *liege* Capell (corrected in Errata).
203 *me*] *one* Jervis conj.
204 *and you, and you*] *and you* Reed (1803). *and you,—even you* Dyce, ed. 2 (Lettsom conj.).
207, 208 *True...gone!*] Printed as one line in Qq Ff.
208 [Exit. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. Qq F_1.
sirs;] *sirs, hence,* Hanmer.

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Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head and strucken blind
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,

209 [Exeunt...] Theobald. om. Qq Ff.
212 *show*] *shew* Q_1. *will shew* Ff Q_2.
213 *not*] *yet* Collier MS. *but* Collier (ed. 2).
214 *were*] $Q_1F_3F_4$. *are* $F_1Q_2F_2$.
217 *quoth you*] om. Capell.
220 *strucken*] F_4. *strooken* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$.

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She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full so black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons and the school of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;

237 *then*] *and* Capell.
238 *hermit*] *Hermight* Q_1.
242 *'tis*] *she's* Collier MS. (expunged).
244 *wood*] Rowe (ed. 1). *word* Qq Ff. See note (XV).
250 *Black is*] *Black as* F_3F_4.
251 *school*] F_3F_4. *Schoole* Qq F_1F_2. *scowl* Theobald (Warburton). *stole* Hanmer (Theobald conj.). *soul* Thirlby conj. *soil* Dyce conj. *shade* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *scroll*, *shroud*, or *seal* Halliwell conj. *suit* Keightley (Edd. conj.). *shale* or *scale* Brae conj. *scroyle* Nicholson conj. See note (XVI).
252 Given to Biron by Hanmer. *crest*] *dress* Hanmer. *crete* Warburton. *craye* Edwards conj. *cresset* Becket conj. *best* Collier MS.
254 *brows*] *brow* F_4.
255 *painting and usurping hair*] *painting, an usurping heir*, Daniel conj. *and*] F_4. om. Qq F_1. *an* F_2F_3. *usurping*] *usurped* Hanmer.
258 *the days*] *these days* Collier MS.

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And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.
Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.
Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.
King. But what of this? are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. 'Tis more than need.
Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.

262 *black*] *blake* Q_1.
264 *sweet*] *swart* Anon. conj.
crack] $Q_2F_3F_4$. *crake* $Q_1F_1F_2$.
267 *their*] *her* Q_2.
276 *lies*] *lyes?* Qq Ff.
279 *Nothing*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *O nothing* Qq F_1.
See note (IX).
285 *'Tis*] Edd. (S. Walker conj.) *O* Id. conj. *O tis* Qq Ff. See note (XVII).
286 *affection's men*] *affections men* Qq F_1F_2. *affections, men* F_3F_4.

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Consider what you first did swear unto,
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes
And study too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are our learning likewise is,
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,

289 *'gainst*] *against* Q_2.
292 *where that*] *in that* Brae conj.
293 *have*] *hath* Rowe (ed. 2).
book,] Hanmer. *Booke.* Qq Ff.
294 *look?*] *looke.* Qq F_1.
295 See note (XVIII).
299 *books*] *book* Pope.
academes] Rowe (ed. 2). *Achademe* Q_1F_1. *Academe* $Q_2F_2F_3F_4$. *academies* Pope.
301 *prisons*] Theobald. *poysons* Qq Ff.
304 *sinewy*] *sinnowy* Qq Ff.
309 *beauty*] *duty* Warburton. *learning* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *study* Staunton conj. *wisdom* Keightley conj.
312, 313 *eyes, Do*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *eyes, With our selues. Do* Qq F_1.

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Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical

316—319 *you,...with?*] F_4. *you?...with:* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$.
318 *numbers*] *notions* Hanmer.
319 *beauty's*] *beautis* Q_1. *beauties* Ff Q_2. *beauteous* Hanmer (Theobald conj.).
324 *immured*] *emured* Qq F_1.
326 *power*] *part* Bailey conj.
332 *head*] *hand* Griffith conj. *heed* Anon. conj. *tread* Coleridge conj. *ear* Daniel conj. *theft*] *thrift* Theobald.
335 *dainty Bacchus*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *daintie, Bacchus* Qq F_1. *dainty Bacchus'* Daniel conj.
336 *valour*] *savour* Theobald. *flavour* Griffith conj. *labour* Brae conj.
338 *Sphinx*] *a Sphinx* F_3F_4.

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As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world:
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,

339 This line printed twice in F_2.
340 *speaks,.....gods*] *speaks* (*the voice of all*) *the gods* Tyrwhitt conj.
340, 341 *the voice.....heaven*] *the voice makes all the gods Of heaven* Farmer conj. *the voice enthralls the gods, Making heaven* Bailey conj. (1866). *his voice, of all the gods', Makes heaven* Daniel conj.
341 *Make*] *Makes* Hanmer. *Mark,* Theobald (Warburton). *Wakes drowsy heaven* Becket conj. *Wakes heaven, drowsy* Jackson conj. See note (XIX).
the] *its* Steevens conj.
343 *sighs*] *tears* Griffith conj.
345 *humility*] *humanity* Keightley (Griffith conj.).
348 *academes*] *Achademes* Q_1F_1.
350 *aught*] Steevens. *ought* QqFf.
354 *love's*] *Love's* Keightley.
word] *god* Keightley.
that loves all men] *that moves all men* Hanmer. *all women love* Warburton. *that joyes all men* Heath conj. *that leads all men* Mason conj. *that learns all men* Bailey conj.
355 *men's*] *man's* Anon. conj.
authors] Capell. *authour* Q_1. *author* FfQ_2.
women] *words* Farmer conj.
356 *Or*] *For* Warburton conj. transposing lines 355, 356.
women's] *womans* F_4.
357 *Let us*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Lets us* Q_1. *Let's* F_1Q_2.
357, 358 *lose...lose*] F_4. *loose...loose* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$.

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Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?
King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!
Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.
Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?
King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.
Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.
King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.
Biron. Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*

363 *standards*] *standars* Q_1.
365 *conflict*] *conflish* F_2.
367 *woo*] Rowe. *woe* QqF_1F_2. *wooe* F_3F_4.
367 *her*] *his* Capell conj.
378 *betime*] Rowe (ed. 2). *be time* Qq Ff. *betide* Staunton conj.
379 *Allons! allons*] Theobald (Warburton). *Alons alone* Q_1. *Alone, alone* Ff Q_2. *All on, all on* or *Along, along* Keightley conj.
Sow'd] Capell. *sowed* Qq Ff. *sown* Theobald.
cockle] *cockrel* Pope (ed. 2).
reap'd] *reaps* Hanmer.

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ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet. 13

[*Draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt, —d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf;

ACT V.] Actus Quartus. Ff Q_2.
Enter...] Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull. Qq Ff (the Curat, Q_1).
1 *quod*] Rowe. *quid* Qq Ff.
2 *sir*] om. Q_2.
4 *affection*] Qq F_1. *affectation* $F_2F_3F_4$.
8 *hominem*] F_3F_4. *hominum* Qq F_1F_2.
tanquam] *tanquem* Rowe.
11 *picked*] *piqued* Becket conj.
12 *too odd*] *to od* Q_1.
13 [Draws...] F_3F_4. Draw...Qq F_1F_2.
16 *devise*] *de venice* Long MS.
17 *orthography*] *ortagriphie* Q_1F_1. *ortographie* Q_2. *ortagriphy* F_2. *ortagraphy* F_3F_4.

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neighbour vocatur nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable,—which he would call abbominable: it insinuateth me of insanie: ne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus Deo, bene intelligo.

Hol. Bon, bon, fort bon! Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

Arm. Chirrah! [*To Moth.*

Hol. Quare chirrah, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [*Aside to Costard*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a

21 *he*] *we* F_3F_4.
abbominable] Q_1. *abhominable* F_1Q_2 F_2. *abominable* F_3F_4.
21, 22 *insinuateth*] *insaniateth* Brae conj.
22 *me*] Qq Ff. *to me* Hanmer. *men* Farmer conj. *one* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
insanie] Theobald (Warburton conj.). *infamie* Qq Ff. *insanity* Warburton. *insanire* Singer, ed. 2. *insania* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
ne] *nonne* Johnson conj. *anne* Porson conj. MS.
make] *be mad* Johnson conj. *wax* Dyce (ed. 2).
24 *bene*] *bone*, Theobald.
25 *Bon, bon, fort bon! Priscian*] *Bon, bon, fort bon, Priscian!* Cambridge (ed. 1). *Bome boon for boon prescian*, Qq Ff. *Bone?—bone for bene; Priscian* Theobald. See note (xx).
scratched] *scratcht* Qq F_1. *scarch* F_2F_3. *search* F_4. *scratch* Pope.
27 SCENE II. Pope.
28 *gaudeo*] *gaudio* Q_1 F_1.
Enter...] Rowe (after l. 26). Enter Bragart, Boy. Qq Ff (after line 26).
29, 30 *Chirrah...chirrah*] *Chirra...Chirra* Qq Ff.
29 [To Moth.] Capell.
30 *Quare*] *Quari* Qq F_1.
33 [Aside...]To Costard aside. Johnson.
34 *stolen*] *stole* $F_2F_3F_4$.
the] om. Q_2.

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word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. [*To Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not lettered? 40

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning. 45

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it,—o, u. 50

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit,—snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit!

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure? 55

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy circum circa,—a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens

39 *Peace!...begins.*] Spoken aside to Costard. Nicholson conj.
40 [To Hol.] Capell.
47 *third*] Theobald. *last* Qq Ff.
50 *it,—o, u.*] *it, o, u.* Theobald. *it o, u,* Qq Ff. *it out.* Pope.
51 *wave*] *vane* Q_1.
52 *venue*] *veine we* Q_2.
57 *disputest*] F_4. *disputes* Qq F_1. *disputes't* F_2F_3.
59 *circum circa*] Theobald. *unum cita* Qq Ff. *manu cita* Anon conj. *unum, cito* Furnivall conj.
60 *An*] Theobald. *And* Qq Ff.
63 *an*] Capell. *and* Qq $F_2F_3F_4$. *&* F_1. *that* Pope (ed. 2).

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were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as they say. 66

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.

Arm. Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain? 70

Hol. Or mons, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon. 77

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure. 81

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend: for what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head: and among other important and most serious designs, and of great im-

64 *wert*] *wart* Q_1.

66, 67 *dunghill...dunghill*] *dungil... dunghel* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$. *dunghil...dunghel* F_4.

68 *preambulate*] Edd. *preambulat* Qq Ff. *preambula* Rowe. *perambulate* Hudson (Brae conj.).
singuled] Q_1. *singled* Ff Q_2.

69, 70 *charge-house*] Q_2 F_3F_4. *charg-house* Q_1 F_1F_2. *church-house* Theobald conj. *large house* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier conj.). *church-close* Kinnear conj. *Chartreuse* Hudson (Capell and Crosby conj.). *grange-house* Hudson conj. (withdrawn).

74 *most*] om. Q_2.

79 *liable*] *staple* Long MS.

80 *chose*] Qq F_1. *choise* F_2. *choice* F_3F_4.
you] om. Q_2.

83 *ye*] *you* Q_2.
very] *my very* Rowe.

84 *remember*] *refrain* Capell. *remember not* Malone.
thy] *my* Jackson conj.

85 (uncouer) Collier MS.

86 *important*] Collier (Capell conj.). *importunt* Q_1. *importunate* Ff Q_2.

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port indeed, too, but let that pass: for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance. 101

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess; I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them? 109

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself and this gallant gentle-

87 *too, but let that pass:*] *too—but let that pass:*—Theobald. *too: but let that passe,* Qq Ff.
90 *mustachio*] *mustachie* Q_1.
95 *secrecy*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *secretie* Q_1. *secrecie* F_1Q_2. *secretly* Rowe.
99 *breaking out*] *breakings-out* Capell.
103 *Sir*] Rowe. *Sir Holofernes* Qq Ff. *Sir* [To Nathaniel.] Hanmer. *Sir Nathaniel* Capell. om. Collier MS.
104 *rendered*] *rended* Q_1. *assistants*] Qq Ff. *assistance* Hanmer (Theobald conj.).
105 *at*] om. Qq F_1.
106 *gentleman*] *gentleman's* Capell conj.
107 *as to present*] *to present as* Hudson (Dyce conj.).
110 *myself and*] om. Rowe. *myself or* Capell. *myself David* Nicholson conj. *myself Alexander* Furnivall conj. See note (XXI). *gentleman*] *man* Theobald.

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man, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,—

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antique. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play
On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away!

[*Exeunt.*

112 *pass*] *pass for* Hanmer. *pass as* Edd. conj. *present* Lettsom conj. *the page*] *and the page* Rowe. *the page for* Keightley.
121 *do*] *know* Hanmer.
127, 128 *antique. I beseech you*] *Antique, I beseech you to* Collier MS.
128 *follow*] *fellow* Hudson (Brae conj.).
132 *Allons*] Rowe. *Alone* Qq Ff. *All's one* Daniel conj.
133, 134 Printed as verse first by Dyce (S. Walker conj.).
133 *or I will*] *or will* F_3F_4.
134 *hay*] Rowe. *hey* Qq Ff.

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SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter the Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax,
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; a' kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

SCENE II.] SCENE III Pope. ACT V. SCENE I. Capell.
Enter...] Capell. Enter the Ladyes. Q_1. Enter Ladies. F_1Q_2. Enter Princesse, and Ladies. $F_2F_3F_4$. Enter Princesse, and Ladies, with presents. Collier MS.

3, 4 These two lines are transposed by Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
A lady...king.] As in Pope. Prose in Qq Ff.

3 *A lady*] *All ladies* Lettsom conj.
4 *loving*] om. F_3F_4.
8 *o'*] *a* Q_1. *on* Ff Q_2.
11 *years*] *yeere* Q_1.
12 *shrewd*] *shrowde* Q_1.
13 *ne'er*] *neare* Q_1.
14 *He...heavy*] Prose in F_1Q_2.
15—17 *And...died:*] Prose in Qq F_1.
17 *ha'*] *a* Qq F_1F_2. *have* F_3F_4.
a grandam] *Grandam* Q_1.
18 *And...long.*] Prose in F_1Q_2.

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Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.
Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' th' dark.
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not?—O, that's you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason; for 'past cure is still past care.'
Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
Ros. I would you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Prin. Any thing like?
Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Ros. 'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O that your face were not so full of O's!
Kath. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.

22 *You'll*] *Yole* Q_1.
28 *cure...care*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *care...cure* Qq Ff.
30, 31 *But...it f*] Prose in F_4.
30 *too:*] *too.* Q_2. *too f* Q_1 Ff.
32 *An*] Capell. *And* Qq Ff.
41 *as*] om. Rowe.
42 *B*] *R* Collier MS.
43 *'Ware*] See note (XXII).
pencils] Rowe. *pensalls* Q_1. *pensals* F_1. *pensils* $Q_2F_2F_3F_4$.
ho!] Hanmer. *How?* Qq Ff.
45 *not so*] Q_1. om. Ff Q_2.
46 Kath.] Theobald. Prin. Qq Ff.
A] om. Hanmer.
I] om. Capell.
beshrew] *beshrow* Q_1.

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Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam, and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

Mar. This and these pearls to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go:
O that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times.
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my hests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!

47 *But...Dumain?*] As in Theobald. Two lines in Qq Ff.
Katharine,] om. Theobald.
to you from fair] *you from* Hanmer.
49 *madam, and, moreover*] *madam, that he did; and sent moreover* Hanmer.
51 *huge*] *hudge* Q_1.
hypocrisy] *apocrypha* Warburton conj. (withdrawn).
52 *Vilely*] Hanmer. *Vildly* Qq Ff.
53 *pearls*] *Pearle* Q_1.
55 *not*] om. F_1 Q_2.
58 *mock...so*] *make...sport* Anon. conj. *mock our lovers' court* Taylor conj. MS.
so] *for't* Theobald.
65 *wholly to my hests*] Dyce (S. Walker conj.). *wholly to my deuice* Qq F_1. *all to my behests* $F_2F_3F_4$. *wholly to my behests* Malone.
65, 66 *hests...jests*] *behest...jest* Rann (Capell conj.).
66 *him...me*] *me...him* Singer (ed. 2).
that] Qq F_1. *with* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.
Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.
Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter BOYET.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her Grace?
Prin. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,

67 *perttaunt-like*] *perttaunt like* Q_1. *pertaunt like* Ff. Q_2. *pedant-like* Theobald. *portent-like* Hanmer (Warburton). *pageant-like* Capell. *scoffingly* Douce conj. *potent-like* Singer. *potently* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *persaunt-like* Grant White. *pert-taunt-like* Anon. conj. *potentate-like* Bailey conj.

70 *fool:...hatch'd,*] *foole,...hatch'd:* Qq F_1.

72 *own*] *one* Q_2.
fool.] *Foole.* Q_1F_4. *Foole?* F_1Q_2 F_2F_3.

74 *gravity's*] Warburton. *gravities* Qq Ff.
wantonness] F_3F_4. *wantonesse* F_2. *wantons be* Qq F_1.

79 *is*] Q_1. om. Ff Q_2.

80 *stabb'd*] *stable* Q_1. *stuff'd* Keightley conj.

82 *encounters*] *encounterers* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

83 *peace: Love...disguised,*] Theobald. *Peace Loue...disguysd:* Q_1. *Peace, Loue...disguis'd:* Ff Q_2. *Peace, Love ...disguis'd,* Rowe.

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Armed in arguments; you'll be surprised:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.
Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action and accent did they teach him there;
'Thus must thou speak,' and 'thus thy body bear:'
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestical would put him out;
'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'
The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.'
With that, all laugh'd, and clapped him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder:
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before;
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, 'Via! we will do't, come what will come;'

88 *their breath*] *the breach* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
89 *sycamore*] *siccamone* Q_1.
93 *companions: warily*] Ff Q_2. *companions warely*, Q_1.
95 *overheard*] *ouer-hard* Q_1.
96 *they*] *thy* Q_1.
103 *shalt*] *shall* F_2.
111 *thumb*] *thume* Q_1.

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The third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goes well;'
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.
Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?
Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.
Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.
And change you favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.
Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.

117 *this spleen*] *the spleen* Singer (ed. 1). *this scene* Singer (ed. 2).
118 *folly, passion's solemn*] Theobald. *follie pashions solembe* Q_1. *folly passions solemne* F_1Q_2. *folly passions, solemn* $F_2F_3F_4$. *folly, passions, solemn* Pope. *folly with passion's solemn* Hanmer. *folly, passion's sudden* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS. and Singer MS.). *folly's passion, solemn* Staunton conj. *folly, passion's forced tears* Kinnear conj.
120 After this line S. Walker thinks a line may have been lost.
121 *as*] Qq F_1. *or* F_2. *and* F_3F_4.
122 *parle, to*] Capell. *parlee, to* Qq F_1 F_2. *parlee* F_3F_4.
123 *love-feat*] Q_1 Ff. *love-seat* Q_2. *love-suit* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS. and S. Walker conj.).
134 *you*] Q_1. *your* Ff Q_2.
too] *two* Q_1.

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Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?
Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?
Prin. No, to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.
[*Trumpets sound within.*
Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come. [*The Ladies mask.*

Enter Blackamoors with music; MOTH; *the* King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Russian habits, and masked.*

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!—

139 *mocking merriment*] Ff Q_2. *mockerie merement* Q_1. *mockery, merriment* Collier.
148 *her*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *his* Qq F_1.
149 *contempt*] *attempt* Rowe. *speaker's*] Q_1. *keepers* Ff Q_2.
152 *ne'er*] *ne're* $F_2F_3F_4$. *ere* Qq F_1.
155 *stay, mocking intended*] *stay of mocking th' intended* Daniel conj.
156 Trumpets...] Sound Trom. Q_1. Sound. Ff Q_2.
157 [The Ladies mask.] Johnson. Enter...] Enter Black-moores with musicke, the Boy with a speach, and the rest of the Lordes disguysed. Qq Ff.
158 SCENE V. Pope.

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Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames [*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

Biron. [*Aside to Moth*] Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!—

Out—

Boyet. True; out indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe

Not to behold—

Biron. [*Aside to Moth*] Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,

——with your sun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;

You were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes.'

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue! [*Exit Moth.*

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will

That some plain man recount their purposes:

Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

159 Boyet.] Theobald. Berow. Q_1. Ber. F_1Q_2. Bir. $F_2F_3F_4$.
taffeta] Dyce. *Taffata* Q_1 Ff.
160, 161 *A holy...views!*] As in Theobald. Prose in Qq Ff.
160 The Ladies...] This stage direction, printed in Roman type, comes after line 161 in Qq Ff.
162, 167 [Aside to Moth] Marked by Capell.
163 *ever*] *euen* Q_1.
164 Boyet.] Qq F_1. Bir. $F_2F_3F_4$.
165 *spirits*] Qq F_1. *spirit* $F_2F_3F_4$.
170 Boyet.] Qq F_1. Bir. $F_2F_3F_4$.
172, 173 Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.
173 [Exit Moth.] Moth withdraws. Capell. om. Qq Ff.
174 *What...Boyet:*] As in Pope. Two lines in Qq Ff.
strangers] *stranges* Q_1.
175 *they*] *thy* F_3.
177 *would.*] Pope. *would?* Qq Ff.
178 *princess*] F_4. *princes* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$.

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Ros. What would they, say they?
Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation,
Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.
King. Say to her, we have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass.
Boyet. They say, that they have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told.
Boyet. If to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile.
Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
Boyet. She hears herself.
Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,
Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.
Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

181, 182 These two lines omitted in Rowe (ed. 1).
185 *her on this*] Q_1. *you on the* Ff Q_2.
187 *this*] *the* Rowe (ed. 2).
193 *doth*] *do* Johnson.
mile.] Capell. *mile?* Qq Ff.
208 *request'st*] Theobald. *requests* Qq Ff.

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King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.
Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon.
[*Music plays.*
Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands. We will not dance.
King. Why take we hands, then?
Ros. Only to part friends:
Curtsey, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

209 *do but vouchsafe*] Q_1. *vouchsafe but* Ff Q_2.
211 [Music plays.] Musick; and they make ready, as to dance. Capell. om. Qq Ff.
212 *Not yet! no dance!*] *Not yet no dance:* Qq Ff. *Not yet? no dance?* Pope. *Not yet? no dance:* Hanmer.
215 King. *Yet...man.*] omitted by Capell (Theobald conj.).
the man] *to man it* Jackson conj. After this a line lost, Malone conj.
216 *The music...*] given to Rosaline in Qq Ff, corrected by Theobald.
220 *we*] Q_1. *you* Ff Q_2.
222 *this measure*] *this measue* Q_1.
224 *Prize*] F_4. *Prise* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$. *Price* Rowe (ed. 1).
you yourselves] Q_1. *yourselves* F_1Q_2. *yourselves then* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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Ros. In private, then.
King. I am best pleased with that.
[*They converse apart.*
Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey: well run, dice!
There's half-a-dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu:
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou grievest my gall.
Prin. Gall! bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. [*They converse apart.*
Kath. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

229, 237, 241, 255. [They converse apart.] converse apart. Capell.
231 *is*] *are* Collier MS.
232 *an*] Q_1F_1. *and* $Q_2F_2F_3F_4$. See note (XXIII).
234, 235 *Seventh...cog,*] As in Rowe (ed. 2). One line in Qq Ff.
237 *Gall! bitter*] *Gall, bitter* Q_1 Ff *Gall bitter* Q_3. *Gall's bitter* Hanmer.
240 *Take that*] Q_1. *Take you that* Ff Q_2.
239, 240 *Say...lady.*] One line in Q_1.
240, 241 *Please...adieu.*] One line in Q_1.
242, 244, 247, 248, 249, 253, 255 Kath.] Rowe. Mar. Qq Ff.
244 *long.*] *long!* Q_1.

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Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless vizard half.
Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady!
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Kath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense; so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.

[*Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.*

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

246 *vizard*] *veil a* Brae conj.
247 *Veal*] See note (XXIV).
251 *butt*] *but to* $F_2F_3F_4$.
257 *invisible*] *invincible* Theobald
259 *sense; so sensible*] Pope. *sence so sensible*, Q_1. *sence so sensible:* Ff Q_2.
261 *bullets*] om. Capell.
263 *pure*] *pure pure* Capell.
264 *Farewell*] *Adieu* Capell.
simple] *nimble* Kinnear conj.
265 Exeunt...] Exeunt King, and his Lords; Moth, Mus. and Att. Capell. Exeunt King and Lords. Theobald. Exe. Q_1 (after l. 264). Exeunt. Ff Q_2 (after line 264).

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Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

268 *Well-liking...gross*] *Well, kingly wits they have.* Prin. *Gross* Bulloch conj.

269 *wit, kingly-poor*] *wit, kingly poore* Qq Ff. *wit, stung by poor* Singer (ed. 2). *wit, kill'd by pure* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *wit, poor-liking* Staunton conj. *wit! poor kingly* Keightley conj.

273 *O*] $F_2F_3F_4$. om. Qq F_1. *I* (for *Ay*) Edd. conj.

275 *suit*] *sooth* Grey conj.

282 *hear f*] Theobald. *heare;* Qq Ff.

289 *digest*] Qq F_1F_4. *disgest* F_2 F_3.

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Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,
Let's mock them still, as well known as disguised:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land.

[*Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.*

295 *their*] *the* Warburton.

296, 297. *Dismask'd...blown*] *Or angel-veiling clouds: are roses blown, Dismaskt,...shewn* Theobald (Warburton conj.). *Or angels veil'd in clouds;...shewn* Warburton.

297 *Are...blown*] *Are angels, (vail'd the clouds)...blown* Becket conj. *Are angels veil'd in clouds of roses blown* Peck conj. *A changeless varying cloud of roses blown* Bulloch conj.

vailing] Ff Q_2. *varling* Q_1.

299 *woo*] F_4. *woe* Qq. *wo* F_1. *wooe* F_2F_3.

305 *vilely*] Hanmer. *vildly* Q_1. *vildely* Ff Q_2.

307 *tent*] *tents* Capell conj.

309 *roes run o'er*] *Roes runs ore* Q_1. *Roes runnes ore* $F_1Q_2F_2$. *roes runs ore the* F_3. *roes run o'er the* F_4. *roes run over* Steevens (1793).

[Exeunt...] Capell. Exeunt. Qq Ff.

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Re-enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?
Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your Majesty
Command me any service to her thither?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*
Biron. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;
A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;

309 SCENE VII. Pope. ACT V. Theobald.
Re-enter...] Re-enter, in their proper Habits, the King, attended; Dumain, Biron, Longaville and Others. Capell. Enter the King... own habits. Rowe. Enter the King and the rest. Qq Ff.
310 *Where's*] *Where is* Malone.
311, 312. *Please...thither*] As in Capell. Prose in Qq Ff.
312 *thither*] Q_1. om. Ff Q_2. See note (XXV).
315 *pecks*] Q_1. *pickes* Ff Q_2.
pigeons] *pigeon* Rowe.
316 *God*] Q_1. *Jove* Ff Q_2.
322 *Adam*] *Satan* Theobald conj.
323 *A'*] *A* Q_1. *He* Ff Q_2.
carve] *crane* Bulloch conj.
too] *to* Q_1.
324 *his hand away*] Q_1. *away his hand* Ff Q_2.
325 *form*] *Fortune* F_3F_4.
328 *meanly*] *manly* Rowe (ed. 2). *mainly* Pope.
ushering] *hushering* Q_1.

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The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone;
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!
Biron. See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou
Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou now?

Re-enter the Princess, *ushered by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, *and* KATHARINE.

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Prin. 'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better; I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

331 *flower that*] *floure that* Q_1. *fleerer* Theobald conj. (withdrawn).
332 *whale's*] *whales* Qq F_1. *whale his* $F_2F_3F_4$.
333 *not*] om. F_4.
334 *due*] Q_1. *dutie* F_1. *duty* $Q_2F_2F_3$ F_4.
336 *Armado's*] *Armathoes* Qq F_1.
337 *it*] *he* Collier MS.
337—342. Biron. *See...leave.*] Put in the margin by Pope.
338 *madman*] *man* Theobald. *modeman* Brae conj.
thou] om. Keightley conj.
Re-enter...] Capell, substantially. Enter the Ladies. Qq Ff (after line 336). Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katherine, and Attendants. Rowe.
341 *Construe...speeches*] *Consture... spaches* Q_1.
343 SCENE VIII. Pope.
came] *come* Pope.
346 *delights*] *delight* Rowe.
348 *must break*] *makes break* Hanmer. *made break* Warburton conj.

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Prin. You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now by my maiden honour yet as pure
As the unsullied lily I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:
A mess of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam! Russians!
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
My lady, to the manner of the days,
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,

350 *men's*] F_3F_4. *mens* Q_1. *men* F_1Q_2 F_2.
352 *unsullied*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *vnsallied* Qq F_1.
356 *oaths*] *oath* Q_2.
vow'd] *vowed* Q_1.
365 *the days*] *these days* Collier MS.
368 *Russian*] $Q_1F_2F_3F_4$. *Russia* F_1Q_2.
373 *Fair*] $F_2F_3F_4$. om. Qq F_1. *My* Malone.
gentle sweet] *gentle-sweet* Dyce (ed. 2).
374 *wit makes*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *wits makes* Qq F_1. *wits make* Anon. conj.
foolish: when we greet,] *foolish when we greete* Qq F_1.

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With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.
Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
Ros. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you less.
Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.
King. We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
Prin. Amazed, my lord? why looks your highness sad?
Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swound! Why look you pale?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I: lady, dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

376 *lose*] *loose* Qq F_1.
377 *huge*] *hudge* Q_1.
379 *for*] *but*, Capell conj.
384 *mine?*] Pope. *mine.* Qq Ff.
385 *was it*] *what it* F_1.
386 *Where?...this?*] As in Q_1. Two lines in Ff Q_2.
this] *more* Keightley conj.
389, 390. Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.
389 *We...downright.*] As in Q_1. Two lines in Ff Q_2.
are] *were* Q_1.
390 Dum.] Duman. Q_1. Du. F_1 Q_2. Duk. $F_2F_3F_4$.
392 *swound*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *sound* Qq F_1. *swoon* Pope.
396 *I: lady,*] *I, lady* Qq F_1F_2. *I, lady,* F_3F_4. *I, lady:* Capell.

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Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;
Nor never come in vizard to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove,—how white the hand, God knows!—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:
Write, 'Lord have mercy on us' on those three;
They are infected; in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

401 *in...wait*] *a...weare* Collier MS. (expunged).
404 *vizard*] Qq F_1F_2. *vizards* F_3F_4.
405 *rhyme*] *rime* Qq Ff. *time* Rowe.
407 *hyperboles*] *Hiberboles* Q_1.
affectation] Rowe. *affection* Qq Ff.
415 *sans*] *sance* Q_1 (ital.).
416 *Sans sans*] Steevens, 1778 (Tyrwhitt conj.). *Sans, sans* Qq Ff.
421 *it*] om. Q_2.
422 (To the Ladies) Collier MS.

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Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but even now disguised?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advised?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did respect her.
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace, peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

427 *sue?*] Theobald. *sue.* Qq Ff.
430 [to his Friends, retiring. Capell.
431, 432 *Teach...excuse.*] As in Q_1. Prose in Ff Q_2.
433 *not you*] Q_1. *you not* Ff Q_2.
439 *mine*] *my* F_4.
439, 440 *Peace...forswear.*] Prose in Q_1.
445 After this Keightley marks a line lost.
446 *thereto*] Qq F_1. *there* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
King. My faith and this the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on't: here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,
Told our intents before; which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn, in will and error.
Much upon this it is: and might not you [*To Boyet.*
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier,

450 *What...troth,*] As in Q_1. Two lines in Ff Q_2.
madam?] *Madame:* Q_1.
454 *the*] *to th'* F_3F_4.
460 *on't*] *ant* Q_1.
463 *slight zany*] *sleight saine* Q_1.
465 *smiles his*] *smyles, his* Q_1. *smites his* Jackson conj.
years] *jeers* Theobald. *fleers* Hanmer. *tears* Jackson conj. *yeas* Taylor conj. MS.
469 *woo'd*] *wood* Q_1.
472 *Much...and*] Boyet. *Much*...Biron. *And* Johnson conj.
it is] $F_2F_3F_4$. *tis* Qq F_1.
[To Boyet.] Rowe.
474 *not you*] *you not* Q_2.
squier] Qq $F_1F_2F_3$. *square* F_4. *squire* Capell.

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And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou part'st a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Biron. Is not nine.

478 *allow'd*] F_3F_4. *aloude* Q_1. *alowd* F_1Q_2. *allowd* F_2.
480 *do you?*] *do you:* Q_1.
481, 482 *Full...run.*] As in Rowe (ed. 2). Prose in Qq Ff.
481 *merrily*] *merely* Q_1.
482 *Hath this brave manage*] Theobald. *hath this braue nuage* Q_1. *hath this brave manager* Ff Q_2. *Brave manager, hath this* Pope. See note (XXVI).
been] *bin* Q_1.
484 *part'st*] *prat'st* F_3F_4. *partest* Pope.
486 *no.*] *no?* Q_1.
487 *vara*] *very* Rowe (ed. 2).
488 *pursents*] *presents* Rowe (ed. 2).
490, 491 *You...sir,—*] As in Capell. Prose in Qq Ff.
490 *beg*] *bag* Becket conj.
491 *hope, sir*] *hope* F_3F_4.

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Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit.*

King. Biron, they will shame us: let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

501 *they*] *thy* Q_1.
parfect] Q_1. *perfect* Ff Q_2. *persent* Collier. *pursent* Grant White (Collier MS. and S. Walker conj.).
in] *e'en* Malone.
504 *Pompion*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Pompey* Qq Ff.
508 [Exit.] After line 507 in Qq Ff.
510, 511 Printed as verse in Q_1, as prose in Ff Q_2.
511 *king's*] *king* F_3F_4.
514 *least*] Ff Q_2. *best* Q_1.
515 *zeal*] *will* Bailey conj.
the contents] *discontents* Bailey conj.
515, 516 *contents Dies...presents*] Qq Ff and Rowe (ed. 2). *content Dies... presents* Rowe (ed. 1). *content Dies in the zeal of that it doth present* Hanmer. *contents Die in the*

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Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words. [*Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.*

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit.*

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies.

zeal of him which them presents Johnson conj. *contents Die in the zeal of them which it presents* Steevens. *content Lies in the zeal of those which it present* Cowden Clarke (Mason conj.). *contents Die in the zeal of them which it presents* Malone. *contents Lie in the fail of that which it presents* Singer (ed. 2). *discontent Dies in the zeal of them which it present* Staunton conj. *contents Dyes with the zeal of that which it presents* Keightley conj. *contents Dyes in the zeal of that which it presents* Keightley. *content Dies in the zeal of those which it present* Bulloch conj. *content dies in the zeal of them which it present* Kinnear conj.

516 *zeal*] *hue* Keightley conj. *presents:*] *presents,* Capell.

517 *Their*] *There* Capell. *The* Knight.

519 Enter Armado.] Rowe. Enter Bragart. Q_1. Enter Braggart. Ff Q_2.

520 SCENE IX. Pope.

521 [Converses...] Capell.

524 *He*] Ff Q_2. *A* Q_1. *God's*] Ff Q_2. *God his* Q_1.

525 *That is*] Q_1. *That's* Ff Q_2.

528 *de la guerra*] Theobald. *delaguar* Qq Ff. *della guerra* Hanmer. See note (XXVII).

529 *couplement*] *complement* Q_2. [Exit.] Exit Armado. Capell. om. Qq Ff.

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He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus:
And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy:—
Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter COSTARD, *for Pompey.*

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,—

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is, 'Great,' sir:—
Pompey surnamed the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

534, 535 Printed as prose in Qq Ff, as verse in Rowe (ed. 2).
536 *is*] *are* Rowe.
540 *Abate*] Qq F_1. *A bare* $F_2F_3F_4$. *A fair* Heath conj. *Abate a* Malone. *A bait* Jackson conj. *A better* Brae conj.
Abate...novum] *Abate four ab novem* Bulloch conj.
novum] *novem* Hanmer.
541 *pick*] *picke* Q_1. *pricke* Ff Q_2.
in his] Q_1. *in's* Ff Q_2.
[Seats brought forth. Capell.
542 Pageant of the nine Worthies. Flourish. Enter, arm'd and accouter'd, his Scutcheon born before him, Costard for Pompey. Capell. Enter...] Rowe. Enter Pompey. Qq Ff.
543 [Costard prostrates himself. Staunton conj.
Boyet] $F_2F_3F_4$. Bero. Q_1. Ber. F_1Q_2.

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And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.
If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, Great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect: I made a little fault in 'Great.'

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter SIR NATHANIEL, *for Alexander.*

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander,—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. [*To Sir Nath.*] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth

551 [does his Obeisance to the Princess. Capell.
553 Prin.] $F_2F_3F_4$. Lady. Q_1. La. F_1Q_2.
557 Enter Sir Nathaniel...] Enter Nathaniel...Rowe. Enter Curate. Qq Ff.
562 *this,*] *his* Q_1. *this* Ff Q_2.
563 *Alexander*] *Alisander* Capell.
564 (he is out) Collier MS.
571 *his*] *the* F_4.
poll-axe] *Polax* Q_1. *Pollax* Ff Q_2.

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Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*Nath. retires.*] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,—alas, you see how 'tis,—a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES, *for Judas; and* MOTH, *for Hercules.*

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canis;
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology.

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [*Moth retires.*

Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.

Judas I am, ycliped Maccabæus.

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas?

573 *afeard*] Q_1. *affraid* Ff Q_2.
574 [Nath. retires.] Capell.
576 *faith*] Q_1. *insooth* Ff Q_2.
578 *'tis,*] Johnson. *'tis* Q_1 Ff. *it's* Q_2. *he's* Hanmer.
579 [Exit Curat. Q_1. Exit Cu. F_1 Q_2. Exit Clo. $F_2F_3F_4$ (after line 580).
580 Prin.] Quee. Q_1. Qu. F_1 Q_2. Clo. $F_2F_3F_4$. Biron. Rowe. King. Dyce, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
[Exit Costard. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
Enter...] Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules. Qq Ff.
581 [presenting Moth. Capell.
Hercules is] *Hercules'* S. Walker conj.
582 *that*] *the* Hanmer.
canis] Rowe. *canus* Qq Ff.
587 *Keep*] Bir. *Keep* or Boy. *Keep* Theobald conj.
and] *and so* Keightley conj.
[Moth retires.] Exit Boy. Qq Ff. Moth does his obeisance, and retires. Capell.
591 *ycliped*] *yclyped* Q_2. *ecliped* Q_1.
593 *proved*] *proud* Q_1. *prov'd* F_1 Q_2.

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Hol. Judas I am,—
Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.
Hol. What mean you, sir?
Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.
Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.
Biron. Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Biron. Because thou hast no face.
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A cittern-head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Biron. A Death's face in a ring.
Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.
Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.
Biron. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer. And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. False: we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-faced them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go. And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away!
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

600 *out of*] Q_1 Ff. *of* Q_2.
602 (pointing to his head) Collier MS.
607 *falchion*] *fauchion* Q_1. *faulchion* Ff Q_2.
616 *An*] Warburton. *And* Qq Ff.
617 *as he is an ass,*] $Q_2F_3F_4$. *as he is, an ass,* $Q_1F_1F_2$.
620 *Jud-as*] Ff Q_2. *Judas* Q_1.

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Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble. [*Hol. retires.*

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO, *for Hector.*

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!—
The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight ye,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—

622 [Hol. retires.] Capell.
623 *hath he*] *he hath* Pope.
Enter...] Flourish. Enter, arm'd &c. Armado for Hector. Capell. Enter Braggart. Qq Ff. Enter Armado. Rowe.
626 *by*] *to* Hanmer.
628 *Troyan*] Qq Ff. *Trojan* Rowe, and line 664.
631 *Hector's*] Q_1. *Hector* Ff Q_2.
633 *in*] *with* F_3F_4.
638 *A gilt nutmeg*] Ff Q_2. *A gift Nutmegg* Q_1. *Gift! a nutmeg* Capell.
642 *Peace!*] om. Ff Q_2.
645 *fight ye,*] Rowe (ed. 2). *fight; yea,* Q_1. *fight: yea* Ff Q_2.

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Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. [*To the Princess*] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.

Boyet. [*Aside to Dum.*] Loves her by the foot.

Dum. [*Aside to Boyet*] He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.

647 *mint*] *pink* Capell conj. *columbine*] Johnson. *Cullambine* Qq Ff.

653, 654 *when he breathed...man*] Q_1. om. Ff Q_2.

654, 655 [To the Princess] Steevens.

655 Berowne steppes foorth. Q_1. Berowne steppes forth. F_1Q_2. Birone steps forth. $F_2F_3F_4$. Biron steps to Costard, and whispers him. Capell. Birone goes out. Grant White.

656 *Speak*] *Speak on* Keightley.

658 [Aside to Dum.] Marked by Capell.

659 [Aside to Boyet.] Marked by Capell.

660 [Enter Costard in haste and unarmed. Collier MS. Re-enter Costard, in haste, unarmed. Collier (ed. 2).

661 *The party is gone*] Printed in italics as a stage direction by Qq Ff; by Pope as part of Armado's speech. Corrected by Theobald.

666 *already: 'tis*] *already 'tis* S. Walker conj.

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Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

667 *potentates!*] *potentates:* Q_1.
674 *Huge*] *hudge* Q_1.
677 *on! stir*] Rowe. *or stir* Qq Ff.
683 *bepray*] Q_1. *pray* Ff Q_2.
686 [stripping. Capell.
688 [coming up to Arm. and whispering him. Capell.
690 *lose*] *loose* Q_1.
696 *for't!*] *fort.* Q_1.

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Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe

699 Boyet.] Moth. (to the lords aside). Capell.

701 *a' wears*] *a wears* Q_2. *hee weares* Ff Q_2.

702 Enter...] Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade. Ff Q_2 (Mounsier Q_2). Enter a Messenger Mounsier Marcade. Q_1. Enter Macard. Rowe. Enter Mercade. Capell.

704 *Mercade*] *good Mercade* Capell, reading 703, 704 as a verse.

705 As in Capell.
interrupt'st] *interruptst* Rowe (ed. 2). *interrupptest* Q_1. *interruptest* Ff Q_2.

704—707 Printed as prose in Qq Ff.

706, 707 As in Pope (ed. 2).
bring Is heavy in] *bring; 'Tis heavy on* Capell.

708, 709 *Dead...told.*] A line of verse, Capell MS.

712 *day*] *days* Warburton's note.
wrong] *right* Hanmer (Warburton).

718 *entreat,*] *intreat:* Q_1. *entreats:* Ff. *intreats*: Q_2.

719 *new-sad*] *now-sad* Long MS.

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In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits,
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath: your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;

725 *not*] *but* Keightley (Theobald conj. reading *an humble*).
a nimble] Theobald. *a humble* Qq F_1. *an humble* $F_2F_3F_4$.
726 *too short*] Q_1. *so short* Ff Q_2.
728 *parts...forms*] *parts...form* Rowe (ed. 1). *past...forms* Theobald. *part...forms* Rann (Mason conj.). *haste...forms* Singer (ed. 2). *parting time expressly forms* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *dart...forms* Hudson (Staunton conj.).
parts of time] *heart ofttimes* Bulloch conj. *push of time* Kinnear conj.
730 *decides*] *decide* Barron Field conj.
731 *process*] *process of time* F_3F_4.
732 *And*] *Then* Keightley conj.
734 *it would*] *would it* Johnson conj.
convince] *commence* Long MS.
738 *wholesome-profitable*] Dyce (S. Walker conj.). *holdsome profitable* Q_1.
740 *are double*] Qq Ff. *are deaf* Capell. *are dull* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *hear dully* Staunton conj.
740—742 Prin. *I...double.* Biron. *Honest...And by...*] Prin. *I...grief.* King. *And by...* Johnson conj.
741 *ear*] *eare* Q_1. *ears* F_1. *eares* Q_2 F_2. *cares* F_3F_4.

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And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have received your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;

745 *deform'd*] Pope (ed. 2). *deformed* Qq Ff.
747 *seem'd*] *seemed* Q_1.
748 *strains*] *strangeness* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
751 *strange*] Capell. *straying* Qq Ff. *stray* Keightley (Coleridge conj.). See note (XXVIII).
756 *Have*] *'T hath* Capell.
misbecomed] *misbecombd* Q_1. *misbecom'd* Ff. *misbecomm'd* Q_2.
758 *make*] *make them* Pope. *make 'em* Keightley.
760 *false*] *true* Johnson conj. (withdrawn).
762 *both,—fair*] *both, faire* Ff Q_2. *both faire* Q_1.
763 *even*] *e'en* Anon. ap. Grey conj.
a sin] *so base* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
766 *the*] om. Q_1.

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And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:—
If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;

768 *At*] *As* Collier MS.
770 *this in our*] Hanmer. *this our* Q_1. *these are our* Ff Q_2. *these are your* Tyrwhitt conj. *this (save our...)* Warburton. *these in our* Collier MS. *are these our* Long MS.
771 *been*] *seen* Tyrwhitt conj.
773 *show'd*] *shewed* Q_1.
774 *quote*] Hanmer. *cote* Q_1. *coat* F_1 Q_2F_4. *coate* F_2F_3. *note* Anon. MS.
781 *aught*] Warburton. *ought* Qq Ff.
786 *the*] Q_1. *their* Ff Q_2.
791 *last love*] *last proof* Staunton conj. *last true* Cartwright conj.

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Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd,
You are attaint with faults and perjury:
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
A wife?

Kath. A beard, fair health, and honesty;

793 *challenge me, challenge me*] *challenge me, challenge* Hanmer. *challenge; challenge me* Johnson. *me by*] *by* F_3F_4.
795 *instant*] FfQ_2. *instance* Q_1.
800 *intitled*] $F_1F_2F_3Q_2$. *intiled* Q_1. *intituled* F_4.
802 *flatter...mine*] *flatter on these hours of time* Johnson conj. *flatter*] *fetter* Hanmer (Warburton). *fatten* Collier MS. (expunged).
804 *Hence ever*] Ff. *Hence herrite* Q_1.
805—810 Included in brackets by Theobald at the suggestion of Thirlby and Warburton, and omitted by Hanmer. See notes (XVIII and XXIX).
806 *too*] *to* Q_1. *rack'd*] *rank* Rowe. *reck'd* Becket conj.
807 *faults*] *fault* $F_2F_3F_4$.
812 *A wife?...*] Dyce. Kath. *A wife? a beard, faire health, and...* Qq Ff. Kath. *A wife, a beard (fair youth) and...* Theobald. Kath. *A wife! a beard, fair health, and...* Theobald conj. MS. Kath. *No wife: a beard, fair health, and...* Hanmer.

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With three-fold love I wish you all these three.
Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?
Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.
Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.
Long. What says Maria?
Mar. At the twelvemonth's end
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.
Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.
Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit

820 *again*] Rowe. *agen* Qq Ff.
828 *thy*] Q_1. *my* Ff Q_2.
829 *have*] *had* Collier MS.
833 *estates*] *estetes* Q_1.
execute] *exercise* Collier MS.
835 *fruitful*] *fructfull* Q_1.

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To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. [*To the King*] Ay, sweet my Lord; and so I take my leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

842 *enforce*] *force* Collier MS.
848 *shallow laughing*] *shallow-laughing* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
852 *dear*] *dere* Johnson conj. *drear* quoted in Rann. *dire* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
853 *then*] *them* Singer ed. 2 (Anon. ap. Rann, Collier MS. and Long MS.).
860 [To the King] breaking Converse with the King, and curtsying. Capell.
863 *Jill*] F_3F_4. *Gill* Qq F_1F_2.
865 *and*] *an'* Q_1.

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Re-enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Re-enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others.*

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

THE SONG.

SPRING. When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

866 Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter Braggart. Qq Ff.
868 *not*] om. Q_2.
872 *years*] *yeare* Q_1. *year* Capell.
876 *we*] *and we* Keightley.
877 Re-enter...] Enter all. Qq Ff.
878 *Hiems... Ver*] *Adam... Eve* Herr conj.
882, 883 Theobald. In Ff Qq the order is 883, 882.
883 *cuckoo-buds*] *cowslip-buds* Rann (Farmer conj.). *crocus-buds* Whalley conj.
884 *with delight*] *much-bedight* Warburton.

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When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER. When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way,—we this way. [*Exeunt.*

899 *icicles*] Steevens (1778). *Isacles* Q_1. *Isicles* F_1Q_2. *Isickles* $F_2F_3F_4$.
903 *foul*] *full* Q_1.
905, 906 *Tu-whit; Tu-who*] *Tu-whit to-who* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$. *Tu-whit, to who* F_4. *Tu-who; Tu-whit, tu-who* Capell.
914, 915 *Tu-whit; Tu-who*] *Tu-whit to-who* Qq F_3F_4. *Tu-whit to who* F_1F_2.
917 Arm.] Brag. FfQ_2. om. Q_1.
917, 918 *The words...Apollo*] In Q_1 printed in larger type.
918 *You that way,—we this way.*] om. Q_1.
[Exeunt.] Exeunt omnes. FfQ_2. om. Q_1.

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NOTES.

Note I.

Dramatis Personæ. Biron is spelt 'Berowne,' Longaville 'Longavill,' in Q_1 F_1Q_2; Mercade 'Marcade,' in Qq Ff. Armado is written sometimes 'Armatho.' Mr Grant White suggests that Moth should be written 'Mote,' as it was clearly so pronounced. See note (vi). 'Boyet' is made to rhyme with 'debt' in v. 2. 334; 'Longaville' with 'ill' in iv. 3. 119, and with 'mile' in v. 2. 53; 'Rosaline' with 'thine,' iv. 3. 217. Costard, in the old stage directions, is called 'Clown.'

Note II.

Mason says, 'I believe the title of this play should be 'Love's Labours Lost,' but it is clear, from the form in which it is written in the running title of Q_1 'Loues Labor's Lost,' that the full name was intended to be 'Love's Labour is Lost.' On the title pages however of Q_1 and Q_2 it is written respectively 'Loues labors lost,' and 'Loues Labours lost.' It is called by Meres in his Wits Treasury, fol. 282 (1598) 'Love labors lost,' and by Tofte 'Loues Labour Lost,' which is in favour of the ordinary spelling.

Note III.

As the scene through the play is in the King of Navarre's park, and as it is perfectly obvious when the action is near the palace and when near the tents of the French princess, we have not thought it necessary to specify the several changes.

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Note IV.

I. 1. 23. This is an instance of the lax grammar of the time which permitted the use of a singular pronoun referring to a plural substantive, and vice versâ, as in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, Act I. Sc. I.;

'You cannot read it there; there, through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold *'em.*'

Note V.

I. 1. 110. Singer says that in a copy of F_1, which he used, the reading is 'sit.'

Note VI.

I. 2. 86. There is probably an allusion in the words, 'for she had a green wit,' to the 'green withes,' with which Samson was bound. In Shakespeare's time, 'mote' was frequently written 'moth,' as in IV. 3. 157 of this play, and in *Much Ado about Nothing* (II. 3. 53) the same variety of spelling gives rise to an obscure pun, 'Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing.' Compare, also, *As You Like It*, III. 3. 5.

Note VII.

II. 1. 88. We have retained in this passage the reading of the first Quarto, 'unpeeled,' in preference to the 'unpeopled' of the second Quarto and the Folios, which is evidently only a conjectural emendation, and does not furnish a better sense than many other words which might be proposed. In the same way, in Act III. Sc. I, line 61, we have followed the first Quarto in reading 'volable' instead of 'voluble,' as it has direct reference to Moth's last words 'thump, then, and I flee,' and is in better keeping with the Euphuistic language of the speaker.

Note VIII.

In II. 1. 114 sqq. the speakers are 'Berowne' and 'Kather.' in Q_1. This is followed by Capell, who justifies it as follows: 'When the King and his lords enter, the ladies mask, and continue mask'd 'till they go:

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Biron, while the letter is reading, seeks his mistress; accosts Catharine instead of her, finds his error, and leaves her: the King's exit gives him an opportunity to make another attempt, and he then lights on the right but without knowing her; makes a third by enquiry, and is baffled in that too, for he describes Maria, and is told she is Catharine.' In this and other scenes the characters are so confused in the old copies that they can be determined only by the context, in this play a very unsafe guide.

Note IX.

II. 1. 212. In this line, as well as in III. 1. 140, 142, &c. and IV. 3. 279, the 'O' is superfluous and appears to have crept into the text from the last letter of the stage direction 'Bero.' In the first instance in which this occurs the first Quarto stands alone, and the error is corrected in the second Quarto and the Folios, and we have therefore ventured to make the same correction in the other cases.

Note X.

III. 1. 186. As 'wightly,' in the sense of 'nimble,' has no etymological connection with 'white,' we have thought it best to retain the spelling which is least likely to mislead. [Rosaline was a brunette, see IV. 3. 243—273, and the epithet 'whitely' or pale-faced seems inappropriate; but I have restored the original reading and left the inconsistency. W. A. W.]

Note XI.

IV. 2. 27. *Which we of taste and feeling are, for those...* In Qq Ff this passage stands as follows: 'which we taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in vs more then he,' except that Q_1F_4 put a comma after 'taste' and Q_2 omits 'doe.' Theobald, on Warburton's suggestion, reads, 'parts (which we taste and feel *ingradare*) that do, &c.' Hanmer is the first to print it as verse, reading,

'And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,
For those parts which we taste and feel do fructifie in us more than he.'

Johnson proposes, 'When we taste and feeling are for those parts, &c.' Tyrwhitt conjectured, 'Which we of taste and feeling are, &c.' and is followed by Collier and several modern editors. This reading appears to make the best sense with the least alteration. In Collier MS. we find 'which we hauing taste and feeling &c.'

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NOTE XII.

IV. 2. 63, 70, 74. In Qq Ff these three speeches are incorrectly assigned to Nath., Hol. and Nath. respectively, whereas the third evidently belongs to Holofernes. Similarly the speeches beginning with lines 79, 83, 89, 99 are assigned to Nath. instead of Hol., and vice versâ lines 99, 138, 139 which properly belong to Nath. are given to Hol. Again 115—122 and 125—129 are given to Nath. in consequence of which 'Sir Nathaniel,' in line 129, was written 'Sir Holofernes,' a title to which the pedant had no claim. The mistake probably arose from the stage direction 'Ped.' being confounded with 'Per.,' that is, Person or Parson. Besides, in line 114, the 'Ped.' of F_1 is changed in the later folios to 'Pedro.' The changes in 63, 70, 74 were made in Rowe (ed. 2). Those in 79, 83, 89, 99 in Rowe (ed. 1). In Rowe (ed. 2) lines 89—95, 'Fauste...mi, fa,' are given to Nath. and 95—97, 'Under pardon...verses?', to Hol.

NOTE XIII.

IV. 3. 142. In Q_1 this line stands at the top of the page. The catch-word on the preceding page is 'Fayth,' shewing that the word omitted, whatever it be, was not the first in the line.

NOTE XIV.

IV. 3. 178. By the kind permission of the Duke of Devonshire, we have collated the copy of the first Quarto, which is in his Grace's library, with that which is in the Capell collection. Besides the important difference mentioned in the foot-note, the following are found:

E. 3. (r) line 5, paper (Capell) p a d e r (Devonshire).
E. 3. (v) line 12, corporall (Capell) croporall (Devonshire).
I. 3. (r) line 22, then w i (Capell) then w (Devonshire).

NOTE XV.

IV. 3. 244. Theobald's note is: '*O* word *divine!* This is the reading of all the editions that I have seen; but both Dr Thirlby and Mr Warburton concurred in reading (as I had likewise conjectured) *O* wood *divine!*'

'Wood,' however, is the reading of Rowe's first edition. It was perhaps only a happy misprint, as it is altered to 'word' in the second.

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Note XVI.

IV. 3. 251. As 'suiter' was pronounced and sometimes written 'shooter' (IV. 1. 101), so probably 'suit' was sometimes written 'shoote,' a word easily corrupted into 'schoole.' 'Suit' is written 'shout' in the Quartos of *Hen.* 5. III. 6, 74. In the Quartos of *Lear* II. 2 'three-suited' is spelt 'three shewted.' On the other hand what is now called Shooters hill is in Hall's Satires, VI. 1, 67 'the Suters hill.' In this play III. 1. 194, 'sue' is spelt 'shue' in Q_1F_1.

Note XVII.

IV. 3. 285. Although it is not necessary to omit a syllable on account of the metre, as Mr Sidney Walker seems to have thought, we have adopted one of his conjectures for the reason mentioned in note (IX). A similar error, which has hitherto escaped notice, seems to occur in IV. 2. 83, where the word 'Of,' which in the original MS. was part of the stage direction 'Holof.', has crept into the text. If this hypothesis be true, it follows that the frequently recurring error of '*Nath.*' for '*Hol.*' is not due to the author himself, but to an unskilful corrector.

Note XVIII.

IV. 3. 295. Mr Dyce omits lines 295—300, *For when would you... true Promethean fire;* and lines 308—315, *For where is...forsworn our books*, which are repeated in substance, and, to some extent verbatim, in the latter part of the speech.

There can be no doubt that two drafts of the speech have been blended together, and that the author meant to cancel a portion of it; but as there also can be no doubt that the whole came from his pen, we do not venture to correct the printer's error. We would 'lose no drop of the immortal man.' The error is indeed a very instructive one. It goes to prove that the first Quarto was printed from the author's original MS.; that the author had not made a 'foul copy' of his work; and that he had not an opportunity of revising the proof sheets as they passed through the press.

For the same reason we have retained v. 2. 805—810.

Note XIX.

IV. 3. 341. We have here retained 'make,' because the inaccuracy is so natural, that it probably came from the pen of the author. It escaped correction in all the Quartos and Folios, as well as in Rowe's and Pope's editions.

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Note XX.

v. 1. 25. The reading which we have given in the text, and which had occurred to us before we discovered that Capell had hit upon nearly the same conjecture, comes nearer to the words and punctuation of the Quartos and Folios than Theobald's, which, since his time, has been the received reading. Sir Nathaniel is not represented elsewhere as an ignoramus who would be likely to say 'bone' for 'bene.' Holofernes patronizingly calls him 'Priscian,' but, pedagogue-like, will not admit his perfect accuracy. 'A little scratched' is a phrase familiar to the schoolmaster, from his daily task of correcting his pupils' 'latines.'

Capell's conjecture, given in his *Notes*, Vol. I. p. 44 of the Various Readings, is 'Nath. *Laus Deo bone intelligo.* Hol. *Bone? bon, fort bon; Priscian.*' In his printed text he follows Theobald.

Some corruption is still left in line 22: *insanie: ne intelligis.* Perhaps we should read *insano fare: intelligis*...

[I have made a slight change from the reading adopted in our first edition which was suggested by Mr Clark. It is not likely that Holofernes would address Sir Nathaniel as Priscian, but as any one who violated the rules of Latin grammar was said to break Priscian's head, so 'Priscian a little scratched' would indicate some trifling error which the Pedant professed to detect. It has been objected that French is out of place in the mouth of Holofernes, but he uses 'Allons!' in v. 1. 132. 'Forboon' for *fort bon* is found in Heywood (Works, I. 256) in the second part of his If you know not me, you know nobody: 'You'll send me into France; all *Forboon.*' W. A. W.]

Note XXI.

v. 1. 110. There is some corruption in this passage, which cannot with certainty be removed. In the subsequent scene five 'worthies' only are presented, viz. Hector by Armado, Pompey by Costard, Alexander by Nathaniel, Hercules by the Page, and Judas Maccabæus by Holofernes. In Singer's corrected copy of the second Folio (Singer MS.) the speech is thus given: 'Alexander yourself; myself Judas Maccabeus; and this gallant gentleman Hector; this swain (because of his great limb or joint) shall pass for Pompey the great; &c.' (Note in Singer's second edition.)

Note XXII.

v. 2. 43. Johnson says 'The former editions read *Were pencils,*' and attributes the restoration of *Ware* to Hanmer. Mr Halliwell repeats the assertion. In reality, all the editions read *Ware.*

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[Dr Nicholson supposes that Rosalind draws her pencil from her table-book and couches it as a lance or pensel.]

NOTE XXIII.

v. 2. 232. Mr Sidney Walker, in his *Criticisms*, Vol. II. p. 153, remarks that, '*and if*' (he means *an if*) is always in the old plays printed '*and if.*' Here is an instance to the contrary. See also Mr Lettsom's note, *l. c.* *And*, not *an*, seems to be printed in nine cases out of ten, whatever the following word be.

NOTE XXIV.

v. 2. 247. 'Dutchman' here, as usual, means 'German.' The word alluded to is 'Viel,' a word which would be likely to be known from the frequent use which the sailors from Hamburg or Bremen would have cause to make of the phrase 'zu viel' in their bargains with the London shopkeepers.

NOTE XXV.

v. 2. 312. Mr Collier says that in some copies of Q_1 'thither' is omitted. He has probably mistaken Q_2 for Q_1 as in the following note.

NOTE XXVI.

v. 2. 482. Collier (ed. 2) says that some copies of Q_1 have *manager*. This is not the reading of any of the six copies which are known to exist.

NOTE XXVII.

v. 2. 528. The modern editors who have followed Hanmer's reading 'della,' in preference to Theobald's 'de la,' have forgotten that Armado is a Spaniard, not an Italian.

NOTE XXVIII.

v. 2. 751. In the Lover's Complaint (ed. 1609), l. 303, 'strange' is spelt 'straing,' and in Lyly's Euphues (ed. Arber), p. 113, 'straying' is a misprint for 'straunge.'

NOTE XXIX.

v. 2. 805—810. Mr Daniel re-writes these lines as follows:

Ber. And what to me my love? and what to me?
Ros. You are attaint with faults and perjury;
You must be purged too, your sins *to rack.*
Therefore, if you my favour *would not lack,*
A twelvemonth shall you spend and never rest,
But seek the weary beds *by sick men press'd.*

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A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
EGEUS, father to Hermia.
LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, } in love with Hermia.
PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus.
QUINCE, a carpenter.
SNUG, a joiner.
BOTTOM, a weaver.
FLUTE, a bellows-mender.
SNOUT, a tinker.
STARVELING, a tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.
HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, king of the fairies.
TITANIA, queen of the fairies.
PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow.
PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, } fairies.

Other fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE—*Athens, and a wood near it.*

[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] First given by Rowe.

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A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. The palace of* THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and* Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;

Sc. I. Enter...] Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others. Qq Ff.
Athens...] The Duke's Palace in Athens. Theobald.
4 *wanes*] *waues* Q_1.
6 *withering out*] *wintering on* Warburton. *lithering out* Becket conj. *widowing out* Gould conj.
7 *night*] Q_1. *nights* Q_2 Ff.
8 *nights*] Q_1 Ff. *daies* Q_2.
10 *New-bent*] Rowe. *Now bent* Qq Ff.
night] *height* Daniel conj.

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The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit Philostrate.*
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!
The. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,

15 *The*] *That* Anon. ap. Grey conj. [Exit Ph.] Theobald.
19 *revelling*] *revelry* T. White conj. Enter...] Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, and Lysander and Helena, and Demetrius. Q_1. Enter... Lysander Helena... Q_2. Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia... Ff.
24, 26 *Stand forth, Demetrius...Stand forth, Lysander*] Printed in Qq Ff as stage directions. Corrected by Rowe.
27 *This man hath*] Qq F_1. *This hath* $F_2F_3F_4$.
bewitch'd] *witch'd* Theobald.
31 *feigning love*] *feigned love* Hanmer.
35 *unharden'd*] *vnhardned* F_1. *vnhardened* Qq.
38 *harshness*] *hardness* Collier MS.

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Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advised, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that composed your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgement look.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your Grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,

51 *leave*]'*leve* Warburton. *lave* Becket 69 *if you yield not*] *not yielding* Pope. conj.

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You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon,—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia: and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him.

74 *their*] *there* Q_1.
76 *earthlier happy*] *earlier happy* Rowe (ed. 2). *earthly happier* Capell. *earthly happy* Steevens conj. *eathlier happy* Marsh conj. (N. and Q. 1878).
distill'd] *distol'd* Gould conj.
81 *whose unwished*] Qq F_1. *to whose unwished* F_2F_3. *to whose unwish'd* F_4.
87 *your*] *you* F_2.
92 *crazed*] *razed* D. Wilson conj.
94 *Hermia's*] *Hermia* Tyrwhitt conj.

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And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up,—
Which by no means we may extenuate,—
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
Demetrius and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you

98 *unto*] *upon* Hanmer.
101 *fortunes*] *fortune's* Rowe.
102 *Demetrius'*] Pope. *Demetrius* Qq Ff.
107 *Nedar's*] *Nestor's* S. Walker conj.
110 *Upon this spotted*] *'Pon this apostate* D. Wilson conj.
114 *lose*] *loose* Q_1.
118 *fancies*] *fancy* Keightley conj.
125 *nuptial*] *nuptiall* Qq F_1. *nuptialls* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.*

Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.

Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—

Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'

127 [Exeunt...] Exeunt. Manet Lysander and Hermia. Ff. Exeunt Qq.
128 SCENE II. Pope.
130 *which I could*] *yet could I* Becket conj.
131 *Beteem*] *Bestream* D. Wilson conj. (withdrawn).
my] Qq. *mine* Ff.
132 *Ay me! for aught that I could ever*] *Eigh me: for aught that I could euer* Qq (*me; for ought* Q_2). *For ought that euer I could* F_1. *Hermia for ought that ever I could* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Ay me! for aught that ever I could* Dyce.
Ay me!] *Ah me,* Johnson.
133 *hear*] *here* Q_1.
136 *low*] Theobald. *loue* Qq Ff.
too...low] *to be enthrall'd! too high, too low* Becket conj.
138 *to young*] *too young* F_4.
139 *friends*] Qq. *merit* Ff. *men* Collier MS. *others* Id. (expunged).
140 *eyes*] Qq. *eie* F_1. *eye* $F_2F_3F_4$.
143 *momentany*] Qq. *momentarie* Ff.
144 *a shadow*] *an arrow* Gould conj.
146 *spleen*] *shene* Becket conj. *sheen* Hanmer conj. MS.

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The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.
Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.
Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,

148 *do*] *to* F_3F_4.
151 *It stands*] *If't stand* Anon. ap. Rann conj.
154 *due*] *deve* Q_1.
159, 160 *From...son*] Transposed by Keightley (Johnson conj.).
159 *remote*] Qq. *remov'd* Ff.
167 *to a*] Qq. *for a* Ff. *to the* Pope.
168—178 Her. *My good.....with thee*] Her. *My good Lysander,*—Lys. *I swear...spoke;*—Her. *In that...with thee* Warburton.
171, 172 *By the...loves*] Transposed by Singer (ed. 2).
172 *loves*] Q_1. *loue* Q_2 Ff.

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When the false Troyan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'ld give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

180 SCENE III. Pope.
speed fair] *speed, fair* Theobald.
182 *your fair*] Qq. *you fair* Ff. *you, fair* Rowe (ed. 2).
186 *so,*] Qq Ff. *so!* Theobald.
187 *Yours...go;*] (*Your words I catch, fair Hermia,*) *ere I go,* Knight conj. *Yours would I*] Hanmer. *Your words I* Qq F_1. *Your words Ide* $F_2F_3F_4$.
188 *ear...voice*] *hair...hair* Hudson (Lettsom conj.).
191 *I'ld*] *I'd* Hanmer. *ile* Q_1. *Ile* $Q_2F_1F_2$. *I'le* F_3F_4.

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Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.
Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!
Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!
Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.
Lys. I will, my Hermia. [*Exit Herm.*
Helena, adieu:

200 *folly, Helena, is no fault*] Q_1. *folly, Helena is none* Q_2 Ff. *fault, oh Helena, is none* Hanmer. *fault, faire Helena, is none* Collier MS. *Helena*] *Helen* Dyce (ed. 2).
201 *beauty*] *beauty's* Hudson (Daniel conj.).
205 *as*] Q_1. *like* Q_2 Ff.
206 *do*] *must* Collier MS.
207 *unto a*] Q_1. *into* Q_2 Ff. *unto* Boswell.
213 *gates*] Qq F_1F_2. *gate* F_3F_4.
216 *sweet*] Theobald. *sweld* Qq Ff.
219 *stranger companies*] Theobald. *strange companions* Qq Ff.
221 *thy*] *thine* Rowe (ed. 2).

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As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit.*
Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*

225 *dote*] Qq. *dotes* Ff.
229 *do*] Qq. *doth* Ff.
232 *vile*] Qq F_4. *vilde* $F_1F_2F_3$.
quantity] *quality* Johnson conj.
237 *figure*] Rowe. *figure*, Qq Ff.
haste] *hast* F_4.
239 *he is so oft*] Q_1. *he is oft* Q_2. *he is often* F_1. *he often is* $F_2F_3F_4$.
240 *in game themselves*] *themselves in game* F_3F_4.
244 *this*] Q_1 Ff. *his* Q_2.
245 *So he*] *Lo, he* Capell. *Soon it* Rann. *Soon he* Daniel conj.
248 *this*] Qq. *his* Ff.
249 *a dear expense*] *dear recompence* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

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SCENE II. *The same.* QUINCE'S *house.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby. 11

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant? 18

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope. Quince's house.] A Room in Quince's House. Capell. Changes to a Cottage. Theobald.

Enter...] Enter Quince, the Carpenter; and Snugge, the Ioyner; and Bottom, the Weauer; and Flute, the Bellowes mender; & Snout, the Tinker; and Starueling the Tayler. Q_1. Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottome the Weauer, Flute the Bellowsmender, Snout the Tinker, & Starueling the Taylor. Q_2Ff.

3 *according to*] Q_1Ff. *according* Q_2.

6 *the duchess*] *duchess* Pope (ed. 2).

8, 9 *grow to a point*] Qq. *grow on to a point* $F_1F_2F_3$. *grow on to appoint* F_4. *go on to a point* Warburton. *go on to appoint* Collier MS. *grow to appoint* or *point* Warner conj.

15 *weaver.*] *Weauer?* Q_1.

19 *gallant*] Qq. *gallantly* Ff.

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Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too, I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, 'Thisne, Thisne;' 'Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

22 *storms*] *stones* Collier MS.
To the rest: yet] *To the rest;—yet*, Theobald. *To the rest yet*, Qq Ff.
24 *cat*] *cap* Warburton.
in, to] *in two* ed. 1661. *in and to* Keightley conj.
24, 25 *split. The*] *split—the* Theobald. *split the* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$. *split to* F_4.
25—32 As in Johnson. Prose in Qq Ff.
26 *And*] *With* Farmer conj.
34 *lover*] *lover's* Hudson (Daniel conj.).
35 *bellows-mender.*] *Bellowes mender?* Q_1.
37 *Flute,*] Q_1. om. Q_2 Ff.
44 *An*] Pope. *And* Qq Ff.
too] *to* Qq.
45 *Thisne, Thisne*] *Thisby, Thisby* Hanmer. See note (1).

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Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby. 48

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor. 50

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father: Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted. 57

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring. 61

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.' 65

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son. 69

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale. 74

50 *tailor.*] *Tailer?* Q_1.
53 *tinker.*] *Tinker?* Q_1.
56 *and, I hope, here*] *and I hope here* Qq. *and I hope there* Ff. *I hope there* Rowe (ed. 2).
59 *it be*] *be* F_1.
66 *An*] Capell. *And* Q_1. *If* Q_2 Ff.
70 *friends*] *friend* F_4.
if] Qq. *if that* Ff.
73 *dove*] *doe* Bailey conj. (1866).
74 *you*] Qq. om. Ff.
an] Pope. *and* Qq Ff.

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Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced. But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings. [*Exeunt.*

84 *colour*] Qq. *colour'd* Ff.
perfect] Ff. *perfit* Qq.
91 *will we*] Q_1. *we will* Q_2 Ff.
95 *most*] Q_1. *more* Q_2 Ff.
95, 96 *obscenely*] *obscurely* Grey conj. (withdrawn).
96 *Take...adieu.*] given to Quince by Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
pains] Qq F_1. *paine* $F_2F_3F_4$.
perfect] Ff. *perfit* Qq.
98 *cut*] *break* or *not* Hanmer conj. MS.

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ACT II.

SCENE I. *A wood near Athens.*

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, *and* PUCK.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.
Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night:
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath

ACT II. SCENE I. Rowe. Actus Secundus. Ff. om. Qq.
A wood...] Capell. A Wood. Theobald.
Enter...] Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin goodfellow at another. Qq Ff.
1 Puck.] Rowe. Robin. Qq. Rob. Ff (and elsewhere).
whither] *whether* Q_2 F_1.
2—9 As in Pope. Four lines in Qq Ff.
3, 5 *Thorough...thorough, Thorough ...thorough*] Q_1. *Through...through, Through...through* Q_2 Ff.
7 *moon's sphere*] *moony sphere* Grant White (Steevens conj.).
9 *orbs*] *herbs* Grey conj. *cups* D. Wilson conj.
10 *tall*] *all* Collier MS.
11 *coats*] *cups* Collier MS.
14 *here*] *here and there* Hanmer. *clear* Daniel conj.

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A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.

22 *boy, stolen*] *boy stollen*, Q_1. *boy stollen* Q
30 *square*] *jar* Peck conj. *sparre* Id. conj. *squall* Anon ap. Peck conj. *quarrel* D. Wilson conj.
32 *Either*] *Or* Pope.
33 *sprite*] Q_1. *spirit* Q_2 Ff.
34 *not you*] Q_1. *you not* Q_2 Ff.
35 *frights*] *fright* F_3F_4.
villagery] *Villageree* Q_1. *Villagree* $Q_2F_1F_2F_3$. *Vilagree* F_4. *Villagrie* Collier MS.
36 *sometimes*] *sometime* Dyce (ed. 2).
36, 37 *Skim...churn*] Johnson would transpose the lines, or read *And sometimes make the breathless housewife chern Skim milk, and bootless labour in the quern.* So Rann.
36—39 *Skim...labour...make...make... Mislead*] Qq Ff. *Skims...labours... makes ... makes ... Misleads* Collier (Malone conj.).
42 *Thou*] *The same, thou* Hanmer. *I am—thou* Johnson. *Fairy, thou* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
speak'st] *speakest* Q_1. *speakest me* Capell.
42, 43 *Thou...night.*] One line in Qq.

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I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter, from one side, OBERON, *with his train; from the other,* TITANIA, *with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

46 *filly*] Q_1. *silly* Q_2 Ff.
47 *bowl*] F_4. *bole* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$.
49 *bob*] *bab* Gould conj.
50 *withered*] *wither'd* Pope.
dewlap] Rowe (ed. 2). *dewlop* QqFf.
54 *tailor*] *rails or* Hanmer. *tail-sore* Anon. ap. Capell conj. *traitor* Perring conj.
54, 55 *cough...laugh*] *coffe...loffe* Qq Ff.
56 *waxen*] *yexen* Singer (Farmer conj.).
58 *room*] *make room* Pope. *room now* Dyce (ed. 2). *roomer* Nicholson conj. (N. and Q. 1864).
fairy] *faëry* Staunton (Johnson conj.).
room, fairy! here] *fairy, room, for here* Seymour conj.
59 Two lines in Ff.
he] Qq F_1. *we* $F_2F_3F_4$.
60 Two lines in Ff.
SCENE II. Pope.
Enter...] Enter the King of Fairies, at one doore with his traine; and the Queene, at another with hers. Qq Ff.
61 Tita.] Tit. Capell. Qu. Qq Ff (and elsewhere).
Fairies, skip] Theobald. *Fairy skip* Qq Ff (*skippe* Q_2). *Fairies, keep* Harness conj. *Fairies, trip* Dyce conj.

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Tita. Then I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steppe of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,

65 *hast*] Qq. *wast* Ff.
69 *steppe*] Q_1. *steepe* Q_2 Ff. *step* Capell.
77 *through the glimmering*] *glimmering through the* Warburton.
78 *Perigenia*] *Perigune* Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). *Perigyné* Hanmer. *Perigouna* Grant White (North's Plutarch).
79 *Ægle*] Rowe. *Eagles* Qq Ff.
80 *Antiopa*] *Atiopa* F_1.
82 *the*] *that* Hanmer (Warburton). *spring*] *prime* D. Wilson conj.
85 *in*] *on* Pope.
91 *Have*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Hath* Qq Ff. *pelting*] Qq. *petty* Ff. *petling* Jackson conj.

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That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change

95 *his*] *its* Pope.
97 *murrion*] *murrain* Theobald (ed. 2).
99 *in*] *on* Collier MS.
101, 102 Placed after 108, Elze conj. (Athen. 1867).
101 *want...here ;*] *want ;...here*, Knight (Anon. conj.). *chant, — ... here ;* Grant White conj. *wail... here ;* Kinnear conj.
winter here] F_3F_4. *winter heere* Qq F_1F_2. *winter chear* Theobald conj. (withdrawn). *winter cheer* Hanmer. *winters heried* Warburton. *wonted year* Johnson conj. *winter's chear* Hutchesson conj. MS. *winter gevr* Brae conj. *summer here* Keightley conj. *winter hire* D. Wilson conj. *winter hoar* Herr conj. *minstrelsy* Hudson.
101—114 Johnson proposes to arrange in the following order: 101, 107—114, 102—104, 106, 105.
105, 106. Transposed by Hudson (Johnson conj.).
106 *thorough*] $Q_1F_2F_3$. *through* $Q_2F_1F_4$.
107 *hoary*] $Q_1F_3F_4$. *hoared* $Q_2F_1F_2$.
109 *Hiems'*] *Adam's* Herr conj. *thin*] Halliwell (Tyrwhitt conj.). *chinne* Qq F_1F_2. *chin* F_3F_4. *chill* Theobald conj.
112 *childing*] *chiding* Pope. *chilling* or *churlish* Herr conj.

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Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it, then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following,—her womb then rich with my young squire,—
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy;
And for her sake I will not part with him.

113 *mazed*] *amazed* Rowe.
114 *increase*] *inverse* Hanmer. *inchase* Warburton.
115 *evils comes*] F_2F_3. *euils, Comes* Qq F_1. *evil comes* F_4.
122 *The fairy*] *Thy fairy* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
123 *votaress*] *Votresse* Qq Ff.
127 *on*] Qq F_1F_2. *of* F_3F_4.
130 *gait*] Capell. *gate* Qq Ff.
131 *Following,—her...squire,—*] *Following* (*her wombe...squire*) Qq Ff. *Follying* (*her...squire*) Theobald (Warburton). (*Following...squire*) Steevens (Kenrick conj.). *Her fellowing womb...* Becket conj. *rich*] *ripe* Collier MS.
134 *rich with*] *with rich* Collier MS.
136 *do I*] Q_2. *doe I* Q_1. *I do* Ff.

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Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?
Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.
Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
[*Exit Titania with her Train.*
Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
Puck. I remember.
Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow.
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,

144 *fairy*] om. Steevens, 1793 (Farmer conj.).
Fairies] *Elves* Pope.
145 [Exit...] Exeunt Queen and her Train. Theobald. Exeunt. Qq Ff.
149 *once I*] Qq F_1. *I* $F_2F_3F_4$. *that I* Rowe. *I once* Collier MS.
155 *saw*] Q_1. *say* Q_2Ff.
157 *all arm'd*] *alarm'd* Theobald (Warburton).
158 *the*] Ff. om. Qq.
160 *should*] *would* F_4.
162 *Quench'd*] *Quench* F_3F_4.
163 *votaress*] *Votresse* Qq Ff.

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In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?

169 *shew'd*] *shewed* Q_1.
172 *it sees*] *is seene* Collier MS.
175, 176 *I'll...minutes.*] As in Pope. One line in Qq. Prose in Ff.
175 *I'll*] *I'ld* Collier MS. *I'd* Hudson.
round] Q_1. om. Q_2Ff.
177 *when*] *whence* Q_2.
179 *then*] Q_1. *when* Q_2 Ff. *which* Rowe.
181 *On meddling*] *Or medling* Rowe.
183 *from off*] *from of* Q_1. *off from* Q_2 Ff.
187 [stand backe. Collier MS.
188 SCENE III. Pope.

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The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;
And here am I, and wode within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,—
And yet a place of high respect with me,—
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,

190 *slay...slayeth*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *stay...stayeth* Qq Ff.
191 *unto*] Qq. *into* Ff.
192 *wode...wood*] Hanmer. *wodde,... wood* Q_1. *wood...wood* Q_2 Ff.
193 *my*] *with* Malone.
194 *thee*] *the* Q_1.
196 *draw not iron*] *draw, not I run* Anon. conj. MS. (in Prof. D. Wilson's copy of F_2). *draw no truer* D. Wilson conj.
iron, for] *iron for* Gould conj.
for] *though* Lettsom conj.
197 *you*] om. F_3F_4.
201 *nor*] Ff. *not* Qq. *and* Pope.
202 *you*] Q_1. *thee* Q_2 Ff.
206 *lose*] *loose* Q_1. *loathe* Anon. ap. Halliwell conj.
208 *can*] *can can* F_2.
210 *use*] Qq. *doe* Ff. *do use* Reed.
dog?] *dogge.* Q_1 F_1. *dog.* Q_2.

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To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege: for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo. [*Exit Dem.*

220, 221 *privilege: for that It is*] Qq Ff. *privilege for that. It is* Malone (Tyrwhitt conj.).
235 *questions*] *question* Dyce, ed. 2 (Steevens conj.).
238 *Ay,*] Rowe. *I,* Qq Ff.
the field] Q_1. *and field* Q_2 Ff.
242 [Exit Dem.] om. Qq Ff. Demetrius breaks from her, and Exit. Capell.

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I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exit.*

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

243 *I'll*] *Ile* Qq. *I* Ff.

244 [Exit.] Q_2 Ff. om. Q_1. Exeunt. Collier MS.

246 SCENE IV. Pope.
Re-enter Puck.] Capell. Enter Pucke. Qq Ff (after line 247).

247 *Hast thou...wanderer.*] *Welcome, Wanderer; hast thou the flower there?* Jackson conj. *Hast thou the flower there, welcome wanderer?* Lettsom conj.

248 *there*] *here* Hudson (Lettsom conj.).

249 *where*] *whereon* Pope.

250 *oxlips*] Q_1. *Oxslips* Q_2 Ff. *the Oxslips* Rowe. *oxslip* Pope. *oxlip* Theobald. *oxlips.....violet*] *violets.....ox-lip* Keightley.

251 *Quite over-canopied*] *White clover canopied* Bulloch conj.
Quite] om. Pope.
over-canopied] *ouercanopi'd* Q_1. *ouercanoped* Q_2. *ouer-cannoped* Ff. *O'er-cannopy'd* Pope.
luscious] Ff. *lushious* Qq. *lush* Steevens, 1793 (Theobald conj.).

253—256 Keightley arranges 255, 256, 253, 254, and would insert a line after 254, e.g. '*Upon her will I steal there as she lies.*'

253 *sometime*] *some time* Rowe.

254 *these flowers*] *these bowers* Grant White (Collier MS.). *this bower* Hudson (Lettsom conj.).
with] *from* Hanmer.

255 *there*] *where* Hudson, arranging 253—6 as Keightley.

256 *wrap*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *wrappe* Q_1. *rap* Q_2 F_1.

257 *And*] *There* Hanmer. *Now* Lettsom conj. *Then* Keightley.

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Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

Enter TITANIA, *with her train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

Fir. Fairy. You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

266 *fond on*] *fond of* Rowe.
her love] *his love* Hanmer.
268 [Exeunt.] Qq. Exit. Ff.
SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE V. Pope. SCENE III. Steevens. Theobald continues the scene.
Another part of the wood.] Capell.
Enter...] Enter Tytania Queene of Fairies, with her traine. Q_1. Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine. Q_2 F_1.
2 *for*] *'fore* Theobald. *in* Heath conj. *ere* Hudson conj. *fly* Kinnear conj.
a minute] *the midnight* Warburton.
7 *spirits*] *sports* Hanmer (Warburton).
Sing] *Come, sing* Hanmer.
9 Song. Fir. Fairy.] Capell. Fairies sing. Qq Ff.

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CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Fir. Fairy. Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

Sec. Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well:
One aloof stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*

Enter OBERON, *and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.*

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear

13, 24 CHORUS.] Capell. om. Qq Ff.
14 *Sing in our*] *Singing her* Rann. *in our*] Qq. *in your* Ff. *now your* Collier MS.
20 Fir. Fairy.] 1. Fai. Q_1. 1. Fairy. Q_2. 2. *Fairy* Ff.
21 *spinners*] Q_1 Ff. *spinders* Q_2.
25 Sec. Fairy.] 2. Fai. Qq. 1. Fairy. Ff.
26 [Exeunt Fairies.] Rowe. om. Qq Ff.
Titania sleeps.] Shee sleepes. F_1. om. Qq.
Enter...eyelids.] Capell. Enter Oberon. Qq Ff.
27 [anoint her eyes. Collier MS.
28 *thy*] *thy thy* Q_2.
31 *hair*] *hear* Keightley.
32 *that*] *what* Pope.

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When thou wakest, it is thy dear:
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy

34 [Exit.] Rowe. om. Qq Ff.
35 SCENE VI. Pope.
wood] Q_1. *woods* Q_2 Ff.
38 *comfort*] *comfor* Q_1.
39 *Be it*] Q_2 Ff. *Bet it* Q_1. *Be't* Pope.
43 *good*] *god* Q_1.
45, 46 *innocence!...conference*] *conference;...innocence* Theobald, ed. 1 (Warburton).
46 *takes*] *take* Rann (Tyrwhitt conj.).
conference] *confidence* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
47 *is*] *it* Q_1.
48 *we can*] Qq. *can you* Ff. *can we* Capell.
49 *interchained*] Qq. *interchanged* Ff.

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Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!

[*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence.—Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.

57 *off; in...modesty,*] Theobald. *off, in... modesty:* Q_1. *off, in...modesty,* Q_2 F_1F_2. *off in...modesty,* F_3F_4.

57, 119 *human*] F_4. *humane* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$. *common* D. Wilson conj. (doubtfully).

65 [They sleep.] Ff. om. Qq.

67 *found*] Q_1. *finde* Q_2 Ff.

77 *Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy*] *Near to this lack-love, this kill-curtesie* Pope. *Near to this kill-curtesie* Theobald. *Near to this lack-love kill-curtesie* Warburton. *Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy* Steevens (1785, 1793). *Nearer this lack-love, this kill-courtesy* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

78 [anoint his eyes. Collier MS.

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When thou wakest, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. [*Exit.*
Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
Lys. [*Awaking*] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature shews art,

81 *Sleep*] *Keep* Daniel conj.
84 SCENE VII. Pope.
Stay] Qq F_1. *Say* $F_2F_3F_4$.
87 [Exit.] Exit Demetrius. Ff. om. Qq.
96 *marvel*] *mavaile* F_2.
100 *Lysander!*] Capell. *Lysander*, Q_1. *Lysander* Q_2 Ff.
103 [Awaking] Waking. Rowe. om. Qq Ff.
104 *Helena*] *Helen* Pope.
Nature shews] *nature shewes* Qq. *nature her shewes* F_1. *nature here shews* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Nature shews her* Malone.

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That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!
Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.
Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

105 *thy heart*] *my heart* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
106 *is*] Qq F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
113 *Helena I love*] Q_1. *Helena now I love* Q_2 Ff. *Helen now I love* Dyce, ed. 2 (Seymour conj.).
118 *ripe not*] *not ripe* Rowe (ed. 2).
122 *Love's stories*] *Love-stories* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
127 *Demetrius'*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Demetrius* Qq Ff. *Demetrius's* Rowe (ed. 1).

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O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused! [*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there:
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive,
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen and to be her knight! [*Exit.*

Her. [*Awaking*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death or you I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

138 *to the*] Qq F_1. *to a* $F_2F_3F_4$.
140 *they*] Qq. *that* Ff.
143 *your*] *their* Collier MS.
145 [Awaking] Dyce. Starting. Capell. om. Qq Ff.
147 *Ay me*] *Ah me* Capell.
150 *you*] Qq. *yet* Ff.
152 *hearing? gone?*] Capell (Errata). *hearing, gone?* Qq Ff (*gon* Q_1). *hearing gone?* Theobald.
153 *an*] Capell. *and* Qq Ff.
154 *swoon*] *swoune* Q_1. *swound* Q_2F_2 F_3F_4. *sound* F_1.
156 *Either*] *Or* Pope.

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ACT III.

SCENE I. *The wood. Titania lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

ACT III. SCENE I.] Rowe. Actus Tertius. Ff. om. Qq.
The wood.] Pope.
Titania lying asleep.] The Queen of Fairies lying asleep. Rowe. om. Qq Ff.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter the Clownes. Qq Ff.
2 *Pat, pat*] Qq F_1. *Par, pat* F_2 F_3F_4.
marvellous] *maruailes* Q_1. *maruailous* Q_2 Ff. *marvels* Capell. See note (II).
6 *Quince,—*] Theobald. *Quince?* Q_1F_2 F_3F_4. *quince?* Q_2F_1.
8 *things*] *three things* S. Walker conj.
12 *By'r lakin*] *Berlakin* Q_1. *Berlaken* Q_2 Ff.
15 *device*] *deuise* Q_1.
16 *seem*] *serve* Gould conj.
18 *the more better*] *the better* Rowe (ed. 2). *more better* Pope.

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Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in,—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living: and we ought to look to 't.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—'Ladies,'—or, 'Fair ladies,—I would wish you,'—or, 'I would request you,'—or, 'I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:' and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

23, 24 *eight and eight*] *eighty eight* Anon. ap. Halliwell conj. MS.
25 *afeard*] *afraid* Rowe (ed. 2).
27 *yourselves*] Ff. *your selfe* Qq.
30 *to 't*] *toote* Q_1. *to it* Q_2 Ff.
34 *neck*] *mask* Gould conj.
35 *defect*] *deffect* Q_2.
41 *them*] Qq. *him* Ff. *'em* Anon. conj.
45 Snout.] Sn. Qq F_1. Snug. $F_2F_3F_4$.
47 Enter Pucke. Ff. om. Qq.

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Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake: and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

49 Bot.] Cet. Q_1.
49, 50 *great chamber window*] *great-chamber* Anon. conj.
58 Snout.] Sno. Q_1. Sn. Q_2F_1. Snu. F_2. Snug. F_3F_4.
61 *loam*] *lime* Collier MS.
62 *and let*] Delius (Collier MS.). *or let* Qq Ff.
63 *that*] *the* Rowe.
68 SCENE II. Pope.
Enter Puck behind.] Enter Robin. Qq Ff.
71 *too perhaps*] *to perhappes* Q_1.

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Bot. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Bot. ——odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here. [*Exit.*

Flu. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. 'Ninus' tomb,' man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, 'never tire.'

Flu. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Re-enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*

Bot. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

73, 75, 93. Bot.] Pyra. or Py. Q_1. Pir. Q_2 Ff.
73 *flowers*] *flower* Pope.
of] *have* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier conj. and Collier MS.).
savours] *Savour's* Rowe. *savour* Halliwell.
74 *Odours, odours*] Ff. *Odours, odorous* Qq. *Odorous, odorous* Collier conj.
76 *hath*] *that* Rowe (ed. 1). *doth* Rowe (ed. 2).
Malone supposes two lines to be lost here.
77 *but here awhile*] *awhile but here* Jackson conj.
awhile] *a whit* Theobald.
78 [Exit.] Qq. Exit Pir. Ff.
79 Puck.] Ff. Quin. Qq.
[Exit.] Capell. [Aside. Collier MS.
80, 83, 92 Flu.] Thys. or This. or Thisb. Qq Ff.
81, 88, 94 Quin.] Pet. Qq Ff.
85 *brisky juvenal*] *brisky juvenile* Rowe (ed. 2). *briskly juvenile* Hanmer.
91 Enter Pyramus. Rowe.
92 Re-enter...head.] Capell. om. Qq Ff.
93 *If I were fair, Thisby*] *If I were, fair Thisby* Collier (Malone conj.). *If I were so, fair Thisby* Keightley. *An if I were, fair Thisby* Hudson. *If I were true, fair Thisby* Id. conj. *If I were fair, fair Thisby* Anon. conj.

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Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!

[*Exeunt Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [*Exit Snout.*

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this

95 (Robin among them) Collier MS. [Exeunt.....] om. Qq. The Clownes all Exit. F_1. The Clownes all Exeunt. F_2. The Clowns all Exeunt. F_3. The Clowns Exeunt. F_4. Collier MS. adds 'in confusion forw^d.'

96 *about*] *'bout* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

97 *Through bog,*] *Through bog, through mire* Johnson conj. *Through bog, through burn* Ritson conj. *Through bog, through brook* Lettsom conj.

99 *headless*] *heedless* Delius conj. *curbless* Gould conj.

101 Enter Piramus with the Asse head. Ff. Collier MS. adds 'on his owne'. Enter Bottom with an Ass Head. Rowe. om. Qq.

103 Re-enter Snout.] Capell. Enter... Qq Ff.

104, 105 *see on thee?*] *see on thee? an ass's head?* Johnson conj.

105 [Exit frighted. Collier MS.

107 [Exit Snout.] Dyce. Exit. Capell (at line 105). om. Qq Ff.
Re-enter Quince.] Capell. Enter Quince. Q_1. Enter Peter Quince. Q_2 Ff.

109 [Exit.] Exit running frighted Collier MS.

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place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;

Tita. [*Awaking*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. [*Sings*]

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go:

113 *I will*] *will* F_3F_4.
[Sings.] Pope. om. Qq Ff.
114 *ousel*] Pope. *Woosell* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$. *Woosel* F_4.
117 *with little*] Qq. *and little* Ff.
118 [Awaking] waking. Theobald. Sings waking. Pope. om. Qq Ff.
119 [Sings] Theobald. om. Qq Ff.
126 *enamour'd*] *enamoured* Q_1F_4. *enamored* $Q_2F_1F_2F_3$.
127—129 As in Q_1. In Q_2 Ff line 129, *On the first view...*, precedes 127, *So is mine eye...*
130 *mistress*] *mistresse* Qq F_1. *maistresse* F_2F_3. *maistress* F_4.

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Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, *and* MUSTARDSEED.

First Fai. Ready.
Sec. Fai. And I.
Third Fai. And I.
Fourth Fai. And I.
All. Where shall we go?
Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;

145 *dost*] *doth* F_3F_4.
148 *Peaseblossom...Mustardseed!*] Qq. Enter Pease-blossome...Mustard-seede, and four fairies. Ff (as a stage direction).
Moth] *Mots* Grant White.
149 SCENE III. Pope.
Enter...] Enter foure Fairyes. Qq (Fairies Q_2). Enter...four Fairies. Halliwell.
First Fai. *Ready*...All. *Where shall we go?*] Capell. Fairies. *Ready; and I, and I, and I. Where shall we go?* Qq Ff (*Readie: ...goe?* Q_1). 1. Fai. *Ready.* 2. Fai. *And I.* 3. Fai. *And I.* 4. Fai. *Where shall we go?* Steevens, 1793 (Farmer conj.).
154 *The*] *Their* Collier MS.
156 *glow-worm's*] *glow-worms'* Kinnear conj.
157 *have*] *show* Gould conj.

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And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

First Fai. Hail, mortal!

Sec. Fai. Hail!

Third Fai. Hail!

Fourth Fai. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily: I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

161—164 First Fai. *Hail, mortal...* Fourth Fai. *Hail!*] Capell. 1. Fai. *Haile mortall, hails.* 2 Fai. *Haile.* 3. Fai. *Haile.* Qq Ff.

165 *worships*] *worship's* Rowe.

168 *you of*] Qq Ff. *of you* Rowe.

174 *you of*] Qq. *of you* Ff.

175 *too*] *to* Qq F_1.

176 After this line F_1 inserts Peas. Pease-blossome (in italics): omitted in $F_2F_3F_4$.

177, 178 *your patience*] *your parentage* Hanmer. *your passions* Farmer conj. *youpassing* Mason conj. *your puissance.* Anon. ap. Rann conj.

180 *hath*] *have* Capell conj.

181 *your more*] F_3F_4. *you more* Qq F_1 F_2. *more of your* Rowe. *you, more* Capell. *of you more* Collier MS. *you of more* Collier, ed. 2 (Porson conj. MS.).

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The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.
How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:

184 *weeps, weeps*] *weepes, weepes* Q_1. *weepes, weepe* Q_2 Ff.
186 *love's*] Pope. *louers* Qq Ff.
love's tongue,] *lover's tongue and* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
[Exeunt.] Rowe. Exit. Qq Ff.
Another part...] Capell.
SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope. Theobald continues the scene.
Enter Oberon.] Enter King of Fairies, and Robin goodfellow. Qq. Enter King of Fairies (Pharies F_1), solus. Ff.
3 Enter Puck.] Ff. om. Qq.
4 *spirit*] *sprite* Pope.
5 *haunted*] *gaunted* F_1.
6, 7 *love. Near...bower,*] Rowe. *loue, Neere...bower.* Q_1. *loue, Neere ...bower,* Q_2 Ff.
13 *thick-skin*] *thick-skull* Hanmer.
14 *presented, in their sport*] *presented in their sport,* Collier.
sport] Rowe. *sport,* Qq Ff.

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When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nole I fixed on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

17 *nole*] *nowl* Johnson.
19 *mimic*] *Mimmick* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Mimick* F_4. *Minnick* Q_1. *Minnock* Q_2. *mammock* Ritson conj. *mimmock* Taylor conj. MS.
21 *russet-pated*] F_4. *russet pated* Q_1. *russed pated* Q_2. *russed-pated* $F_1F_2F_3$. *russet-patted* Clar. Press ed. (Bennett conj.) withdrawn.
25 *our stamp*] *a stump* Johnson (Theobald conj.). *our stump* Theobald conj.
30 *yielders*] F_3F_4. *yeelders* Qq F_1F_2.
36 *latch'd*] *latcht* Q_1 F_3F_4. *lacht* Q_2 F_1F_2. *lech'd* Hanmer. *laced* Anon. conj. *las'd* or *wash'd* Long MS. *streak'd* or *bath'd* D. Wilson conj. *hatch'd* Daniel conj.
38 Puck.] Rowe. Rob. Qq Ff.
too] *to* Qq F_1.
40 *waked*] *wak't* Qq Ff. *wakes* Pope. (stand aparte) Collier MS.

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Enter HERMIA *and* DEMETRIUS.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me: would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bored, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.
Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

41 SCENE V. Pope.
42 Puck.] Rowe. Rob. Qq Ff. They stand apart. Collier, ed. 2.
48, 49 *Being...too.*] Printed as one line in Qq Ff. Corrected by Rowe (ed. 2).
48 *the deep*] *knee deep* Phelps (Coleridge conj.). *more deep* Long MS.
49 *too*] *to* Qq.
52 *From*] *Frow* Q_1.
54 *displease*] *disease* Hanmer. *displace* Long MS. and D. Wilson conj.
55 *with the*] *i' th'* Warburton.
57 *dead*] *dread* Pope.
58 *murder'd*] *murthered* Q_1. *murdered* Q_2. *murderer* Ff.
57, 60 *murderer*] *murtherer* Q_1.
60 *look*] *looke* Qq. *looks* Ff.

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Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A privilege, never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

64 *I had*] Q_1. *Ide* Q_2. *I'de* Ff. *I'd* Rowe. *I'ad* Pope.
65 *bounds*] *bonds* Q_2.
68 *tell true, tell true*] *tell true: tell true* Q_1. *tell true* Q_2F_1. *tell true, and* $F_2F_3F_4$.
69 *have*] Qq. *a* Ff.
70 *touch*] *tutch* Qq Ff.
72 *An*] *And* F_2.
74 *on*] *in* Steevens conj.
on a misprised mood] *in a mispris'd flood* Collier MS.
76 *aught*] Theobald (ed. 2). *ought* Qq Ff.
78 *An*] Capell. *And* Qq Ff.
80, 81 *And...more,*] As in Pope. One line in Qq Ff.
80 *so*] Pope. om. Qq Ff.
81 *he be*] *he's* Pope.
85 *sleep*] Rowe. *slippe* Q_1. *slip* Q_2 Ff.
87 [Lies down and sleeps.] Collier. Ly doune. Q_1. Lie downe. Q_2 Ff.

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Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. *Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wakest, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;

88 SCENE VI. Pope.
Coming forward with Puck. Collier, ed. 2. (come forward) Collier MS.
91 *turn'd, and not*] *turn'd false, not* Hanmer.
92 Puck.] Rowe. Robi. Q_1. Rob. Q_2 Ff.
that,] *for* Hanmer.
94 Obe.] Ob. Qq $F_1F_2F_4$. Rob. F_3.
97 *costs*] Qq Ff. *cost* Hanmer.
99 *do*] Q_2. *doe* Q_1. *doth* Ff.
100 Puck.] Rowe. Robin. Qq. Rob. Ff.
look] *look, master*, Hanmer.
101 [Exit.] Q_2 Ff. om. Q_1.
104 Anointing the eyes of Demetrius. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
109 *her*] *her*, Q_1.
Re-enter...] Capell. Enter...Qq Ff.

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And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me
That befal preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgement when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*Awaking*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

121 (stand backe) Collier MS.
122 SCENE VII. Pope. SCENE VI. Warburton.
123 *come*] Qq. *comes* Ff.
136 After this S. Walker suspected that a line was lost.
137 [Awaking] om. Qq. Awa. Ff (at the end of line 136).

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Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!
Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment:
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort

143, 144 *O...white, this*] *This...white—O* Becket conj.

144 *princess*] *pureness* Hanmer. *impress* Staunton (Collier conj. and Collier MS.). *purest* Lettsom conj. *quintessence* Bailey conj. (withdrawn). *pure*] om. Bailey conj. (withdrawn). *white*] *whites* Bailey conj. (1866).

145 *all are*] Qq. *are all* Ff.

150 *you must join in souls*] *you must join in flouts* Hanmer. *must join insolents* Warburton. *you must join in scorns* or *in scoffs* Johnson conj. *you must join in scouls* Blackstone conj. *you must join in shoals* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. 1785). *you must join in soul* Rann (Mason conj.). *you must join, ill souls,* Tyrwhitt conj. *you must join, in sooth,* Bailey conj. (1866). *you must join in taunts* Elze conj. (Athen. 1867). *you must join in sport* Wetherell conj. (Athen. 1867). *you must join in sports* D. Wilson conj. (1873). *you must join insults* Spedding conj. and Leo conj. (Athen. 1880). *too*] *to* $Q_1F_1F_2$.

151 *were*] Qq. *are* Ff.

159 *derision! none of*] *derision; none*

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A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.
Lys. Helen, it is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

of Ff. *derision, none of* Q_2. *derision None, of* Q_1.
noble] *Nobler* Rowe (ed. 1).
163 *you know*] *you do* Jackson conj.
164 *here*] *heare* Q_1.
166 *of*] *in* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
167 *will do*] *will love* Edd. conj.
till] Q_1. *to* Q_2 Ff.
171 *to her*] *with her* Johnson.
172 *is it*] Q_1. *it is* Q_2 Ff.
173 *There*] *There ever* Pope.
Helen,] Q_1. om. Q_2 Ff.
175 *aby*] Q_1. *abide* Q_2 Ff.
dear] *here* S. Walker conj.
176 Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter... Qq Ff.
177 SCENE VIII. Pope. SCENE VII. Warburton.
182 *thy*] Qq. *that* Ff.

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Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?
Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,

188 *oes*] *orbs* Grey conj.
190 *bare*] *bear* F_4.
194 *of me*] *to me* Johnson.
199 *sisters' vows*] *sisters vowes* Qq Ff. *sister vows* Capell (Upton conj.). *sister-vows* Dyce (ed. 2).
201 *O, is all*] Qq F_1. *O, and is all* $F_2F_3F_4$. *O, is all now* Malone. *O, now is all* Reed. *O, is it all* Spedding conj. *Oh! is this all* Keightley. *Oh! is all then* Id. conj. *O, is all this* Hudson conj.
202 *school-days'*] *school-day* Capell. *childhood*] *childhoods* F_3F_4.
203 *two artificial*] *to artificer* D. Wilson conj.
gods] *girls* Gould conj.
204 *Have...created both*] *Created with our needles both* Pope. See note (III). *needles*] *neelds* Steevens (1793).

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But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

210 *yet*] om. F_3F_4.
an] Qq F_4. *a* $F_1F_2F_3$.
211 *lovely*] *loving* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
212 *So,*] *Or* Hanmer.
213 *first, like*] Theobald (Folkes conj.). *first life* Qq F_1. *first life,* $F_2F_3F_4$.
213, 214 Omitted in Collier MS.
215 *rent*] *rend* Rowe.
218 *for it*] *for't* S. Walker conj.
220 *I am amazed at your passionate words*] Ff. *I am amazed at your words* Qq. *Helen I am amazed at your words* Pope.
234 *unloved?*] *unlov'd*... Keightley.

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Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault;
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.
Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.
Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come!
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiope!
Dem. No, no; he'll ...
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,

237 *Ay, do, persever*] *I, do, perseuer* Q_2 Ff. *I doe. Perseuer* Q_1. *Ay, do, persevere* Rowe. *I do;—perceive* D. Wilson conj.
238 *Make mouths*] *Make mows* Steevens (1793).
241 *have*]*had* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
243 *my*] Q_1. *mine* Q_2 Ff.
246 *my life*] Qq F_1. omitted in $F_2F_3F_4$.
250 *prayers*] Theobald. *praise* Qq Ff. *prays* Capell (Theobald conj.).
252 *lose*] *loose* Q_1.
255 *too*] *to* Qq.
256 (Hold him) Collier MS.
257 *Ethiope*] *Ethiope you* Heath conj.
257, 258 *No, no; he'll...Seem to break loose*] Edd. *No, no: heele Seeme to breake loose* Q_1. *No, no, hee'l seeme to breake loose* (as one line) Q_2. *No, no, Sir, seem to breake loose* (as one line) Ff. *No, no he'll seem To break away* Pope. *No, no;*

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But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?
Sweet love,—

Lys. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—

he'll not come.—Seem to break loose Capell. *No, no; he'll—sir, Seem to break loose* Malone. *No, no; sir:—he will Seem to break loose* Steevens (1793). *No, no, he'll not stir: Seem to break loose* Jackson conj. *No, no, sir, seem To break loose* Keightley. *No, no, sir; you Seem to break loose* Dyce, ed. 2 (Lettsom conj.). *No, no; hell Seems to break loose* D. Wilson conj. *No, no, Sir, hell Seems to break loose* or *Now, now, Sir! Hell's abyss Seems to break loose* Bulloch conj. *No! no, sir; thou'lt Seem to break loose* Kinnear conj. *No, no; he'll but Seem to break loose* Nicholson conj. *No, no, sir:—do; Seem to break loose* Hudson. See note (IV).

258 *you*] *he* Pope.
would follow,] *would follow me,* Keightley. *would, fellow!* D. Wilson conj. *would flow,* Bulloch conj.

259 *yet come not*] *you come not* or *yet come on* Bulloch conj.

260 *off*] *of* Q_1.
burr] *bur* Qq F_1. *but* $F_2F_3F_4$.

264 *hated*] Pope. *ô hated* Qq. *O hated* Ff.
potion] Q_1. *poison* Q_2 Ff.

271 *What,...harm*] *What greater harm can you do me* Hanmer.
hate] *harm* F_4.

272 *news,*] *means* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

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In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night
And stolen my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Her. Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,

279 *Therefore be*] *Therefore Be* S. Walker conj., putting *Therefore* in a separate line.
of doubt] *doubt* Pope. om. Anon. conj.
282 *juggler! you*] *jugler, oh you* Pope. *jugler, you! you* Capell.
289 *why so?*] QqFf. *why, so:* Theobald. *way goes*] *ways go* Rowe.
292 *tall personage*] *tall parsonage* Q_2.
299 *gentlemen*] *gentleman* Q_1.

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Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.
Her. Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?
Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
Her. What, with Lysander?
Hel. With Demetrius.
Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.
Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.
Her. Little again! nothing but low and little!
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;

304 *she is*] Qq $F_1F_2F_3$. *she's* F_4.
311 *follow'd*] Rowe. *followed* Qq Ff.
313 *too*] *to* Qq.
320 Hel.] Her. F_1F_3.
321 *shall*] *will* F_4.
Helena] *Helen* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
323 *she's*] *she is* Q_1.
329 *You minimus*] *You minim you* Theobald (ed. 2).

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You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone: speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.
[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*

Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say. [*Exit.*

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistakest,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;

335 *aby*] Q_1. *abie* Q_2. *abide* Ff.
337 *Of*] *Or* Theobald. See note (v).
Of...mine] *Of mine or thine* Malone conj.
[Exit. Q_2.
338 [Exeunt...] Exe...Pope. Exit...Ff. om. Qq.
339 *'long*] Capell. *long* Qq Ff.
340 *you, I*] *you* Rowe (ed. 1).
343 [Exit.] Capell. om. Qq Ff. Exeunt. Rowe. Exeunt: Herm. pursuing Helena. Theobald.
344 Her. *I...say.*] Omitted in Ff.
[Exit.] Capell. Exeunt Qq. Exit pursuing Helena. Malone.
345 SCENE IX. Pope. SCENE VIII. Warburton.
Enter Oberon and Puck. Ff.
346 *wilfully*] Qq. *willingly* Ff.
347 *shadows*] *fairies* Gould conj.
349 *had*] Q_1. *hath* Q_2 Ff.
351 *'nointed*] *nointed* Qq Ff.

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And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
Obe. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.
Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;

352 *so did*] *did so* Rowe.
357 *fog*] *fogs* Theobald (ed. 2).
364 *death-counterfeiting*] *death-counterfaiting*, Q_1. *death-counterfeiting*, Q_2F_1.
368 *his*] *its* Rowe.
374 *employ*] *imploy* Q_1F_4. *apply* Q_2. *imply* $F_1F_2F_3$.
379 *night's swift*] *nights swift* Q_1. *night swift* Q_2. *night-swift* F_1. *nights-swift* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town:
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

386 *themselves exile*] *exile themselves* F_3F_4. *exil'd themselves* Theobald conj., making Oberon's speech begin with this line.
387 *black-brow'd*] *black browed* Q_1.
389 *morning's love*] Qq F_1. *morning love* $F_2F_3F_4$. *morning-love* Rowe (ed. 1). *morning-light* Id. (ed. 2).
392 *Neptune with...beams,*] *Neptune, with...beams* S. Walker conj. *fair blessed*] *far-blessing* Hanmer (Warburton).
393 *salt green*] *sea-green* Tathwell ap. Grey conj. (doubtfully).
394 *notwithstanding,*] *notwistandiug.* Q_1. *notwithstanding* Q_2 Ff.
395 [Exit.] Exit Oberon. Rowe. om. Qq Ff.
396, 437, 448 Puck.] Puck [sings]. Anon. conj.
396—399 *Up...down.*] As in Pope. Two lines in Q_1. Prose in Q_2Ff.
396 *down, up*] *down then, up* Hanmer.
399 *Goblin...down.*] Given to Oberon, Collier conj. (omitting 'Exit,' l. 395).
400, 404 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Qq Ff.
401 *Where...now.*] As in Qq. Two lines in Ff.

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Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lys. I will be with thee straight.
Puck. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground. [*Exit Lysander, as following the voice.*

Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again:
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come, thou gentle day!

403, 404 *Follow...ground.*] As in Theobald. One line in Qq Ff.
404 [Exit...voice.] Exit Lys....Voice, which seems to go off. Capell. Lys. goes out, as following Dem. Theobald. om. Qq Ff.
406 *Speak! In some bush?*] Capell. *Speake in some bush.* Qq. *Speake in some bush:* Ff.
Speak!...head?] *Speak in some bush, where thou dost hide thy head.* Hanmer.
407 *bragging*] *begging* F_3F_4.
412 [Exeunt.] Qq. Exit. Ff. Re-enter...] Capell. Lysander comes back. Theobald. om. Qq Ff.
414 *calls, then he is*] *calles, then he is* Q_1. *calles, then hee's* Q_2. *cals, then he's* F_1. *cals me, then he's* $F_2F_3F_4$.
416 *follow'd*] Rowe. *followed* Qq Ff. [shifting places. Ff.
418 [Lies down.] lye down. Ff. om. Qq.

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For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And darest not stand, nor look me in the face
Where art thou now?
Puck. Come hither: I am here.
Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lies down and sleeps.*

Re-enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

420 [Sleeps.] Capell.
Re-enter...] Capell. Enter Robin... Ff. Robin, and Demetrius. Q_1. Robin and Demetrius. Q_2.
421 *Ho, ho, ho!*] *Ho, ho; ho, ho!* Capell.
why] *why then* Hanmer.
425 *now*] Q_1. om. Q_2 Ff.
Come] *Come thou* Pope.
426 *shalt*] *shat* Q_1.
buy] Qq Ff. *'by* Collier (Johnson conj.).
429 [lies down. Capell.
430 [Lies...] Malone. Lyes down. Rowe. sleeps. Capell.
Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter...Qq Ff. Enter Helena, and throws herself down. Capell.
431 SCENE X. Pope.
432 *Shine comforts*] Q_2 Ff. *shine comforts*, Q_1. *Shine, comforts*, Theobald.
435 *sometimes*] Qq F_3F_4. *sometime* F_1F_2.
436 [Lies...] Dyce. Sleepe. Qq Ff. Sleeps. Rowe.

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Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe;
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*

When thou wakest,
Thou takest
True delight
In the sight

437 *three?*] *three here?* Hanmer.
438 *makes*] Qq $F_1F_2F_4$. *make* F_3.
439 *comes*] *cometh* Hanmer.
441 Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter H. F_3F_4. Enter H. (after line 440) F_1F_2.
446 *me*] *me,* [lies down] Capell.
447 *Heavens*] *Heaven* Anon. conj. [Lies...] Dyce. Lyes down. Rowe. om. Qq Ff.
448 [to Lysander, whose Eyes he anoints. Capell.
448—451 *On...eye,*] As two lines, Tathwell ap. Grey conj.
448—457 *On...eye:*] As in Warburton. Four lines in Qq Ff.
449 *Sleep*] *sleep thou* Hanmer. *Sleep you* Seymour conj.
451 *To your eye*] Rowe. *your eye* QqFf.
452 [Squeezing...] Rowe.
453—456. *When...sight*] As two lines, Tathwell ap. Grey conj.
453 *wakest*] *wakest next,* Hanmer.
454 *Thou*] *Then thou* Seymour conj. *See thou* Collier, ed. 2 (Tyrwhitt conj.).
takest] Qq F_1F_4. *rak'st* F_2F_3.

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Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, *and* HERMIA, *lying asleep.*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, *and other* Fairies *attending;* OBERON *behind unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me

461, 462 *Jack...ill;*] As in Johnson. One line in Qq Ff.
463 *mare*] *mate* Gould conj.
well] *still* Steevens conj.
[They sleepe all the Act. Ff.
ACT IV. SCENE I.] Rowe. Actus Quartus. Ff. om. Qq. See note (VI).
The same...] The same. The Lovers, at a Distance, asleep. Capell. The Wood. Pope.
Enter...] Enter Queene of Faieries, and Clowne, and Faieries: and the king behinde them. Qq Ff.
1 [seating him on a Bank. Capell.
7, 8 *Mounsieur*] Qq Ff. *Monsieur* Rowe. See note (VII).
10 *get you*] Q_1. *get* Q_2 Ff.

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the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed.

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas.

15 *overflown*] *overflow'd* Malone conj.
18 *your*] *thy* Pope.
neaf] *neafe* Qq F_1. *newfe* F_2. *newse* F_3. *newe* F_4.
Mustardseed] Qq F_1F_2. *Mustard* F_3 F_4.
19 *courtesy*] *curtsie* Q_1. *courtesie* $Q_2F_1F_2$. *curtesie* F_3F_4.
21 *Cavalery*] Qq F_1. *Cavalero* $F_2F_3F_4$.
22 *Cobweb*] *Peaseblossom* Rann (Anon. ap. Grey conj.).
23 *marvellous*] *maruailes* Q_1. *maruailous* Q_2. *marvels* Capell. See note (11).
24 *do*] *doth* Rowe (ed. 2).
25 *some*] *some some* Q_2.
26 *Let's*] *Lets* Q_1. *Let us* Q_2 Ff.
27 *tongs*] *tongues* F_2.
Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke. Ff. om. Qq.
32, 33. As in Hanmer. Three lines in Q_2 Ff, ending *Fairy...hoard...nuts.* Two lines in Q_1, ending *hoord...nuts.* Prose in Pope.
33 *thee*] *thee thence* Hanmer. *thee the* S. Walker conj. *for thee* Collier conj. *new*] *newest* Kinnear conj.
nuts] *nuts wary To furnish forth thy board* Bulloch conj., reading 32, 33 as four lines.

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But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. [*Exeunt Fairies.*
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Obe. [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.

37, 38 Hudson (Lettsom conj.) transposes these lines.

38 *all ways*] Theobald. *alwaies* Qq F_1. *alwayes* F_2F_3. *always* F_4. *a while* Hanmer.
all ways away.] *away.—Away* [Seeing them loiter. Upton conj. *always i' th' way.* Heath conj. *always:—Away!* Jackson conj.
[Exeunt...] Capell. om. Qq Ff.

39, 40 *woodbine...entwist;*] *woodbine,... Honisuckle,...entwist:* Q_1. *woodbine,...Honisuckle,...entwist;* Q_2Ff.

39 *woodbine*] *woodrine* Upton conj. *weedbind* Steevens conj. *wood pine* Gould conj.

40 *entwist; the female*] *entwist the maple;* Theobald (Warburton conj.).

40, 41 *entwist;...Enrings*] *entwist,... Enring,* Capell.

42 [They sleep.] Capell. om. Qq Ff. Enter Puck.] Rowe. Enter Robin goodfellow. Qq. Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon. Ff. Oberon advances. Enter Puck. Capell.

43 [Advancing] Collier.
As in Qq. Two lines in Ff.

46 *favours*] Q_1. *favors* F_4. *sauors* Q_2F_1. *savors* F_2F_3.

52 *flowerets'*] *flow'rets'* Knight. *flouriets* Qq Ff. *flouret's* Johnson. *flowrets'* Steevens (1793).

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When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That, he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

57 *fairy*] Qq Ff. *fairies* Dyce.
61 *transformed*] *transforming* D. Wilson conj.
62 *off*] *of* Q_1.
63 *That, he*] *That hee*, Q_1. *That he* Q_2 Ff.
other] *others* Rowe.
64 *May all*] *All may* Grey conj.
68 *Be*] Qq. *Be thou* Ff.
[touching her Eyes with an Herb Capell. Anointing her eyes. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
70 *o'er*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *or* Qq Ff.
76 *do*] *doth* Q_2 F_1.
his] Q_1. *this* Q_2 Ff.
77 *this*] Qq. *his* Ff.
79 *sleep of all these five*] Theobald

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Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep! [*Music, still.*

Puck. Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Horns winded within.*

(Thirlby conj.). *sleepe: of all these, fine* Qq F_1F_2. *sleep; of all these find* F_3F_4. *sleep. Of all these fine* Rowe (ed. 2).

80 *ho!*] *howe* Q_1.
Music, still.] Musick still. Ff. om. Qq. Still Musick. Theobald. Capell puts it after *music!* line 82.

81 *Now, when thou wakest*] Q_1. *When thou wak'st* Q_2F_1. *When thou awak'st* $F_2F_3F_4$.

87 *fair prosperity*] Q_1. *faire posterity* Q_2Ff. *far posterity* Hanmer (Warburton).

88 *the*] Qq F_1. *these* $F_2F_3F_4$.

90 *Fairy*] Qq. *Faire* F_1F_2. *Fair* F_3F_4.

92 *sad*] *fade* Theobald. *staid* Daniel conj.

93 *night's*] *nights* Q_1. *the nights* Q_2 Ff. *the night's* Rowe.

98 After this line Ff give the stage direction 'Sleepers Lye still'.

99 [Horns.....within.] Winde horne Q_1. Winde hornes. Q_2 Ff.

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Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and train.*

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester. [*Exit an Attend.*
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;

100 SCENE II. Pope.
Enter...and train.] Enter...and all his traine. Ff. Enter Theseus and all his traine. Qq.
104 *Uncouple...go*] *Let them uncouple in the western valley: Go;* Capell conj.
Uncouple] *Uncoupl'd* Anon. ap. Rann conj.
let them] om. Pope.
105 [Exit...] Dyce. om. Qq Ff.
110 *bear*] *boar* Hanmer (Theobald conj.).
113 *fountains*] *mountains* Anon. ap. Theobald conj.
114 *Seem'd*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Seeme* Qq F_1.
119 *Thessalian*] *Thessalonian* F_4.
125 *is*] om. Q_1.

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And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.
The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?
Ege. It is, my lord.
The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.
[*Horns and shout within. Lys., Dem., Hel., and Her., wake and start up.*
Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
Lys. Pardon, my lord.
The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

127 *Nedar's*] *Nestor's* S. Walker conj.
128 *of their*] Q_1. *of this* Q_2 Ff. *at their* Pope.
130 *rite*] Pope. *right* Qq Ff.
135 [Horns...] Theobald. Shoute within: they all start vp. Winde hornes. Qq. Hornes and they wake. Shout within, they all start vp. Ff.
138 [He and the rest kneel to Theseus. Capell.
141 *is*] *is is* F_1.
144 *sleep*] *'sleep* Capell.
149, 150 *might,...law.*] *might...lawe,*

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Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—
But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:

Q_1. *might be...law.* Q_2 Ff. *might Be without peril...law.* Hanmer. *might,...law,*— Dyce. *might Without...law...* Keightley.
159 *follow'd*] Rowe. *followed* Qq Ff.
160 *following*] Q_1. *followed* Q_2 Ff.
162—164. Divided as by Pope. In Qq Ff the lines end at *love...snow... gaud.*
163 *Melted as*] *Is melted as* Pope. *Melted as doth* Capell. *All melted as* Staunton conj. *Melted as melts* Dyce (ed. 2). *Melted e'en as the snow* Keightley. *Immaculate as* Bulloch conj. *Melted as thaws* Kinnear conj.
169 *betroth'd*] *betrothed* Q_1.
saw Hermia] Steevens (1778). *see Hermia* Qq Ff. *did see Hermia* Rowe (ed. 1). *Hermia saw* Rowe (ed. 2).
170 *But, like in*] *Belike as* Bulloch conj. *When, like in* Kinnear conj.
in sickness] Steevens, 1793 (Farmer conj.). *a sickness* Qq Ff.
171 *But,*] *Yet* Hanmer.
172 *I do*] Q_1. *do I* Q_2 Ff.

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Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit:
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens! three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta. [*Exeunt The., Hip., Ege., and train.*

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him;

175 *we more will hear*] *we more will here* Q_1. *we will heare more* Q_2. *we shall heare more* Ff. *more will we hear* Lettsom conj.

182, 183 *We'll...Hippolyta.*] one line in Q.

183 *Come, Hippolyta*] *Come, my Hippolita* Hanmer.

184 Dem.] Lys. Capell conj.

[Exeunt...] Exit Duke and Lords. Ff. Exit. Q_2. om. Q_1.

188 *like*] om. Hanmer.

jewel] *gemell* Theobald (Warburton). *gimmal* quoted by Singer.

189, 190 *Are you sure That we are awake?*] Qq. Omitted in Ff. *But are you sure That we are well awake?* Capell. *But are you sure That we are now awake?* Steevens conj. *Are you sure That we are now awake?* Malone conj. *Are you sure That we are yet awake?* Anon. conj.

194 *did bid*] Q_1. *bid* Q_2 Ff.

195, 196 Printed as prose in Qq Ff, as verse in Rowe (ed. 2).

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And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

Bot. [*Awaking*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,—and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Athens.* QUINCE'S *house.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

196 *let us*] Q_2 Ff. *lets* Q_1.
[Exeunt.] Rowe. Exit Louers. Ff. Exit. Q_2. om. Q_1.
197 SCENE III. Pope.
[Awaking] Bottome wakes. Ff. om. Qq.
201, 202 *I have had a dream*] Qq. *I had a dream* Ff.
203 *to*] om. Q_1.
205 *a patched*] *a patch'd* Ff. *patcht a* Qq.
210 *ballad*] F_4. *ballet* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$.
212 *a play*] *the play* Hanmer. *our play* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
213 *at her*] *after* Theobald. *at Thisbe* Collier MS.
SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope.
Athens.] Hanmer. Changes to the Town. Theobald.
Quince's house.] A Room in Quince's House. Capell.
1 Enter...] Rowe (ed. 2). Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby and the rabble. Qq. Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbie, Snout, and Starueling. Ff.

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Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it? 6

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens. 10

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say 'paragon': a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men. 17

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a day: an the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour! 25

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me

3 Star.] Ff. Flut. Q_1. Flute. Q_2.
5, 9, 13, 18 Flu.] Flute. Rowe (ed. 2). Thys. or This. or Thisb. Qq Ff.
5, 6 *goes not*] Qq F_1F_2. *goes* F_3F_4.
11 Quin.] Snout. Phelps (Halliwell conj.).
too] *to* Q_1.
13 Flu.] Quin. Phelps conj.
14 *naught*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *nought* Qq F_1.
Enter Snug.] Rowe. Enter Snug, the Ioyner. Qq Ff.
19 *scaped*] *scraped* Grey conj.
20 *an*] Pope. *And* Qq Ff.
23 *hearts*] *harts* Q_1.
25 [All croud about him. Capell.

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not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go, away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Athens. The palace of* THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

27 *no*] Ff. *not* Qq.
28 *right*] Qq. om. Ff.
30 *All that*] *all* Rowe.
34 *preferred*] *proffered* Theobald conj.
38, 39 *doubt but*] Qq F_1F_2. *doubt* F_3F_4.
40 *go, away!*] *go, away.* Theobald. *go away.* Qq Ff.
[Exeunt.] Ff. om. Qq.
ACT V. SCENE I.] Rowe. Actus Quintus. Ff. om. Qq.
Athens. The palace of Theseus.] The Palace. Theobald. The same. A State-Room in Theseus's Palace. Capell.
Enter...] See note (VIII).
3 *antique*] Q_1. *anticke* $Q_2F_1F_2$. *antick* F_3F_4.
5, 6 *apprehend More than*] Theobald. *apprehend more Then* Qq Ff.
5—8 Printed in Q_1 as three lines, ending *more...lunatick...compact.*
6 *cool*] *cooler* Pope.

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The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love

10 *That is, the madman:*] *The madman. While* Pope.
12, 13 In Q_1 these lines end with *glance...And as.* In Q_2 F_1 with *glance...heauen.*
14—18 As in Rowe (ed. 2). As four lines in Qq Ff, ending *things... shapes...habitation...imagination.*
16 *shapes*] *shape* Pope.
airy] Q_2. *ayery* Q_1. *aire* F_1F_2. *ayre* F_2. *air* F_4.
19 *it*] *he* Rowe (ed. 2).
21 *Or*] *So* Hanmer. *As* Taylor conj. MS. *For* Anon. conj.
21, 22 *Or...bear /*] Grant White conjectures that these lines are interpolated.
27 *But,*] *Be't* Hanmer.
28 Enter...] Enter Louers; Lysander... Qq Ff (after line 27).
29 *days of love*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *days Of loue* QqF_1.

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Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What masque? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe:
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper.*

The. [*reads*] The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
[*Reads*] The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
[*Reads*] The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.

30, 31 *More...bed!*] Printed as prose in Qq F_1, as verse first in F_2.
31 *Wait in*] *Wait on* Rowe.
33, 34 The lines end *betweene...manager* in Q_1. Corrected in Q_2.
34 *our*] Ff. *Or* Qq.
37, 38 *To...Philostrate.*] One line in Q_1.
38 *Philostrate*] Qq. *Egeus* Ff.
38, 42, 61 Phil.] Qq. Ege. Ff.
42 *There*] *Here* Anon. ap. Halliwell conj. *ripe*] Q_1. *rife* Q_2 Ff.
43 [Giving a paper.] Theobald.
44 The. [reads] Theobald. The. Q_1. Thes. Q_2. Lis. Ff. See note (IX). *Centaurs*] *centaur* F_4.
45 *harp.*] *Harpe?* Q_1.
49 *rage.*] F_4. *rage?* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$.
53 *beggary.*] *beggery?* Q_1.

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That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
[*Reads*] A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?
Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.
The. What are they that do play it?
Phil. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories

57 *mirth.*] *mirth!* Qq.
58—60 Printed as prose in Qq Ff.
59 *That is...snow*] Omitted by Pope.
ice] *Ise* Q_1.
and wondrous strange snow] *and wond'rous scorching snow* Hanmer. *a wondrous strange shew* Warburton. *and wonderous strange snow* Theobald (ed. 2). *and wondrous strange black snow* Capell (Upton conj.). *and wonderous strong snow* Mason conj. *and wondrous seething snow* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *and wondrous swarthy snow* Dyce, ed. 2 (Staunton conj.). *and wondrous staining snow* Nicholson conj. *and wondrous sable snow* Keightley (Bailey conj.). *and wondrous orange* (or *raven* or *azure*) *snow* Bailey conj. *and wind-restraining snow* Wetherell conj. (Athen. 1867). *and wondrous sooty snow* Herr conj. *and ponderous flakes of snow* Leo conj. (Athen. 1880). *and wondrous strange in hue* Bulloch conj. *and wondrous swart snow* Kinnear conj. *and, wondrous strange! jet snow* Perring conj.
61 *there is*] *it is* Hanmer. *this is* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
66—70 In Qq F_1 the lines end *Pyramus*, *...saw...water...laughter...shed.*
68 *saw*] *saw't* Hanmer.

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With this same play, against your nuptial.
The. And we will hear it.
Phil. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.
The. I will hear that play;
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit Philostrate.*
Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
And duty in his service perishing.
The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.
The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.

75 *nuptial*] Qq F_1. *nuptialls* $F_2F_3F_4$.
76, 77 Qq Ff end these lines *heare it ...heard.* Corrected by Rowe (ed. 2).
77—80 Daniel arranges thus: *No, my ...for you, Unless...intents To do you service. I have heard it o'er, And it ...world, Extremely...pain.*
79 Douce would print this line in a parenthesis. Johnson supposes a line to be lost after *intents.*
79, 80 Gould suggests that these lines should be transposed.
80 *conn'd*] *penn'd* Kenrick conj.
81, 82 *I...thing*] As one line in Qq Ff. Corrected by Rowe (ed. 2).
84 [Exit...] Pope. om. Qq Ff.
91 *poor duty*] *poor willing duty* Theobald. *poor duty meaning* Spedding conj. *poor faltering duty* Keightley. *do*] *do aright* Seymour conj. *do, yet would* Coleridge conj. *aptly do* Bailey conj.
cannot do] *would, but cannot do* quoted by Halliwell.
91, 92 *noble respect Takes*] *Noble respect takes* Theobald. *Respect takes* Seymour conj.
noble...merit] *respect Takes it in noble might, not noble merit* Bulloch conj.
92 *it in might, not merit*] *not in might, but merit* Johnson conj. *it in merit, not in might* Seymour conj. *it in mind, not merit* Spedding conj.

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Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I picked a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

Phil. So please your Grace, the Prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter QUINCE *for the* Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider, then, we come but in despite.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

95 *Where*] *When* Hanmer.
105 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Pope (ed. 2). Enter Philomon. Pope (ed. 1). om. Qq Ff.
106 Phil.] Qq. Egeus. Ff.
107 [Flourish of trumpets.] Flor. Trum. Ff. om. Qq.
108 SCENE II. Pope.
Enter Quince for the Prologue.] Rowe. Enter the Prologue. Qq. Enter the Prologue. Quince. F_1F_2. Enter Prologue. Quince. F_3F_4.
114 *is. All*] *is all* Pope.
115 *here. That*] *here that* Pope.
118 *points*] *his points* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

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Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, *and* LION.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:

120 *A good*] Dem. *A good* Edd. conj.
122 *his*] Ff. *this* Qq.
123 *a recorder*] Qq F_1. *the recorder* $F_2F_3F_4$.
124 *like*] *like unto* Keightley, reading as verse.
chain] *skein* Anon. conj.
125 *next*] Qq F_1. *the next* $F_2F_3F_4$.
Tawyer with a trumpet before them. Ff. See note (x).
Enter...] Enter...as in dumb Show. Capell.
130 *lime*] *loam* Hudson (Capell conj. MS.).
131 *that*] Qq F_1. *the* $F_2F_3F_4$.
134 *lanthorn*] *lanterne* Q_1.
138 *grisly*] *grizy* F_1.
Lion hight by name] *by name Lion hight* Theobald.
139 Malone conjectures that a line has been lost after *night*.
140 *scare*] F_3F_4. *scarre* Qq F_1F_2.
141 *did fall*] *let fall* Pope.
144 *trusty*] Qq. om. F_1. *gentle* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt Prologue, Pyramus, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Re-enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!

147 *And Thisby, tarrying*] Qq Ff. *And, Thisby tarrying* Malone.
in] *in the* F_3F_4.
150 [Exeunt...] Exit Lyon, Thysby, and Mooneshine. Qq (after line 153). Exit all but Wall. Ff (which repeat the stage direction of Qq).
155 *Snout*] Ff. *Flute* Qq.
157 *crannied*] *cranny*, Collier MS.
158 *Pyramus*] *Pyr'mus* Theobald.
Thisby] *This-be* Theobald.
160 *loam*] F_3F_4. *lome* Qq. *loame* F_1F_2. *lime* Reed (Capell conj.). See note (XI).
165 *discourse*] *in discourse* Farmer conj.
167, 185 Re-enter...] Ed. Enter...Qq Ff.

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And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!
[*Wall holds up his fingers.*
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Re-enter THISBE.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

This. My love thou art, my love I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

172 *O sweet, O*] Qq. *thou sweet and* Ff. *O sweet and* Pope.
173 *stand'st*] *standst* Q_1. *stands* Q_2 Ff.
175 [Wall...fingers.] Capell.
182—185 As in Pope. Four lines in Qq Ff.
183 *now*] Qq. om. Ff.
184 *it will fall pat...comes.* Re-enter Thisbe.] *it will fall...comes.* Enter T. Qq. *it will fall.* Enter Thisbie. *Pat...comes.* Ff.
189 *hair*] *hayire* Q_1.
up in thee] Ff. *now againe* Qq.
190 *see*] Qq F_1. *heare* $F_2F_3F_4$.
191 *an*] Pope. *and* Qq Ff. *hear*] Qq F_1. *see* $F_2F_3F_4$.
191, 192 *To spy...Thisby!*] As in Rowe (ed. 2). One line in Qq Ff.
193 *love thou art, my love*] Qq Ff. *love! thou art, my love,* Theobald.
195 *Limander*] *Limandea* Pope.
196 *I*] Qq F_2. om. $F_1F_3F_4$. *Helen*] *Heren* Blackstone conj.

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Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

[*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*

Wall. Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go. [*Exit.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Re-enter LION *and* MOONSHINE.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

199 *vile*] *vilde* Q_1.
202 [Exeunt P. and T.] Dyce.
204 [Exit.] Exit Clow. Ff. om. Qq. Exeunt Wall, P. and T. Capell.
205, &c. The.] Duk. or Du. or Duke. Qq Ff.
205 *mural down*] Pope (ed. 2). *Moon used* Qq. *morall downe* Ff. *mure all down* Hanmer (Theobald conj.). *wall downe* Collier MS.
208 *hear*] *rear* Hanmer (Warburton). *sheer* Hanmer conj. MS. *disappear* Heath conj. *leave* Gould conj.
209, 212 Hip.] Dutch. or Dut. Qq Ff.
209 *ever*] Q_1. *ere* Q_2 Ff.
214 *come*] Qq. *com* F_1. *comes* $F_2F_3F_4$.
215 *beasts in, a man*] Rowe (ed. 2). *beasts, in a man* Qq Ff. *beasts in a moon* Theobald. *beasts in, a moon* Hanmer. *beasts in, a moon-calf* Farmer conj. *beasts in, a man in a lion* Jackson conj.
Re-enter...] Ed. Enter... Qq Ff.

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Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!

220, 221 *I...dam*] *I am Snug the joiner in A lion-fell, or else a lion's skin* Daniel conj.
220 *one*] Ff. *as* Qq.
221 *A lion-fell*] Singer (ed. 2). *A Lyon fell* Qq Ff. *No lion fell* Rowe. *Nor lion fell* Long MS. *A lion's fell* Dyce, ed. 1 (Barron Field conj.). *else*] *eke* Capell conj., reading with Rowe.
223 *on*] Qq. *of* Ff. *o'* Capell conj. MS. *my*] *your* Collier MS.
232 *listen*] Q_1. *hearken* Q_2 Ff. *moon*] *man* Anon. conj.
234 *on*] *upon* Hanmer.
235 *no*] *not* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
238 *do*] Q_2. *doe* Q_1. *doth* Ff.
240, 253 *lantern*] *lanthorne* Qq Ff.
242, 243 Two lines in Qq Ff.
244 *aweary*] Q_1. *weary* Q_2 Ff.

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The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man i' the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Re-enter THISBE.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. [*Roaring*] Oh—— [*Thisbe runs off.*

Dem. Well roared, Lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace. [*The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*

The. Well moused, Lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Re-enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;

246 *his*] *this* Pope.
251 *i' the*] *ith* Q_1. *in the* Q_2 Ff.
253, 254 *for all these*] Q_1. *for they* Q_2 Ff.
254, 263 Re-enter...] Ed. Enter... Qq Ff.
255 *old...tomb*] *ould...tumbe* Q_1. *Where is*] *wher's* Q_2.
256 [The Lion roares, Thisby runs off. Ff. om. Qq.
260 *a*] om. Rowe (ed. 1).
[The Lion.....exit.] Capell. om. Qq Ff.
261 *moused*] *mous'd* Qq Ff. *mouth'd* Rowe.
262, 263 Dem. *And then...vanished.*] *and so comes...And then the moon vanishes.* Steevens (Farmer conj.). Lys. *And so the lion's vanished.* Dem. *Now then comes Pyramus.* Lettsom conj. Hudson (Spedding conj.) transposes these lines.

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For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.
But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood!
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus;
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop: [*Stabs himself.*
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

266 *gleams*] Staunton (Knight conj.). *streams* $F_2F_3F_4$. *beames* Qq F_1.
267 *take*] Qq. *taste* Ff.
Thisby] Qq. *Thisbies* Ff.
268—279 As in Pope. Eight lines in Qq Ff.
269 [Seeing Thisby's mantle. Collier MS.
273 *dear*] *deare* Qq. *Deere* F_1F_2. *Deer* F_3F_4.
276 *ye*] Qq. *you* Ff.
280, 281 Printed as verse in Ff, ending *friend...sad.*
280 *and*] *on* Collier MS.
281 *near*] *well near* Keightley.
282 *pity*] *do pity* Keightley.
284 *vile*] Pope. *vilde* Qq F_1. *vild* F_2F_3 F_4. *wild* Rowe.
dear] *deare* Qq. *deere* F_1F_2. *Deer* F_3F_4.
287—298 As in Pope. Seven lines in Qq Ff.
291 *hop*] *rap* Gould conj.
[Stabs himself.] Dyce. om. Qq Ff.
292 (Stab himselfe as often) Collier MS.

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Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon, take thy flight: [*Exit Moonshine.*
Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she means, videlicet:—

This. Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!

296 *Tongue*] *Sunne* Anon. ap. Rann. *Moon* Elze conj.
lose] Q_2 Ff. *loose* Q_1.
297 *Moon*] *Dog* Elze conj. (Athen. 1867).
[Exit M.] Capell. om. Qq Ff.
298 [Dies.] Capell. om. Qq Ff.
303 *and prove*] Q_2Ff. *and yet proove* Q_1.
304 *Moonshine*] *the Moon-shine* F_3F_4.
304, 305 *before Thisbe...lover?*] Rowe. *before? Thisby...Louer.* Qq Ff.
307 Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter Thisby. Ff (after line 305). om. Qq.
310 *mote*] Steevens, 1793 (Heath conj.). *moth* Qq Ff.
311, 312 *he for a man...God bless us*] Qq. omitted in Ff.
311 *warrant*]Collier. *warnd* Qq. *warn'd* Staunton. *ward* Staunton conj.
314 *means*] Qq Ff. *moans* Theobald.
315—338 As in Pope. Sixteen lines in Qq Ff.

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Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan:
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue: [*Stabs herself.*
And, farewell, friends;
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. [*Starting up*] No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead,

319 *tomb*] *tumbe* Q_1.
320 *thy*] *my* F_3F_4.
321, 322 *These...nose*] *These lips lily, This nose cherry* Farmer conj. *This lily lip, This cherry tip* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *This lily brow, This cherry mow* Kinnear conj. *These lily lips, With cherry tips* Gould conj.
321 *lips*] *brows* Theobald. *toes* Bulloch conj.
322 *nose*] *nip* Grant White conj.
330 *Lay*] *Lave* Theobald.
332 *his*] *this* F_3F_4.
335 [Stabs herself.] Dyce. om. Qq Ff.
338 [Dies.] Dyce.
341 Bot.] Ff. Lyon. Qq. [Starting up] Capell.

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there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*A dance.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.

347 *need*] *be* Capell conj.
Marry] *Mary* Q_1.
348 *hanged*] Qq. *hung* Ff.
350 *Bergomask*] Rowe. *Burgomaske* Qq F_1F_2. *Burgomask* F_3F_4.
351 [A dance.] A dance and exeunt clowns. Capell. Here a dance of clowns. Rowe. om. Qq Ff.
356 *palpable-gross*] Hyphened by Capell.
357 *gait*] *gaite* Rowe (ed. 2). *gate* Qq Ff.
360 SCENE II. Capell. SCENE III. Pope. Enter Puck.] Enter Puck, with a broom on his shoulder. Collier, ed. 2 (from Collier MS.).
lion] Rowe. *Lyons* Qq Ff.
361 *behowls*] Theobald (Warburton). *beholds* Qq Ff.
363 *fordone*] *foredoone* Q_1. *fore-done* Q_2 Ff.
365 *screech-owl*] *scriech-owle* Q_1. *scritch-owle* Q_2 Ff.
screeching] Collier. *scrieching* Q_1. *scritching* Q_2 Ff. *schrieking* Johnson.

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Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA *with their train.*

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[*Song and dance.*

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.

371 *church-way*] *churchyard* Poole's Eng. Parnassus.
377 *hallow'd*] Theobald. *hallowed* Qq Ff.
379 Enter...] Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with all their traine. Q_1. Enter...with their traine. Q_2 Ff.
380 *Through*] *Though* Grant White.
the] *this* Warburton.
the house give] *this house in* Johnson conj. *this hall go* Lettsom conj. *the housewives'* D. Wilson conj. *the house gives* Kinnear conj.
381 *By*] *Now* Kinnear conj.
386 *your*] Q_1. *this* Q_2 Ff.
389 [Song and dance.] Capell.
390—411 Given to *Oberon* in Qq. Called *The song* in Ff and printed in italics. Restored to *Oberon* by Johnson. See note (XII).

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To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace,
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,

403, 404 *be. With...consecrate,*] Qq Ff. *be, With...consecrate.* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

404—409 Arranged thus by D. Wilson, 407, 405, 406, 404, 409, 408, reading *owners* in 409.

405 *gait*] Johnson. *gate* Qq Ff.

408 *Ever shall in safety*] Qq Ff. *Ever shall it safely* Rowe (ed. 2). *E'er shall it in safety* Malone. *Ever shall 't in safety* Dyce (ed. 2). See note (XIII).

408, 409 These lines are transposed by Staunton (Singer conj.).

410 *away;*] *away, then* Hanmer.

411 [Exeunt...] Capell. Exeunt. Qq. om. Ff.

415 *these*] *this* Q_2.

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Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

420 *I am*] *I'm* Capell.
an] om. F_3F_4.

427 [Exit.] Capell. om. Qq Ff. Exeunt omnes. Rowe.

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NOTES.

Note I.

I. 2. 45. It may be questioned whether the true reading is not 'thisne, thisne;' that is, 'in this manner,' a meaning which 'thissen' has in several dialects. See Halliwell's *Arch. Dict.* 'So-ne' is used in the same way in Suffolk.

Note II.

III. 1. 2. Capell appears to have considered the reading 'marvailes' of Q_1 as representing the vulgar pronunciation of 'marvellous,' and he therefore printed it 'marvels,' as in IV. 1. 23.

Note III.

III. 2. 204. Although Pope's reading of this line was followed by all editors down to Capell it is rendered extremely improbable by the occurrence of the word 'Have' at the beginning of the line in all the old copies, and could only have been suggested by what Pope considered the exigencies of the metre. 'Needles' may have been pronounced, as Steevens writes it, 'neelds;' but, if not, the line is harmonious enough.

Note IV.

III. 2. 257, 258. In this obscure passage we have thought it best to retain substantially the reading of the Quartos. The Folios, though they alter it, do not remove the difficulty, and we must conclude that some words, perhaps a whole line, have fallen out of the text.

Note V.

III. 2. 337. We retain the reading of the old copies in preference to Theobald's plausible conjecture. A similar construction occurs in *The Tempest*, II. 1. 27, 'Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?'

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Note VI.

IV. 1. 1. Johnson says, 'I see no good reason why the fourth Act should begin here when there seems no interruption of the action;' but he does not alter the arrangement of the Folios, which, in the absence of any good reason to the contrary, we also follow.

Note VII.

IV. 1. 7, &c. We have retained throughout this scene the spelling of the old copies 'Mounsieur,' as representing a pronunciation more appropriate to Bottom, like 'Cavalery' a few lines lower down. We are aware, however, that the word was generally so spelt.

Note VIII.

V. 1. In the Folios the stage direction is 'Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords,' and the speeches which properly belong to Philostrate as master of the revels are assigned to Egeus, with the exception of that beginning 'No, my noble lord, &c.' The Quartos have 'Enter Theseus, Hippolita, and Philostrate,' and in line 38 they correctly read 'Philostrate' where the Folios have 'Egeus.' The confusion may have arisen, as Grant White suggested, from the two parts having been originally played by the same actor.

Note IX.

V. 1. 44—60. We have followed the Quartos in assigning this speech to Theseus alone. In the Folios Lysander is represented as reading the 'brief' and Theseus as commenting upon it. Theobald first restored the arrangement of the Quartos.

Note X.

V. 1. 125. The stage direction of the Folios is 'Tawyer with a trumpet before them,' Tawyer being generally understood to be the name of the trumpeter; but Collier, on the strength of a note in the corrected Folio 'Enter Presenter,' interpreted 'Tawyer' as the name of the actor who filled the part of Presenter and introduced the characters of the play. Dyce in his second edition gave the stage direction thus: 'Enter the Presenter, with Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.'

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Note XI.

v. 1. 160. In the Variorum edition of 1821 'lime' is given as the reading of the Folios, and 'lome' of the Quartos, the fact being that F_1F_2 read 'loame,' and F_3F_4 'loam.'

Note XII.

v. 1. 390—411. This speech, which in the Folios is made 'The Song,' was restored by Johnson to Oberon, following the Quartos. He adds, 'But where then is the song?—I am afraid it is gone after many other things of greater value. The truth is that two songs are lost. The series of the scene is this: after the speech of Puck, Oberon enters, and calls his fairies to a song, which song is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next Titania leads another song which is indeed lost like the former, though the editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon dismisses his fairies to the despatch of the ceremonies. The songs, I suppose, were lost, because they were not inserted in the players' parts, from which the drama was printed.'

Note XIII.

v. 1. 408, 409. The difficulty in these two lines is at once removed by transposing them, as was suggested by C. R. W. a correspondent in the *Illustrated London News*. Staunton was at one time inclined to think that 'Ever shall' was a corruption of 'Every hall,' but he afterwards adhered to the solution above given. Malone incorrectly attributes to Pope the reading which he himself adopts, 'E'er shall it in safety rest,' Pope's reading being 'Ever shall in safety rest' as in Rowe's second edition.

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

The Duke of Venice.
The Prince of Morocco[2], } suitors to Portia.
The Prince of Arragon, }
Antonio, a merchant of Venice.
Bassanio, his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.
Salanio, }
Salarino, }
Gratiano, } friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
Salerio[3], }
Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.
Shylock, a rich Jew.
Tubal, a Jew, his friend.
Launcelot Gobbo, the clown, servant to Shylock.
Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot.
Leonardo, servant to Bassanio.
Balthasar[4], } servants to Portia.
Stephano, }

Portia, a rich heiress.
Nerissa, her waiting-maid.
Jessica, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

Scene[5]—*Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

[1] Dramatis Personæ] First given in Q_3. See note (I).

[2] The.....Morocco] Morochus, a Prince. Q_3Q_4. Morochius, a Moorish Prince. Rowe.

[3] Salerio] See note (IX).

[4] Balthasar] Theobald. om. Q_3 Q_4.

[5] Scene...] Rowe.

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

The Merchant of Venice.] Ff. The Comical History of the Merchant of Venice. Qq.

ACT I. SCENE I.] Rowe. Actus primus. Ff. Om. Qq.

Venice. A Street.] Capell. A Street in Venice. Theobald.

Enter...Salanio.] See note (1).

4 *of*] *off* Q_1.

4—6 Two lines, the first ending *I am*, in Keightley.

5, 6 So printed in Q_3Q_4: as one line in Q_1Q_2 Ff.

10 *on*] *of* Steevens (Capell conj.).

13 *curt'sy*] *cursie* Q_1Q_2. *curt'sy'ng* Allen ap. Furness conj.

do] *and do* Keightley conj.

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Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?

15 *venture*] *ventures* Hanmer.
17 *abroad*] *aboard* Pope.
19 *Peering in*] *Piering in* Q_1. *Piring in* Q_2. *Prying in* Q_3Q_4. *Poring on* Lettsom conj.
and piers] *for Peeres* Q_1.
24 *at sea might do*] *at sea, might do* Q_1. *might doe at sea* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.
27 *see*] *see!* Keightley conj.
Andrew dock'd] Rowe. *Andrew docks* Qq Ff (*dockes* Q_1). *Arg'sie dock'd* Hanmer. *Andrew's decks* Collier conj. *Andrew, decks* Delius. *Andrew dock* Keightley. *Andrew stuck* Gould conj.
28 *high top*] *high-top* Steevens (1793).
33 *her*] *the* Q_1. *my* Anon. conj.
34 After this Mr Lettsom conjectured that a line is lost.
36 *nothing!*] Q_4. *nothing.* The rest.

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But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.
Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.
Salar. Why, then you are in love.
Ant. Fie, fie!
Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.

46 *Why, then you are*] *Then y'are* Q_1.
Fie, fie!] *Fie, fie, away!* Hanmer.
In love! fie, fie! Dyce conj.
47 *neither?*] Q_1. *neither:* $Q_2F_1Q_3Q_4$.
neither! $F_2F_3F_4$.
let us] *let's* Pope.
you are] *you're* Pope.
48 *and*] om. Pope. *an* Knight.
50 *Because you are*] *'Cause you're* Hanmer.
54 *other*] *others* Pope.
56 *swear*] *sware* Allen conj.
Enter...] Dyce after line 64.
57 *Here...kinsman*] Two lines in Ff.
58 *Fare ye well!*] $Q_3Q_4F_3F_4$. *Farywell* $Q_1Q_2F_1F_2$. *Fare you well* Capell.
59 *you*] *ye* Pope.

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Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*
Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,

67 (to them) Collier MS.
68 [Exeunt...] om. Rowe.
69 Lor.] Lord. F_2. Sola. Rowe.
you have] *you've* Pope.
72 [Exit. Q_1.
75 *lose*] F_4. *loose* The rest.
76 *marvellously*] *meruailously* Q_1Q_2. *mervellously* Q_3Q_4.
78 *man*] *one* Q_1.
79 *mine*] *mine's* Hanmer.
79, 80 *fool: With...laughter*] *fool, With ...laughter:* $F_2F_3F_4$.
80 *let old*] *so let* Hanmer, reading as F_2. This reading does not appear
82 *heart*] *heat* F_2F_3. in the Princeton
copy of F_2 which agrees
with F_1. So does F_4

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Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!'
O my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years moe,

84 *alabaster*] Pope. *Alablaster* Qq Ff.
85 *wakes*] *walks* Gould conj.
jaundice] Rowe (ed. 2). *Iaundies* $Q_1Q_2F_1F_2$. *Jaundies* F_3F_4.
87 *it is*] Ff. *tis* Qq.
89 *cream*] *dreame* Q_1.
93 *am Sir*] Qq. *am Sir an* Ff.
95 *these*] *those* Q_1.
97 *when*] *who* Rowe.
I am] *I'm* Pope.
98 *would*] *'twould* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
damn] F_4. *dam* $Q_1Q_2F_1$. *damme* F_2F_3. *dant* Q_3Q_4.
101 *melancholy bait*] *melancholy-bait* Allen conj.
102 *fool gudgeon*] *fool's gudgeon* Pope. *fool-gudgeon* Malone.
103 *Fare ye well*] *farwell* Q_1.
106 *dumb wise*] *dumb-wise* S. Walker conj.
108 *moe*] *mo* F_2F_3. *more* Rowe.

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Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them: and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;

110 *Farewell*] *Farwell* Q_1. *Far you well* Q_2F_1. *Fare you well* $F_2Q_3Q_4$ F_3F_4.
gear] *jeer* Chedworth conj. *fear* Anon. ap. Halliwell conj.
112 *vendible*] *vendable* Q_1Q_2.
[Exeunt G. and L.] Exeunt. Qq. Exit. Ff.
113 *Is...now?*] Rowe. *It is...now.* Qq Ff. *It is that:—any thing now.* Collier. *Ay! is that...now?* Lettsom conj. *It is that in anything now.* or *It is that very thing now.* Cowden Clarke conj. (withdrawn).
now] *new* Johnson conj.
115 *as*] om. Ff.
119 *the*] *this* Hanmer.
121 *of?*] Ff. *of.* Qq.
124 *something showing*] *shewing something* Pope.
125 *continuance*] *continuance to* Rowe. *continuance of* Chedworth conj.
129 *time*] *tire* Gould conj.

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And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.
Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.
Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,

133 *unburthen*] *unburden* Dyce.
136 *stand*] *stands* F_3F_4.
142 *self-same way*] *same way forth* Craik conj., reading line 143 with Capell.
143 *the other forth*] *the other, forth* Hanmer. *the other* Capell. *the first* Seymour conj. *him forth* Lloyd conj.
and by adventuring] *and by aduen-tring* Q_1. *by vent'ring* Pope. *and, venturing* Dyce conj.
146 *wilful*] *witless* Warburton. *wileful* Becket conj. *wastefull* Collier MS.
wilful youth] *prodigal* Lansdowne's version.
155 *do me now*] Qq. *doe* F_1. *do to me* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.
Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strond,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!
Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

160 *unto it*] *to serve you* Mason conj.
163 *sometimes*] *sometime,* Theobald.
164 *messages*] *messengers* Mason conj.
171 *seat*] *feat* Q_1.
strond] *strand* Johnson.
172 *come*] *comes* Q_1.
175 *presages me such*] *which so presages* Seymour conj.
178 *Neither*] *Nor* Pope.

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SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs; but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But

SCENE II. Belmont...house.] Capell. Belmont. Three Caskets are set out, one of Gold, another of Silver, and another of Lead. Rowe. Enter...] Enter P. with er waiting woman N. Qq Ff (wating Q_3Q_4).

1 *aweary*] *weary* F_3F_4.

5 *aught*] Theobald (ed. 2). *ought* Qq Ff.

6, 7 *It is no mean happiness, therefore*] Qq. *it is no smal happinesse therefore* $F_1F_2F_3$. *therefore it is no small happiness* F_4. *therefore it is no mean happiness* Theobald.

8 *but*] *and* Hanmer.

13 *It*] *He* Pope.

15 *than be*] F_4. *then be* $F_1F_2F_3$. *then to be* Qq.
mine] *my* Theobald.

17 *o'er*] *over* Steevens (1793).

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this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose'! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none? 23

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead,—whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,—will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come? 31

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince. 35

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afeard my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then there is the County Palatine. 40

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, 'if you will not have me, choose:' he hears merry tales,

19 *reasoning*] Qq. *reason* Ff.
in] om. Mason conj.
the fashion] Qq. *fashion* Ff.
20, 21 *whom...whom*] Ff. *who...who* Qq.
22 *Is it*] *it is* F_1.
23 *none?*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *none.* Qq F_1.
28 *will, no doubt, never*] Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4. *no doubt you wil neuer* Q_1.
29 *who*] Q_1. *who you* The rest. *whom you* Pope.
32 *pray thee*] *prethee* Q_1.
36 *colt*] *dolt* Theobald.
37 *appropriation to*] *appropriation vnto* Q_1. *approbation of* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
38 *him*] om. Q_1.
39 *afeard*] *afraid* Ff.
40 *there is*] Q_1. *is there* The rest.
40, 53 *Palatine*] Q_1. *Palentine* The rest.
42 *if*] Q_1. & Q_2. *and* Ff Q_3Q_4.

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and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon? 49

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! —why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England? 60

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where. 68

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he

45 *be*] Qq. *to be* Ff.
49 *Bon*] Capell. *Boune* Qq F_1F_2. *Boun* F_3F_4.
51 *a sin*] *sinne* F_2F_3. *Sin* F_4.
53 *better bad*] *better-bad* Halliwell.
54 *throstle*] Pope. *Trassell* Qq F_1. *Tarssell* F_2. *Tassell* F_3. *Tassel* F_4.
58 *shall*] Qq. *should* Ff.
59 *you*] om. Capell (corrected in Errata).
63 *will*] *may* Pope.
64 *the English*] *English* Rowe.
69 *Scottish*] Qq. *other* Ff. *Irish* Collier MS.

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borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew? 75

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him. 80

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge. 88

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets. 94

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reason-

71 *swore*] *sworne* F_2.
76, 77 *vilely...vilely*] *vildely...vilely* Q_1. *vildlie...vildly* Q_2. *vildely... vildely* Ff. *vildly...videly* Q_3Q_4. *widely...widely* Herr conj.
79 *an the worst*] Capell. *and the worst* Qq Ff. *and, the worst* Hanmer.
84 *pray thee*] *prethee* Q_1.
87 *I'll*] *ile* Q_1. *I will* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.
90 *determinations*] *determination* Rowe.
91 *home*] *homes* Collier MS.
92 *won*] *wone* F_2.
93 *your*] *you* F_2.

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able; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think he was so called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

99 *I pray God grant them*] Qq. *I wish them* F_1F_2. *wish them* F_3F_4.
101 *Venetian, a scholar*] *Venetian scholler* Q_1.
103 *he was so*] Q_1. *so was he* The rest.
109 *How now! what news?*] Qq. om. Ff.
110 *seek for you*] Qq. *seek you* Ff.
114 *a*] Q_1. The rest omit.
119, 120. Printed as prose in Qq Ff; first as verse by Knight.
119 *Come*] *Come in* Keightley.
120 *gates*] Q_1. *gate* The rest.

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SCENE III. *Venice. A public place.*

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months; well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.

Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no: my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I

SCENE III.] Rowe.
Venice. A public place.] Capell.
A publick Place in Venice. Theobald. Venice. Rowe.
Enter...] Enter Bassanio, with Shylocke the Iew. Qq Ff.
1, 3, 6 *well.*] *well?* Hudson conj.
3 *months*] *mouths* F_2.
7 *pleasure me*] *pleasure me in it* Keightley conj.
14 *Ho,...no*] Qq F_1. *No, no, no, no, no* F_2. *No, no, no, no* F_3F_4.
15 *sufficient*] *suffient* F_1.
18 *Rialto*] *Ryalta* Qq F_1. *Ryalto* F_2F_3 *Royalto* F_4.
19 *hath, squandered*] Theobald. *hath squandred* Qq Ff.
21 *land-rats*] *lands rats* F_2.
water-thieves and land-thieves] *land thieves and water thieves* Singer, ed. 2 (Eccles conj.).

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mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

29, 30 *to eat...into.*] omitted by Johnson.
30 *into.*] *into?* Theobald.
33 *Rialto*] Q_3Q_4. *Ryalto* $Q_1Q_2F_2F_3F_4$. *Ryalta* F_1.
34 *is he*] om. Rowe.
36 [Aside] Rowe.
45 *well-won*] $Q_1Q_3Q_4$. *well-wons* Q_2. *well-worne* $F_1F_2F_3$. *well-worn* F_4.
47 *Shylock*] *Shyloch* Q_2.
hear?] F_4. *heare?* Q_3Q_4. *heare.* $Q_1F_1F_2$. *hear.* F_3.

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Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much ye would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot; three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; ay, he was the third,—

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,

54 [To Ant.] Rowe.
56 *although*] Q_1. *albeit* Q_2 Ff Q_2Q_4.
58 *ripe*] *rife* Johnson conj.
59, 60 *Is...would*] $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *are you resolu'd, How much he would haue* Q_1. *is he yet possest How much he would* Ff. *Is he yet possest, How much you would* Theobald. *are you yet possest How much he would* Collier MS. *Is he yet possess'd How much we would* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
61 Ant.] Bass. Furnivall conj.
62 *you told*] *he told* Hanmer.
63 *and let*] *but let* F_3F_4.
64 *Methought*] $Q_1Q_3Q_4$. *Me thoughts* Q_2Ff.
65 *do*] *did* Rowe.
67 *Abram*] *Abraham* F_4.
69 *third*,—] Dyce. *third.* Qq Ff.

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Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of Autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;

73 *were*] *was* Q_3Q_4.
compromised] *compremyzd* Q_1Q_2. *compremyz'd* F_1. *comprimyz'd* F_2F_3. *compremiz'd* Q_3Q_4. *comprimiz'd* F_4.
74 *eanlings*] *eanelings* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$. *euelings* F_4. *ewelings* Rowe. *yeanlings* Pope.
76 *In the end*] *In th' end* Q_1. *In end* The rest.
77 *And*] *Then* Hanmer.
78 *breeders in the act,*] *breeders; in the act* quoted by Seymour.
79 *peel'd*] Pope. *pyld* Q_1Q_2. *pil'd* Ff. *pyl'd* Q_3Q_4. *pill'd* Knight. *pile'd* Grant White.
82 *eaning*] *yeaning* F_3F_4.
83 *parti-colour'd*] *party-coloured* Q_1.
85 *And*] *This* Boswell.
89 *inserted*] *inferred* Collier MS.
91 *breed*] *breeds* F_2.
92—97 *Mark...hath!*] Marked as Aside by Keightley (S. Walker conj.).

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A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Shy. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate—
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
'Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,

96 *A*] *Or* Johnson conj. (who would place line 97 before 94).
97 *goodly outside*] *godly outside* Rowe. *goodly outside's* Warburton. *comely outside* Bailey conj.
99 *then, let me see; the rate*—] Edd. (Lloyd conj.). *then let me see the rate.* Qq Ff.
100 *beholding*] *beholden* Pope.
101 *many a time and oft*] *many a time, and oft* Kemble.
102 *In*] *On* Collier, ed. 2 (Capell conj.).
106 *call*] *call'd* Rann. *cut-throat dog*] *cut-throat, dog* Hudson.
107 *spit*] F_3F_4. *spet* Qq F_1F_2. *spat* Rann.
112 *rheum*] Capell. *rume* $Q_1Q_2F_1$. *rhume* Q_3Q_4. *rheume* $F_2F_3F_4$.
114 *moneys*] *money* Q_1. *is*] *are* Eccles conj.
116 *money*] *monies* Keightley.
117 *can*] Qq. *should* Ff.
119 *bated*] *'bated* Capell.

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Say this,—
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys'?
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

120, 121 *Say...last*] Steevens (1793). As one line in Qq Ff.
121 *spit*] Pope. *spet* Qq Ff. *spat* Rowe (ed. 2).
on Wednesday last] *on wendsday last* Q_1Q_2. *last Wednesday* Pope. *Wednesday last* Capell.
122 *You*] *Your* F_2.
day; another time] Ff. *day another time,* Qq.
123 *me dog*] *me—dog* Capell.
124 *moneys?*] *monies?* Theobald. *monies.* Q_1. *moneyes.* $F_1F_2Q_3Q_4$. *moneys.* F_3F_4.
126 *spit*] Rowe. *spet* Qq Ff.
too] *to* Qq.
128 *friends*] Qq F_1. *friend* $F_2F_3F_4$.
129 *breed for*] Qq. *breede of* Ff. See note (II). *bond for* Spedding conj. & Gould conj.
barren] *bearing* Theobald conj. (withdrawn). *sordid* Lansdowne's version.
131 *Who*] *Then* Eccles conj. *That* Seymour conj.
132 *penalty*] $Q_1Q_3Q_4$. *penaltie* Q_2. *penalties* Ff.
look you,] om. Pope.
136 *usance*] *usage* Rowe.
136, 137 *and...offer*] As one line in Collier.
137 *This is*] *This sure is* Hanmer.
I offer] *I offer you* Keightley, reading *This...kindness* as one line. *that I offer* Keightley conj.

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Bass. This were kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Ant. Content, i' faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,

138 Bass.] Anth. Pope. *This were*] *Ay, this were* Capell.
146 *pleaseth*] Qq. *it pleaseth* Ff. *it shall please* Pope.
147 *i' faith*] *ifaith* Q_1. *in faith* F_3F_4. *infaith* The rest.
148 *the Jew*] *thee, Jew* Capell conj. *a Jew* Id. conj.
154 *value*] *valew* $Q_2F_1F_2$.
155 *these*] *the* Capell (corrected in Errata).
156 *dealings teaches them*] Qq F_1. *dealing teaches them* $F_2F_3F_4$. *dealings teach them to* Pope.
161 *profitable neither,*] *or profitable,* Pope. *profitable, neither* Allen conj.
162 *goats.*] F_3F_4. *Goates.* F_2. *Goats,* Q_2. *Goates,* Q_3F_1. *Goates;* Q_3Q_4.

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To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond;
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit Shylock.*
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

164 *it, so*] *it so* Q_1.
170 *See*] *Look* Capell (corrected in Errata).
fearful] *fearless* Warburton.
172 *I will*] Theobald (ed. 2). *Ile* Qq Ff.
Exit Shylock.] Exit. Qq Ff (after *you*).
173 *The*] Qq. *This* Ff. Printed as prose in Qq Ff: first as verse by Pope.
kind] *so kinde* Q_1.
174 *terms*] *teames* F_1.

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ACT II.

SCENE I. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO *and his train;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and others attending.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:

ACT II. SCENE I.] Rowe. Actus Secundus. Ff. om. Qq. ACT I. SCENE IV. Eccles.
Belmont.] Rowe.
A room...] Capell.
Flourish...attending.] Enter Morochus a tawny Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerrissa, & their traine. Qq. Enter...traine. Flo. Cornets. F_1. Enter Morochius... all white...traine. Flo. Cornets. $F_2F_3F_4$.
2 *shadow'd*] Rowe (ed. 2). *shadowed* Qq Ff.
burnish'd] *burning* Hudson (Collier MS.).
4 *me*] om. Q_1.
9 *fear'd*] *scar'd* Stockdale conj.
by my love, I swear] (*by my Love I swear*) Qq Ff.
10 *best-regarded*]Hyphened by Steevens (1793).
11 *Have*] *Hath* Q_1.
too] *to* $Q_1Q_2F_1$.
13 *solely*] Q_3Q_4. *soly* $Q_1Q_2F_2F_3$. *solie* F_1. *soelly* F_4.

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But if my father had not scanted me
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

18 *wit*] *will* Hanmer (Theobald conj.).
20 *then*] *than* Q_1F_1.
24 *scimitar*] *Semitaur* Q_1. *Symitare* $Q_2F_1Q_3Q_4$. *symitar* $F_2F_3F_4$.
25 *Sophy*] *Sophie* F_1.
27 *outstare*] *out-stare* Q_1. *ore-stare* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.
29 *sucking*] *suckling* Keightley.
30 *he*] Q_1 Ff. *a* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
31 *thee, lady*] Rowe (ed. 2). *the Lady* Qq Ff.
while !] Pope. *while* Qq Ff.
33 *man,*] *man?* Rowe (ed. 1).
35 *page*] Theobald. *rage* Qq Ff.

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Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.
Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.
[*Cornets, and exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Venice. A street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says, 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,'—or

43 *Come...unto*] *Therefore...to* Pope.
unto] *to* Q_1.
44 *temple*] *table* Keightley.
46 *blest*] *bless't* Steevens (1793).
SCENE II.] Rowe. ACT II. SC. I. Eccles.
Venice.] Rowe.
A street.] Capell.
Enter L.] Enter the Clowne alone. Qq Ff.
1 *will*] *will not* Halliwell.
serve] *forbid* Allen ap. Furness conj.
2 *mine*] *my* Rowe (ed. 1).
3 *tempts*] *attempts* F_3F_4.
3, 4, 7 *Gobbo*] Q_1. *Iobbe* $Q_2F_1F_2Q_3Q_4$. *Job* F_3F_4.
3, 4, 6, 7 *Launcelot*] Rowe. *Lancelet* Q_1. *Launcelet* The rest.
8 *running with*] *running; withe* Anon. ap. Steevens conj.
heels] *bells* Anon. ap. Halliwell conj.
courageous] *contagious* Collier MS.
9 *Via*] Rowe. *fia* Qq Ff.
10 *for the*] *'fore the* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
heavens,] *heavens;* Capell. *heauens* Qq Ff. *haven;* Mason conj.

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rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;' 'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well:' to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, *with a basket.*

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

15 *grow to*] $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *grow too* Q_1 Ff.
16 *Launcelot*] om. Q_1.
budge] F_3. *budg* F_4. *bouge* Qq F_1F_2.
18, 19 *well*] *ill* Theobald.
19 *well*] *ill* Q_1.
20 *who,...mark,*] *who* (*God blesse the marke*) Q_1. (*who God...marke*) The rest.
23 *devil incarnal*] *Devil's incarnation* Keightley conj.
incarnal] *incarnall* Q_1. *incarnation* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4. *in-carnation* Rann.
24 *but*] om. Ff.
27 *command*] Q_1. *commaundement* Q_2. *commandement* Ff Q_3Q_4.
Enter...] As he is going out in haste, Enter...Collier MS.
28 *young man*] *yong man* Q_1. *young-man* $Q_2Q_3Q_4F_3F_4$. *yong-man* F_1F_2.
30 [Aside] Johnson.
31 *high-gravel blind*] *ay, gravel-blind* Anon. conj.
32 *confusions*] *conclusions* Q_1.
34 *Jew's f*] Rowe. *Iewes.* Qq Ff.

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Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

35 *up on*] Qq. *vpon* Ff.
38 *to*] *vnto* Q_1.
39 *By*] F_4. *Be* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$. *sonties*] *bonties* Jackson conj.
40 *whether*] *whither* Q_1.
42 *Launcelot?*] *Lancelet?* Q_1. *Launcelet?* F_4. *Launcelet*, The rest. [Aside] Johnson.
44 *Launcelot?*] *Lancelet.* Q_2. *Launcelet.* Q_3Q_4.
45—47 *No...live*] Four lines in Q_1.
46 *say it*] Q_1. *say't* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.
48 *a'*] *a* Qq Ff. *he* Rowe (ed. 2).
50 *Launcelot*] *Gobbo* Farmer conj. *sir*] Qq. om. Ff.
52 *Launcelot?*] *Launcelet?* $Q_3Q_4F_4$. *Launcelet.* $Q_1Q_2F_1F_2F_3$. See note (III).
53 *an't*] Q_1F_4. *ant* The rest. *please*] *shall please* Q_3Q_4.
57 *is*] *in* F_2.
58 *to heaven*] *to—heaven.* Elze conj.

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Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead? 65

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, at the length, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy. 75

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son. 79

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother. 82

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou

61, 62 *Do...prop f*] Marked as Aside by Collier.
62 *prop f*] F_4. *prop.* The rest.
know] *not know* Dyce (ed. 2).
father f] $Q_3Q_4F_4$. *Father.* $Q_1Q_2F_1$. *Father,* F_2F_3.
65 *dead f*] Rowe. *dead.* QqFf.
66 *father f*] *Father.* Q_2F_1. *Father,* F_2F_3.
70 *son:*] *son.* [Kneels.] Collier. *son.* [kneels, with his back to Gobbo] Dyce (ed. 2).
71 *murder*] *Murther* Q_1. *muder* Q_2.
72 *at the length*] Q_1. *in the end* The rest
73 *will out*] QqF_1. *will not* $F_2F_3F_4$. [Kneeles. Collier MS.
85 [Taking hold of Launcelot's back-hair. Dyce (ed. 2).
Lord worshipped] *Lord worship* F_4. *lord-worshipped* so printed by Hunter.
might] om. Capell (corrected in Errata).

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got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO *and other followers.*

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a Servant.*

Laun. To him, father.

86 *got!*] *got!* [feeling the back of his head] Halliwell.
87 *fill-horse*] Pope (ed. 2). *pilhorse* Q_1. *philhorse* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4. *Thill-horse* Theobald.
has] *hase* Q_2.
88 [rising. Dyce (ed. 2).
89 *of his*] *on his* Rowe.
90 *of my*] Qq F_1F_2. *on my* F_3F_4.
last] *lost* Q_2F_1.
[rises. Collier MS.
92 *agree?*] Q_1F_4. *agree*, The rest.
93 *'gree*] *gree* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4. *agree* Q_1.
98 *my*] *your* Anon. conj.
101 *not him*] Qq Ff. *him not* Rowe.
103 Enter...] Enter B...and a follower or two more. Theobald. Enter B. with a follower or two. Qq Ff.
107 [Exit...] Exit one of his men. Q_1. om. Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.

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Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins,—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

110 *wouldst*] *woul'd* F_3. *would* F_4. *aught*] Theobald (ed. 2). *ought* Qq Ff.
111 *boy,*—] Theobald. *boy.* Qq Ff.
113, 117 *specify,*—] *specifie,*—Theobald. *specifie.* Qq Ff. *spicify,*—Bishop conj.
115 *serve*—] Capell. *serue.* Qq Ff.
119 *cater-cousins,*—] *cater-cousins:* Capell. *catercosins.* Qq Ff.
121 *me,—as*] Collier. *me, as* Rowe. *me as* Qq Ff.
122 *frutify*] *fruitify* Capell. *fructifie* Collier MS. *fortify* Lloyd conj. *you,*—] Theobald. *you.* Qq Ff.
124 *is,*—] *is*— Q_1. *is.* The rest.
133 *preferr'd*] *perfer'd* F_2.

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Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son. Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life: here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! a'leven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.*

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:

137, 138 *you have...he hath*] *he hath... you have* Theobald conj. (withdrawn).

139 *speak'st*] *split'st* Warburton conj.

142 *guarded*] Rowe (ed. 2). *garded* Qq Ff. *gaudy* Hutchesson conj. (Gent. Mag. 1790).

143 *no ;*] *no ?* Rowe (ed. 2).
have] *ha* Q_1.

144 looking on his own hand. Hanmer.
head. Well,] Q_1. *head, wel :* Q_2. *head, well :* F_1F_2. *head : well,* Q_3 Q_4. *head well :* F_3F_4. *head? well* Rowe (ed. 2).

145 *a fairer table*] *a Pharaoh's table* Bulloch conj.
doth] Here Warburton thinks a line has been lost.
table which...book,] *table!—Why, it doth...book* Kenrick conj. *table—which...book,* Rann. *table (which... book)* Jackson conj. *table; which ...book,* Knight (Tyrwhitt conj.).
book, I] *book.—I* Johnson (Heath conj.).

146 *good*] *no good* Eccles (Malone conj.).
fortune.] *fortune,—* Tyrwhitt conj. *fortune!* Knight.

148 *a'leven*] *a leven* $Q_2F_1F_2Q_3Q_4$. *a leaven* F_3F_4. *eleuen* Q_1. *aleven* Halliwell.

149 *'scape*] *escape* Q_1.

153 *of an eye*] Q_1. The rest omit.
[Exeunt...] Exit Laun. and Gob. Rowe. Exit Clowne. Qq Ff.

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These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,

155 *bestow'd*] Q_1. *bestowed* The rest.
157 *best-esteem'd*] *best-esteemed* Theobald. *best esteem'd* $Q_1F_3F_4$. *best esteemd* $Q_2F_1F_2Q_3Q_4$.
go] Q_1. *goe* $Q_2F_1Q_3Q_4$. *gon* F_2. *gone* F_3F_4.
159 SCENE III. Pope.
Where is] Pope. *Where's* Qq Ff.
master ?] Q_3Q_4. *Master.* $Q_1F_2F_3F_4$. *Maister.* Q_2F_1.
[Exit.] As in Theobald. After line 158 in Qq Ff. om. Rowe.
161 *Gratiano !*] *Signior Gratiano !* Hanmer.
162 *a*] om. Q_2.
163 *You must*] *Nay, you must* Hanmer, reading as verse.
165 *must. But*] *must but* Q_2.
thee] *me* Q_3Q_4.
166 *too...too*] *to...to* $Q_2F_1Q_3Q_4$.
168, 169 *faults; But...known,*] Ff Q_3Q_4. *faults, But...knowne.* Q_1. *faults But...knowne;* Q_2.
169 *thou art*] Qq. *they are* Ff.
170 *Pray thee*] *prethee* Q_1.
pain] *paines* Furness conj.
172 *lest*] Q_1F_4. *least* The rest.
173 *misconstrued*] *misconstru'd* Rowe. *misconstred* Qq. *misconsterd* $F_1F_2F_3$. *misconster'd* F_4.

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And lose my hopes.
Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say 'amen;'
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.
Bass. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in* SHYLOCK'S *house.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,

174 *lose*] *loose* $Q_2F_1F_2$.
hopes] *hope* Q_3Q_4.
175 *I*] om. F_2.
176 *then*] *than* $Q_1Q_2F_1$.
177 *pocket*] *pockets* Rowe.
184 *gauge*] Dyce. *gage* Qq Ff.
188 *fare you well*] *faryewell* Q_1. *far you well* Q_2F_1.
SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope.
A room...] Capell. Changes to Shylock's house. Theobald.
Enter...] Enter Iessica and the Clowne. Qq Ff.
1 *I am*] *I'm* Pope.
2 *merry*] om. F_3F_4.

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Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit Launcelot.*
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

4 *fare*] *far* Q_2F_1.
8 *farewell*] *farwell* $Q_1Q_2F_1$.
9 *in*] Qq. om. Ff.
11 *did*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *doe* Qq F_1.
11, 12 *did...get thee,*] *do...get thee*— Steevens conj.
13 *something*] Qq. *somewhat* Ff.
15 *Farewell*] *Farwell* Q_1Q_2.
[Exit L.] om. Q_2. Exit. The rest (after line 14).
17 *child?*] *child?* Rowe. *child,* Qq Ff.
SCENE IV.] Capell. SCENE V. Pope. The same. A street.] Capell. The Street. Theobald.
1—3 *Nay...hour.*] Prose in Pope.
2, 3 *Disguise...hour.*] As in Capell. One line in Qq Ff.

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Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her; speak it privately.
Go, gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

5 *us yet*] *as yet* F_4.
6 *order'd*] Capell. *ordered* Qq Ff.
8 *o'*] Capell. *a* $Q_1F_3F_4$. *of* The rest.
9 Enter...] Ff (after line 9). Enter L. Qq (after line 8).
10 *An it shall*] Theobald. *And it shall* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4. *If it* Q_1.
10, 11 *it shall seem*] *shall it seeme* F_1.
13 *whiter*] *whither* F_2.
it] *that it* Hanmer.
14 *Is*] Qq. *I* Ff.
Love-news,] *Loue newes,* Q_1. *Loue, newes* Q_2. *Loue newes* F_1.
21 *Go, gentlemen*] *go. Gentlemen* Capell, reading *I will...to-night?* as two lines, ending *go...night?*
[Exit L.] Exit Clowne. Qq Ff (after line 23).
21, 22 *Go...to-night?*] As in Collier. One line in Qq Ff.
22 *prepare you*] *prepare* Q_1.
this] *th'* Hanmer.
to-night?] *to night?* $F_2F_3F_4$. *to night,* Qq F_1.

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I am provided of a torch-bearer.
Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.
Salan. And so will I.
Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
Salar. 'Tis good we do so. [*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*
Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Before* SHYLOCK'S *house.*

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,
As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—

25, 26 *Meet...lodging*] As in Pope. One line in Qq Ff.
27 Exeunt...] Exeunt Sal. and Sol. Capell. Exit. Qq Ff.
35 *foot*] *path* Gould conj.
39 [Exeunt.] Rowe. Exit. Qq Ff.
SCENE V.] Capell. SCENE VI. Pope. The same...house.] The same...Door. Capell. Shylock's house. Theobald. Enter S. and L.] Enter the Iew and Lancelet. Q_1. Enter Iewe and his man that was the Clowne. Q_2Ff Q_3Q_4.
1 *shalt*] *shall* F_1F_2.
thy judge] *the judge* Keightley conj.
3 *Jessica!—thou*] *Jessica! Thou* Rowe. *Iessica, thou* Qq Ff.
4 *Jessica!—*] *Iessica?* Q_1 Ff. *Iessica,* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

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And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;— 5
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? what is your will? 10

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl, 15
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach. 20

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon. 26

Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica: Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,

7 *do*] Qq Ff. *did* Rowe.
8, 9 Prose in Q_1. The rest print as two lines, ending *me...bidding.*
8 *that*] Q_1. om. The rest.
19 *I...go:*] One line in Q_1.
I...master] One line in Q_2 Ff.
22 *And*] *An* Globe ed.
together,] *together,*— Capell.
25 *i' the*] *ith* $Q_2F_1F_2Q_3Q_4$. *ith'* F_3. *i' th* F_4. *in the* Q_1.
26 *in the afternoon*] F_4. *in th' afternoone* $Q_1F_1F_2Q_3Q_4$. *in thafternoone* Q_2. *in th' afternoon* F_3.
27 *What, are there*] Q_1. *What are there* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *What are their* Ff. *What are these* Pope.
you] om. Q_1.

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And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, 'Farewell, mistress;' nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:

29 *squealing*] *squeaking* Q_1.
wry-neck'd] *wry-neck* Chedworth conj.
33 *stop*] *shut* Capell (a misprint).
39 *I will go before, sir*] *Sir, I will go before* Hanmer. *I'll go before you, sir* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
at] *at a* Q_1.
39, 40 *I will...this;*] As in Collier. Two lines in Qq Ff.
42 *Jewess'*] Pope. *Iewes* Qq F_1F_2. *Jew's* F_3F_4.
[Exit.] Exit Laun. Rowe. om. Qq Ff.
43 *ha?*] *hey?* Furness conj.
46 *and he*] Qq. *but he* F_1. *but* F_2F_3 F_4.
50 *borrow'd*] Pope. *borrowed* Qq Ff.
52, 53 *Do...find*] As in Q_1; printed as one line in Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4; by Theobald as two lines, ending *bid you... find.*
52 *Do...bid you*] om. Pope.
doors] *the doors* Pope, who prints as one line *Shut...find.*

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Fast bind, fast find,
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*
Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same.*

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.
Salar. His hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,

53 *Fast...fast*] *safe...safe* Collier MS.
SCENE VI.] Capell. SCENE VII. Pope. Halliwell and Dyce make no new scene here.
Enter...] Enter the maskers, Gratiano and Salarino. Q_1. Enter the maskers, Gratiano and Salerino. Q_2 Q_3Q_4. Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino. Ff. Enter...Salanio. Collier MS.
1, 2 *This...stand*] In Q_1 the first line ends at *which*. Prose in Rowe.
2 *Desired...hour*] One line in Grant White, reading *a stand.*
to make] om. Steevens conj.
stand] Qq. *a stand* Ff.
almost] om. Anon. ap. Grey conj.
5 *pigeons*] *widgeons* Warburton.
6 *seal*] Qq. *steale* Ff.
8 *holds:*] Qq. *holds*, Ff.
12 *first?*] *first:* $Q_2F_1F_2Q_3Q_4$.
14 *younker*] Rowe. *younger* Qq F_3F_4. *yonger* F_1F_2.

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Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA, *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,

16 *Hugg'd*] *Hudg'd* F_1.
17 *the*] Qq. *a* Ff.
doth she] Qq F_1F_2. *she doth* F_3F_4. *doth he* Steevens conj.
18 *over-weather'd*] *ouer-wetherd* Q_1Q_2. *over-weatherd* Q_3Q_4. *ouerwither'd* Ff.
20 Enter Lorenzo.] After line 19 in Qq Ff. Enter L., masqu'd. Capell.
24 *I'll...then*] *Then will I watch as long for you* Jackson conj.
you then. Approach] *you then. Come, approach* Pope. *you. Come then, approach* Ritson conj.
25 *Ho !*] *Ho*, Q_1. *Howe* Q_2. *Hoa*, Ff. *Hoe*, Q_3Q_4.
who's] *whose* Qq.
Enter...] Rowe. Iessica aboue. Qq Ff.
27 *your*] *that* Allen conj. ap. Furness.
30 *who love I*] *whom love I* Johnson.
32 *thy*] *my* Allen conj.
33 *it is*] *tis* Q_1.
34 *I am*] *I'm* Pope.
you] *yet* Eccles conj.

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For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.
Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.
Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some mo ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit above.*
Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.
Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

41 *shames*] *shame* $F_2F_3F_4$.
42 *too too*] *too, too*, Johnson. *too, too* Singer. *too-too* Halliwell.
44 *are you*] Qq. *you are* Ff.
45—47 *Even...runaway*] As in Pope. Three lines, ending *boy...night...runaway* in Q_1. Two, ending *once... runaway* in the rest.
45 *lovely garnish of a*] *garnish of a lovely* Collier MS.
50 *mo*] Q_1Q_2. *more* Ff. *moe* Q_3Q_4. Exit above.] Exit from above. Theobald. om. Qq Ff.
51 *hood*] *hand* Gould conj. *Gentile*] $Q_1Q_3Q_4F_2F_3F_4$. *gentle* Q_2F_1.
52 *Beshrew*] Q_1 Ff. *Beshrow* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

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Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio!
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano; where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, *with the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and their trains.*

Por. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.

57 Enter Jessica, below.] Capell. Enter Iessica. Qq Ff. Re-enter Jessica. Pope. Enter Jessica, to them. Theobald.
58 *gentlemen*] *gentleman* Q_2.
59 [Exit...] Capell. Exit. Qq Ff.
60 *Who's*] *Whose* Q_2.
62 *Fie, fie*] *Fie* Pope.
66 *I...you*] omitted in Q_1. Put by Hanmer before line 64.
67, 68 Continued to Antonio in Q_1.
SCENE VII.] Capell. SCENE III. Rowe. SCENE VIII. Pope. ACT I. SCENE V. Eccles. SCENE VI. Halliwell.
Belmont. A room...] Capell. Belmont. Rowe.
Flourish of cornets.] Flourish. Capell. om. Qq Ff. See note (IV).
Enter...] Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines. Qq Ff. Collier MS. adds '(to the caskets)'.
1 *curtains*] *curtain* Keightley conj.
2 [Three Caskets are discovered. Rowe. Curtain drawne. Collier MS.

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Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;'
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;'
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgement! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
Must give,—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

4 *who*] *which* Pope.
5 *many*] Qq. om. Ff.
10 *How...right?*] This line is repeated in F_1F_2.
12 *withal*] *with all* Collier (ed. 1).
17 *give,—for*] Capell. *giue, for* Q_1 (Cap.) $Q_2F_1F_2Q_3Q_4F_3$. *giue for* Q_1 (Dev.) F_4.
lead? hazard for] Q_3Q_4. *lead, hazard for* $Q_1Q_2F_1F_2$. om. F_3F_4.
18 *threatens. Men*] Rowe. *threatens men* Qq Ff.
21 *nor give*] Qq Ff. *not give* Rowe (ed. 2).
aught] Theobald (ed. 2). *ought* Qq Ff.
24 *deserves /*] *deserves?* Rowe (ed. 2). *deserues,* $Q_1Q_2F_3F_4$. *deserues;* F_1F_2. *deserves:* Q_3Q_4.
Morocco] *Morrochius* Rowe.
26 *thy*] *the* F_4.

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May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold;
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.

29 *afeard*] *afraid* Q_3Q_4.
31 *deserve I*] *deserve?*— Rowe (ed. 2). *deserve*— Rowe (ed. 1). *deserue*, Q_1Q_2Ff. *deserve;* Q_3Q_4.
34 *than*] *than'* (= *than in*) Furness conj. *these, in*] Q_2F_1. *these in* Q_1. *deserve*] *deserve her* Collier, ed. 2 (Capell conj.).
35 *further*] Dyce. *farther* QqFf.
37 *many*] om. Long MS.
40 *mortal-breathing*] Hyphened by Dyce (S. Walker conj.).
41 *Hyrcanian*] Theobald. *Hircanion* $Q_1Q_2F_1$. *Hircanian* The rest. *vasty*] Q_1. *vastie* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *vaste* F_1F_2. *vast* F_3F_4.
42 *throughfares*] *thoroughfares* Rowe.
45 *Spits*] Rowe. *Spets* Qq Ff.
49 *contains*] *contain* Rowe (ed. 1).
51 *rib*] Q_1Ff. *ribb* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *cerecloth*] Steevens (1778). *sere-cloth* Q_1. *serecloth* Q_2. *searecloath* F_1F_2. *searecloth* Q_3Q_4. *searcloth* F_3F_4.

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Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing. [*Reads.*

All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!

53 *gold f*] Pope. *gold*, Q_1Q_2. *gold;* Ff. *gold.* Q_3Q_4.
54 *gem*] Pope. *Iem* $Q_1Q_2F_1F_2$. *Jem* $Q_3Q_4F_3F_4$.
57 *Stamped*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Stampt* Qq Ff.
62 [He...casket.] Unlocking the Gold Casket. Rowe. om. Qq Ff. (Opens it) Collier MS.
62—64 *O hell...scroll*] As in Capell. As two lines ending *death...scroule* in Qq Ff.
62 *here f*] *heere* Q_1. *here*, Ff. *heare*, $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
63 *Death,*] *death?* Q_1.
64 *I'll...writing*] Qq F_1. Omitted in $F_2F_3F_4$.
[Reads.] Dyce.
69 *tombs do*] Capell (Johnson conj.). *timber do* $Q_1F_2F_4$. *timber doe* Q_2F_1 $F_3Q_3Q_4$. *wood may* Pope. *timber* Staunton conj. *woods do* Keightley. *trunks do* Anon. conj.
72 *Your*] *This* Rann (Johnson conj.). Here T. White would repeat line 65, *All...gold.*

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Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.
[*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*
Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

77 [Exit...cornets.] Dyce. Exit. Qq Ff. See note (IV).
78 (draws it) Collier MS.
SCENE VIII.] Capell. SCENE IV. Rowe. SCENE IX. Pope. SCENE VI. Eccles. SCENE VII. Dyce. ACT III. SCENE I. Johnson conj.
Venice.] Rowe.
A street.] Capell.
6 *came*] Qq. *comes* Ff.
8 *gondola*] Theobald. *Gondylo* Qq. *Gondilo* Ff. *Gondalo* Rowe.
9 *Lorenso*] *Lorenza* Q_1.
amorous] *armorous* Q_1.
13 *strange, outrageous*] *strange-outrageous* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

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Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!'

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts

20 *two stones, two*] Qq F_1. *two* $F_2F_3F_4$. *two stones*, Pope. *too, stones*, Warburton. *too! two* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
33 *to tell*] *tell* Allen conj.
34 *do not*] *do 't not* Heath conj.
for] *lest* Capell (corrected in Errata).
38 *answer'd*] Pope. *answered* Qq Ff.
39 *Slubber*] Q_1Ff. *Slumber* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
42 *enter in...of*] *entertain...off* Jackson conj.
mind of love] *mind, of love* Heath conj. adopted by Capell in his Notes. *bond of love* Staunton conj. *mind alone* Bulloch conj. See note (v).
43 *employ*] *apply* Collier, ed. 2 (Dodd conj.).

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To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:'
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
Salan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

Enter NERISSA *and a* Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee: draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

46 *there*] *then* Dyce (ed. 2).
51 *pray thee*] *prethee* Q_1.
52 *his embraced*] *his enraced* Warburton. *his entranced* Johnson conj. (withdrawn). *his impressed* Jackson conj. *his unbraced* Anon. ap. Halliwell conj. *this emblazed* Bulloch conj.
SCENE IX.] Capell. SCENE V. Rowe. SCENE X. Pope. SCENE VII. Eccles. SCENE VIII. Dyce.
Belmont] Rowe.
A room...] Capell.
Enter...Servitor.] Enter...Seruiture. F_1. Enter...Serviter. F_2.
3 (Drawes) Collier MS.
Flourish of cornets.] Flor. Cornets. Ff. om. Qq.
Enter...] Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia. Qq Ff.
6 *rites*] Pope. *rights* Qq Ff.
7 *you*] Qq. *thou* Ff.

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Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,

13—15 *marriage: Lastly, If I do*] Edd. *marriage: Lastly, if I do* Qq Ff. *marriage: Last, if I* Pope. *marriage; lastly, If I do* Capell.

19 *have I address'd me. Fortune*] *have I. Address me, Fortune* Tyrwhitt conj.

19, 20 *me. Fortune...hope!*] Johnson. *me; fortune...hope:* Q_3Q_4. *me, fortune ...hope:* Q_1Q_2 Ff. *me; Fortune... hope!* Theobald. *me. Fortune! now ...hope!* Edd. conj. (Clar. ed.).

22 After this Mr Julius Lloyd proposes to insert '*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:*' see l. 36.

23 *chest!*] Q_1. *chest,* The rest.

25 *desire!*] *desire,* Qq Ff. *desire*—Rowe.

'*many*' *may*] *may* Pope.

25, 26 *that...By the*] *by that many may be Meant the* Grant White conj.

that...multitude] *by many may be meant That foole the multitude* Long MS.

26 *By the fool*] *Of the full* Pope. *Of the fool* Theobald.

fool multitude] *foole-multitude* Q_1.

28 *pries*] *payes* F_3. *pays* F_4. *pry* Pope (ed. 2).

pries not to the] *prize not th'* Collier MS.

the interior] *th' inheritour* Q_3Q_4.

but] om. Hanmer.

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Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:'
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,

30 *force*] *course* Bailey conj. (1866). *face* Marshall conj. (N. & Q. 1886). *road*] Rowe. *rode* Qq Ff.
33 *multitudes*] *multitude* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj. and Collier MS.).
37 *too*] *to* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
39 *merit?*] Rowe. *merrit*, Q_2F_1. *merit*, The rest.
42 *and*] om. Pope.
46 *peasantry*] $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *pesantry* Q_1. *pleasantry* Ff. *peasant's rye* Bailey conj.
glean'd] Malone. *gleaned* Qq Ff. *screen'd* Bailey conj.
46—48 *glean'd ... Pick'd*] *pick'd ... Glean'd* Johnson conj. *fann'd ... Glean'd* Daniel conj.
47 *and*] om. Pope.
much honour] *much seed* Bailey conj.
48 *chaff*] F_4. *chaffe* $Q_1F_1F_2Q_3Q_4F_3$. *chaft* Q_2.
ruin] *rowing* or *rowen* Steevens conj. *ruin of the times*] *strewings of the temse* Bailey conj.
49 *varnish'd*] *vernish'd* Q_1. *varnist* Q_2. *vanned* Warburton. *garner'd* Bailey conj.
51 *I will...this,*] *A key for this; I will assume desert,* Hanmer.
for this] om. Ritson conj.

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And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*

Por. [*Aside*] Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

[*Reads*]
The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:

52 [He...casket.] Unlocking the silver casket. Rowe. om. Qq Ff.
53 Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.
55 *schedule!*] *schedule?* F_4. *sedule?* Q_1. *shedule*, Q_2. *scedule*, $F_1F_2F_3$. *Scedule:* Q_3Q_4.
(opens it) Collier MS.
57 *deservings*] *deserving* F_4.
58 *have*] Qq Ff. *get* Knight.
59, 60 *head?...prize?*] *head,...prize*, Q_2 F_1F_2.
60 *prize*] *price* Capell conj.
62 *is*] om. Q_1.
63 [Reads] Hee reads Q_1. The rest omit.
64 *judgement*] *iudement* Q_2F_1.
67 *shadow's*] *shadow'd* Rowe.
68 *I wis*] See note (VI).
70 *wife*] *wise* Jackson conj.
72 *be gone*] Qq F_1. *be gone sir* $F_2F_3F_4$. *farewel, sir* Capell. *begone* Steevens (1793). *be gone, for* Collier conj.
73 *Still*] Q_1. Arrag. *Still* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Ar. *Still* Ff.

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With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here: what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

78 *wroth*] Q_3Q_4. *wroath* Q_1Q_2 Ff. *wrath* Warburton. *roth* Dyce (ed. 1).
[Exeunt ... train.] Capell. Exit. Rowe. om. Qq Ff.
79 *moth*] $Q_1F_3F_4$. *moath* $Q_2F_1F_2Q_3Q_4$.
81 *the*] *their* $Q_1Q_3Q_4$.
lose] F_4. *loose* The rest.
83 *goes*] *go* Hanmer.
84 *curtain,*] *curtaines,* Collier MS. *curtain to,* or *curtain, good* Allen ap. Furness conj.
(Drawe) Collier MS.
Enter a Servant.] Rowe. Enter a Messenger Q_1. Enter Messenger. Q_2 Ff.
85 Por.] Ner. Tyrwhitt conj.
90 *courteous*] *curtious* Q_2. *curious* Q_3Q_4.
94 *summer*] *a summer* Allen ap. Furness conj.
95 *fore-spurrer*] *fore-spurrier* Capell (corrected in Errata).

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Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.
Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,

96 *afeard*] *afraid* Pope.
97 *Thou wilt*] *Thou'lt* Pope.
98 *high-day*] *high day* Qq F_4.
100 *Quick Cupid's post*] *Cupids quicke Post* Collier MS.
101 *Bassanio, lord Love,*] Rowe. *Bassanio Lord, loue* $Q_1Q_2F_1F_2F_3$. *Bassanio, Lord, Love* Q_3Q_4. *Bassanio Lord, love,* F_4. *Bassanio lord, Love!* Pope.

[Exeunt.] Exit. Q_1.
ACT III. SCENE I.] Rowe. Actus Tertius. Ff. om. Qq.
Venice. A Street.] Capell. a Street in Venice. Theobald. Venice. Rowe.
3 *wrecked*] *wrackt* Qq Ff.
6 *gossip Report*] $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *gossips report* Q_1 Ff.
8 *as lying a*] *as a lying* Q_1.

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that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

12 *honest Antonio*] *honest Antho.* $F_2F_3F_4$.
19 *my*] *thy* Theobald (Warburton). Enter Shylock.] Q_1. In Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4 after line 20.
21 *knew*] *know* Q_1.
21, 22 *of...flight*] A separate line in Q_1.
23, 24 *That's...withal.*] Two lines, the first ending *Taylor*, in Q_1.
26 *fledged*] *fledg'd* Q_1 Ff. *fidge* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *fledge* Capell.
31 *years?*] Rowe. *yeares.* $Q_1Q_3Q_4F_3$. *yeeres.* $Q_2F_1F_2$. *years.* F_4. *times?* Rowe (ed. 2).
32 *blood*] *my blood* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
35 *rhenish*] Rowe. *rennish* Qq F_1F_2. *rhennish* F_3F_4.
36 *any loss at sea*] *at losse a sea* Q_1. *a loss at sea* Furness conj.

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Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond. 42

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for? 44

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, re-

37 *a bankrupt, a*] *a bankrupt for a* Warburton.
38 *dare*] *dares* Rowe (ed. 2).
Rialto] *Ryalta* $F_2F_3F_4$.
39 *was used*] *us'd* Rowe (ed. 2). *was wont* Collier MS.
47 *half*] *of half* Theobald (ed. 2).
49 *his reason?*] *his reason*, Qq. *the reason?* Ff.
50 *Hath not*] *Hath nos* Q_1.
51 *dimensions*] Q_1F_4. *dementions* $Q_2F_1Q_3Q_4$. *dimentions* F_2F_3.
53 *means*] *medicines* Warburton conj.
54 *winter and summer*] *summer and winter* Hanmer.
56—62 *and if...instruction.*] As verse, Maginn conj., ending the lines *revenge?...will...wrong...humility?... Revenge...should...example?...me,... but...instruction.*
59 *humility? Revenge*] Rowe. *humility, revenge?* Qq Ff.
If] *And if* or *An if* Maginn conj.
60 *by Christian*] *by a Christian* F_3F_4.

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venge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction. 62

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him. 65

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Salan. Salar. and Servant.*

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her. 71

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to

example? Why, revenge.] F_4. *example, why Revenge?* Qq F_1. *example? why revenge* F_2F_3. *example? Why, sir,* (or *Revenge,*) *revenge* Maginn conj.

62 Enter a Servant.] Enter a man from Anthonio. Qq Ff.

65 Enter Tubal] After line 67 in Collier.

67 [Exeunt...] Exeunt Sol. Sal. and Ser. Capell. Exeunt Gentlemen. Qq Ff. Enter Tubal. Q_2 (repeated).

68 *Genoa*] *Genowa* Qq $F_1F_2F_3$. *Geneva* F_4. *Genoua* Rowe.

73 *Frankfort*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Frankford* Q_1F_4. *Franckford* The rest.

77 *would*] *O would* Q_1. *'would* Capell.

78 *them? Why, so:—*] *them; Why, so;* Capell. *them, why so:* Q_1. *them, why so?* $Q_2F_1F_2F_3Q_3Q_4$. *them; why so?* F_4. *them—why, so!* Johnson.

79 *what's*] *whats* Qq. *how much is* Ff. *what* Hanmer.

thou] Qq F_1. *then* $F_2F_3F_4$. *thou—* Collier. *there!* Lloyd conj.

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find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God! Is't true, is't true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

82 *lights on*] Q_1. *lights a* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4. *lights o'* Rowe (ed. 2).
82, 83 *but of*] Q_1. *but a* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4. *but o'* Rowe (ed. 2).
85 *heard in*] *heard, is in* Q_3Q_4.
Genoa,—] *Genoway.* Q_1. *Genowa?* $Q_2F_1Q_3Q_4$. *Genowa,* F_2. *Genowa.* F_3. *Genoua.* F_4. *Genoua—* Rowe.
86 *What, what, what?*] *What, what,* Rowe.
what? ill] Theobald. *what ill* Q_1. *what, ill* The rest.
luck?] F_4. *lucke?* Q_1. *luck.* F_3. *lucke.* The rest.
88 *Is't...is't*] *ist...ist* Q_1. *is it...is it* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.
90 *wreck*] Theobald (ed. 2). *wracke* $Q_1F_1F_2$. *wrack* $Q_2F_3F_4$. *wrak* Q_3Q_4.
91 *thee,*] *the* Q_1.
92 *where?*] Rowe. *heere* Qq. *here* Ff. *Genoa?*] *Genoua?* Rowe. *Genoway.* Q_1. *Genowa.* $Q_2F_1F_2Q_3Q_4F_3$. *Genoua.* F_4.
93, 94 *in one*] Q_1. *one* The rest.
99 *to*] *vnto* Q_1.
that swear] *that sweare that* Q_1.
100 *very*] om. Rowe.
101 *of it*] *on' t*] Q_1.

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Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone. 107

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.* 113

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and* Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself, 5
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you 10
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;

105 *turquoise*] Rowe. *Turkies* $Q_1Q_2F_1$ Q_3Q_4. *Turkis* $F_2F_3F_4$.
108 *Tubal*] om. Pope.
109 *fee*] *see* Boswell (a misprint).
111 *I will. Go, go*] Johnson. *I will: go: go*, Pope. *I will go: go* Q_1. *I will: goe* Q_2F_1. *I will: go* $F_2Q_3Q_4$ F_3F_4.
113 [Exeunt.] om. F_4.
SCENE II.] Rowe.
Belmont.] Rowe. A room...] Capell.
[Enter...] Enter B. P. G. and all their Traines. Qq. (traine. Ff). Collier MS. adds 'to the caskets'.
1 Por.] Por. [Aside to Bass.] Anon. conj.
3 *lose*] *loose* Qq F_1.
therefore] om. Pope.
5 *lose*] $Q_1F_2F_3F_4$. *loose* $Q_2F_1Q_3Q_4$.
9 *month*] *moneth* Q_1Q_2.
11 *I am then*] Q_1. *then I am* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.

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So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,

14 *Beshrew*] $Q_1F_2F_4$. *Beshrow* $Q_2F_1F_2$ Q_3Q_4.
16 *half yours*] *halfe* $F_2F_3F_4$. *yours* Capell.
17 *if*] Qq. *of* F_1. *first* $F_2F_3F_4$.
18 *O*] Qq Ff. *Alas* Pope.
19 *Put*] F_2F_3. *Puts* Qq F_1F_4.
20 *not yours*] *I'm not yours* Johnson conj.
so] *not so* Capell.
21 *for it*] om. Q_3Q_4.
it, not I] *it, not me* Hanmer. *it. Not I* Warburton. *it—Not I* Johnson.
22 *peize*] Qq Ff. *poize* Rowe (ed. 1). *peece* Rowe (ed. 2). *piece* Johnson and Long MS. *pause* Collier MS.
23 *eke*] Johnson. *eck* Q_1. *ech* Q_2. *ich* $F_1F_2F_3$. *eech* Q_3Q_4. *itch* F_4. *eche* Rowe.
eke it] *eche it out* Pope (ed. 2).
to draw] *draw* $F_2F_3F_4$.
it out] *out* Q_1.
26 *Bassanio!*] *Bassanio!* Rowe (ed. 2). *Bassanio,* Qq Ff.
30 *life*] *league* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). *lief* Daniel conj.
32 *Ay, but*] *I, but* Ff Q_2Q_4. *I but* Q_1Q_3.

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Where men enforced do speak any thing.
Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.
Por. Well then, confess and live.
Bass. 'Confess,' and 'love,'
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view

33 *do*] *doth* F_1.
39 The curtain drawn from before the caskets. Dyce. (Drawe curtaine) Collier MS.
44 *Then*] [Aside] *Then* Anon. conj. *lose*] Q_1. *loose* The rest.
45 *Fading*] *Failing* Clark MS.
46 *proper*] *just* Pope.
48 *Then*] *Than* Q_2F_1.
50 *new-crowned*] *new crownd* Q_1.
51 *in*] *at* Long MS.
54 *presence*] *prescience* Becket conj.
56 *virgin tribute*] *virgin-tribute* F_3F_4. *paid*] *paied* F_1F_2. *payed* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

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The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,

60 *of the*] *of th'* Qq Ff. *o' the* Capell.
61 *thou*] See note (VII).
live: with] *live, with* F_3F_4. *liue with* Qq F_1F_2.
much much] $Q_2F_2F_3$. *much* $Q_1F_1F_4$. *much, much* Q_3Q_4. *much-much* Dyce.
62 *I*] *To* Q_1.
Music, whilst...] A song, the whilst ... Q_1. A Song the whilst... $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Here Musicke. A Song the whilst ... Ff.
63 *is*] *his* Warburton (a misprint).
64 *Or in*] *In* Johnson.
head f] Q_1. *head,* Q_2. *head:* F_1.
65 *nourished f*] Qq. *nourished.* Ff.
66 *Reply, reply*] *Reply* Hanmer. See note (VIII).
67 *engender'd*] *engendered* Q_1. *engendred* Q_2 Ff. *ingendred* Q_3Q_4.
eyes] Ff. *eye* Qq.
68 *dies*] *dies:* Q_1Q_2.
69 *lies.*] *lies* Q_2.
71 *I'll begin it*] Printed in Roman letters in Qq Ff, the rest of the song being in italics.
I'll...bell.] Two lines in Qq Ff. One in Johnson.
75 *tainted*] *tanted* F_1.

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Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,

80 *ornament?*] Rowe. *ornament:* Qq Ff.
81 *vice*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *voice* Qq F_1.
82 *mark*] om. Q_1.
his] *its* Theobald.
84 *stairs*] F_4. *staiers* Q_1. *stayers* Q_2F_1 Q_3Q_4. *stayres* F_2F_3.
92 *crisped*] *crispy* Theobald (ed. 2).
93 *make*] Pope. *maketh* Q_1Q_2. *makes* Ff Q_3Q_4.
97 *guiled*] Qq F_1. *guilded* $F_2F_3F_4$. *gilded* Rowe. *guilty* Warburton. *guiling* Becket conj.
99 *Indian beauty;*] *Indian dowdy;* Hanmer. *Indian; beauty's* Harness (Theobald conj.). *Indian gipsy;* S. Walker conj. *Indian: beauty,* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *Indian favour;* Lettsom conj. *Indian Idol;* Cartwright conj. *Indian visage;* Spedding conj. *Indian beldam;* Edd. conj. *Indian bosom;* Wright conj. *Indian suttee;* Cowden Clarke conj. *Indian's blackness;* Bailey conj. (1862). *Indian deity;* Bubier conj. (Nonconformist, Aug. 1863). *Indian feature;* Keightley (Spedding conj.). *Indian's body;* Bailey conj. (1866). *Indian swarthy* (or *sooty*); Herr conj. (1879). *Indian mummy;* Greet conj. *Indian brow; and,* Kinnear conj.
Indian...word,] *Indian: beauty, in a word 's* Forsyth conj. (Inverness Advertizer, 1867).

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The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

Por. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess!
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,

100 *times*] *dames* (or *tires* or *trims*) Theobald conj. *things* Spedding conj. *lures* Gould conj.
101 *wisest*] *wise* Long MS.
Therefore] Q_1. *Therefore then* Q_2 $F_1Q_3Q_4$. *Then* Pope.
102 *food*] *foole* Q_1.
103 *pale*] *stale* Rann (Farmer conj.).
105 *aught*] Theobald (ed. 2). *ought* Qq Ff.
106 *paleness*] Qq Ff. *plainness* Theobald (Warburton). *dullness* Anon. conj.
paleness ... eloquence] *plainness ... elegance* Bailey conj. (1866).
108 [Aside] Lansdowne's version.
110 *shuddering*] *shyddring* Qq.
green-eyed] *green-hode* Becket conj.
111 *O...moderate*] *Be moderate, love* Hanmer.
O love,] In a separate line, Globe ed. (S. Walker conj.).
112 *rain*] F_3F_4. *reine* Q_3Q_4. *range* Q_1. *raine* $Q_2F_1F_2$. *pour* Lansdowne's version.
114 *surfeit*] *surfeit me* Steevens conj. *surfeit in't* Anon. conj. *surfeit on't* Lettsom conj.
What find I] *What do I find* Hanmer. *Ha! what find I* Capell.
[Opening...] Rowe. om. Qq Ff.
117 *whether*] Ff Q_3Q_4. *whither* Q_1Q_2.

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Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads*] You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt

118 *are*] *her* Anon. conj.
119 *sugar breath*] *sugar'd breath* Pope. *sugar-breath* Dyce (ed. 2).
120 *hairs*] *hair* Hanmer.
122 *to entrap*] *t' intrap* Q_1 Ff Q_3Q_4. *tyntrap* Q_2.
126 *itself*] *himself* Johnson conj. *it's self* Jackson conj. *unfurnish'd*] Qq Ff. *unfinish'd* Rowe. *half-furnish'd* Anon. ap. Halliwell conj. *unfellow'd* Bailey conj.
128 *it*] om. F_3F_4.
131 [Reads] Dyce.
139 [Kissing her. Rowe.
144 *still...in a*] *gazing still in* Pope.

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Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

145 *peals*] *pearles* Q_1.
149 *see me*] Qq. *see my* $F_1F_2F_3$. *see, my* F_4.
Bassanio] *Bassiano* F_1F_2.
154 *ten thousand*] *ten* Lloyd conj.
154, 155 One line in Collier.
155, 156 As in Malone. One line in Qq Ff.
156 *only*] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
159 *sum of something,*] Theobald. *summe of something;* Q_1. *sume of something:* Q_2. *sum of nothing:* Ff. *summe of something:* Q_3Q_4. *some of something,* Warburton. *much of nothing,* Bulloch conj. *sum of—something* Clarendon Press ed. *term*] *sum* Daniel conj.
160 *unlesson'd*] *vnlessoned* Ff.
162 *learn*] *learn somewhat* Bulloch conj. *happier than*] *happier then* Qq F_1. *happier then in* $F_2F_3F_4$. *more happy then in* Pope. *and happier than* Steevens. *and happier in* Lloyd conj. *then happier in* Dyce (ed. 2). *happier in this* Beale conj. (N. & Q. 1877). *happier, then, this* Spence conj.
this,] *this, in that* Capell.
164 *is*] *in* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

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Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize

168 *but now I*] *I but now* Pope.
the lord] Qq Ff. *the Lady* Rowe. *Lady* Pope.
169 *master*] Qq Ff. *mistress* Rowe.
170 *myself; and even now,*] *myself, and even now;* Rowe (ed. 1).
172 *lord*] *Lords* Q_2.
173 *lose*] Q_1F_4. *loose* The rest.
175 (Giue the ring) Collier MS.
183 *wild*] *void* Collier conj.
186 *Bassanio's*] Ff Q_3Q_4. *Bassanio is* Q_1. *Bassanios* Q_2.
187 *time*] *turn* Gould conj.

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The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.
Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.
Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved for intermission.
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.
Por. Is this true, Nerissa?
Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.
Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?
Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.
Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.
Ner. What, and stake down?
Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

194 *faith*] *faiths* Collier MS.
195 *too*] Ff. *to* Qq.
197 *have*] *gaue* F_1.
200 *loved for intermission.*] $Q_3Q_4F_4$. *lou'd for intermission*, $Q_1Q_2F_1F_2F_3$. *loved: for intermission* Theobald.
202 *casket*] $Q_1Q_3Q_4$. *caskets* Q_2 Ff.
203 *too*] *to* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
204 *here*] *heere* Qq F_1. *heete* F_2. *heat* F_3F_4. *Herd* Rowe (ed. 1). *Her* Rowe (ed. 2).
sweat] F_3F_4. *swet* Qq F_1F_2.
205 *roof*] *roofe* Q_1. *rough* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4. *tongue* Collier MS. *mouth* Halliwell conj. (doubtfully).
210 *is, so*] Qq. *is so, so* Ff.

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But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel? 220
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO, *a Messenger from Venice.*

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen, 225
Sweet Portia, welcome.
Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way, 230
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Saler. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth. 235
Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.

221, 222, 230 *Salerio*] Qq Ff. *Salanio* Rowe. *Solanio* Knight. See note (IX).
221 SCENE III. Pope.
Salerio...Venice.] Q_1Q_2. Salerio. Ff. Salerio? from Venice. Q_3Q_4. Salanio. Rowe. Salerino. Capell.
225 *very*] om. Q_3Q_4.
226, 227 *So...welcome.*] As in Capell. One line in Qq Ff.
232 *I*] Qq F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
233 *for it*] *for 't* Pope.
234 [Gives...] Theobald.
his] *this* F_3F_4.
238 [Opens the Letter. Ff. He opens the Letter. Q_1. open the letter. $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
239, 245 *yon*] Q_1. *yond* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4. *yon'* Capell.

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Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Saler. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,

244 *I would*] Qq Ff. *Would* Pope. *'Would* Steevens (1793).
fleece] *fleets* Daniel conj.
245 *shrewd*] *shrowd* Q_2.
246 *steals*] *steal* Pope.
Bassanio's] *Bassianos* F_1F_2.
251 *And...half*] *And freely must have half* Long MS.
I must freely] $Q_1Q_2F_1$. *must freely* $F_2F_3F_4$. *I must* Q_3Q_4.
257 *veins, I...gentleman;*] Pope. *veines, I...Gentleman,* $Q_1Q_3Q_4$. *vaines, I ...gentleman,* Q_2. *vaines: I...Gentleman,* $F_1F_2F_3$ (*veines* F_2. *veins* F_3). *veins...gentleman,* F_4.
260 *braggart*] *beggar* F_4.
263 *have*] *had* Allen ap. Furness conj.

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Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Saler. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the Duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

265 *Here is*] *Heer's* Q_1.
266 *as*] *is* Pope.
268 *life-blood*] Rowe. *life blood* Qq Ff.
269 *Have*] Rowe. *Hath* Qq Ff.
What,] Q_1F_4. *What* The rest.
270 *and*] *from* Rowe.
272 *And*] *Has* Eccles conj., reading with Pope.
scape] *'scaped* Pope.
285 *forfeiture, of*] *forfeiture of* F_3F_4.

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Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.
Bass. [*reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried,

295 *condition'd and*] *condition'd: an* Warburton. *condition'd, most* Lansdowne's version. *unwearied*] *unwearied'st* Collier, ed. 2 (Hunter conj.).
300, 301 *What...bond;*] As in Ff. One line in Qq.
303 *this*] *his* S. Walker conj.
304 *Shall*] Qq Ff. *Should* Capell (misprint).
through] Qq F_1. *through my* F_2 F_3F_4. *thorough* Steevens (1778, 1785). *Bassanio's*] *Bassano's* F_1.
313 *your*] *my* Rowe.
314, 315 *Bid...dear.*] Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.
315 *dear bought*] *dear-bought* Dyce.
317 Bass. [reads] Rowe. om. Qq Ff. She reades. Collier MS.

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my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, *and* Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond

320 *you and I*] Qq Ff. *you and me* Pope.
320, 321 *I, if...death.*] *I. If...death:* —Harness (C. Kemble conj.).
320 *but see*] Qq. *see* Ff.
321, 322 *Notwithstanding...letter.*] Read by Portia, Furness conj.
323 Por.] om. Q_1.
327 *No*] Q_1. *Nor* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.
twain] *two* Rowe (ed. 1).
SCENE III.] Rowe. SCENE IV. Pope. Venice. A street.] Capell. Venice. Rowe. Changes to a Street in Venice. Theobald.
Enter the Iew, and Salarino (Salerio $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Solanio $F_1F_2F_3$. Salanio F_4), and Anthonio, and the Iaylor. Qq Ff.
1, 3 *Gaoler*] Johnson. *Iaylor* Qq F_1 F_2. *Jaylor* F_3F_4. *Goaler* Rowe.
not me] *me not* Rowe (ed. 1).
2 *lent*] Qq. *lends* Ff.
5 *I have*] *I've* Pope.
6 *call'dst*] *call'st* F_4.
8 *justice.*] *iustice*, Q_2F_1.

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To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond. [*Exit.*
Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Salar. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated me,

11 *pray thee*] *prethee* Q_1.
14 *dull-eyed*] Hyphened in $Q_1F_2F_3F_4$.
17 [Exit.] Exit Iew. Qq Ff.
22 *from*] Q_1Q_2 Ff. *him* Q_3Q_4.
24, 25 *I am sure...hold*] As in Pope. Printed as prose in $F_2F_3F_4$. Two lines, the first ending *grant*, in Qq F_1.
26 *law:*] *law,* Capell (Theobald conj.).
26—28 *law:... Will*] *law With us in Venice: if it be denied'Twill* Staunton conj. omitting line 27.
27 *commodity*] *community* Kinnear conj. (reading 26, 29 as Capell).
28 *Venice,*] *Venice.* Theobald conj. *Venice:* Capell.
it] *that* Seymour conj.
29 *Will*] *'Twill* Capell (Theobald conj.).
justice] *interest* or *traffic* Keightley conj.
his] Q_1. *the* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.
32 *have*] Q_1Q_2 Ff. *hath* Q_3Q_4.

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That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHASAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,

SCENE IV.] Rowe. SCENE V. Pope.
Belmont.] Rowe.
A room...] Capell.
...Balthasar.] Theobald. ...a man of Portias. Qq Ff.
1 *your*] *you* F_3.
3 *god-like*] *gold-like* Q_3Q_4.
most] om. Pope.
6 *relief*] *relief to* Rowe.
10 *for*] *of* Pope.
11 *Nor*] *And* Pope.
13 *equal*] *egall* Q_2. *egal* F_1F_2.
15 *lineaments, of*] *lineaments of* Warburton.
17 *bosom lover*] *bosome-louer* Q_1.

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How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased

19 *bestow'd*] Johnson. *bestowed* Qq Ff.
20 *soul*] F_4. *soule*, Q_1F_2. *soule;* Q_2F_1 Q_3Q_4. *soul*, F_3.
21 *misery*] Q_1. *cruelty* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.
23 *hear other things.*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *heere other things* Qq F_1F_2. *here other things*, F_3F_4. *Here are other things.* Rowe.
24 *hands*] F_4. *hands*, The rest.
27 *secret*] *sacred* Collier MS.
30 *husband*] *husbands* Collier MS.
31 *two*] *too* F_1F_2.
32 *will we*] Q_1. *we will* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.
35 *lays*] *lay* Hanmer.
you] Q_1Q_2 Ff. *me* Q_3Q_4.
40 *And so farewell*] Q_1. *So far you well* Q_2F_1. *So fare you well* The rest.
43 *pleased*] *'pris'd* Warburton conj.

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To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*
Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*
Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of; we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps

44, 45 *fare...Balthasar*] One line, S. Walker conj.
44 *fare you well*] *farewell* Q_1. [Exeunt J. & L.] Rowe. Exeunt. Qq Ff.
45, 46 *Now...true*] Printed as one line in Qq Ff; corrected by Pope. [to the Servant. Capell.
46 *honest-true*] Dyce (S. Walker conj.). *true* Gould conj.
49 *Padua*] Theobald. *Mantua* Qq Ff.
50 *cousin's hand*] *cosin hands* Q_2.
53 *tranect*] *Traject* Rowe. *crane, next* Jackson conj. *trapect* Anon. conj.
54 *words*] *word* Q_3Q_4.
55 *thee*] *hee* F_3.
56 [Exit.] Q_1. The rest omit.
62 *that*] Qq Ff. *what* Rowe (ed. 2).
63 *accoutred*] Rowe. *apparreld* Q_1. *accoutered* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$ Ff.

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Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal: then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good

72 *withal*] *with all* Rowe (ed. 2). See note (x).
75 *I have*] *I've* Pope.
76 *I have*] *I've* Dyce (ed. 2).
within] *in* Pope.
78 *Why,*] om. Pope.
79 *question's*] *questions* F_1F_2.
that,] *that?* $F_1Q_3Q_4$.
80 *near*] Rowe. *nere* Qq Ff.
interpreter!] Theobald. *interpreter:* Qq F_1. *interpreter?* $F_2F_3F_4$.
81 *my*] *my my* Q_2.
SCENE V.] Capell. SCENE VI. Pope. The same. A garden.] Capell.
2 *ye*] Q_1. *you* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.
3 *I fear*] *I fear for* Malone conj.
4 *be of*] *be a* Q_1Q_2. *be o'* Capell.

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cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth

7, 11 *bastard hope*] *bastard-hope* F_4.
14 *I shun*] *you shun* Rowe.
I fall] *you fall* Rowe.
19 *enow*] *enough* Rowe.
e'en] *in* Q_2.
24 *comes.*] *come?* Q_2.
25 *jealous*] *iealious* Q_2.
28 *there is*] *there's* Q_1Q_2.

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than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

34 *is*] *'s* Q_1.
36 *less*] *more* Capell conj.
38 *the*] *a* Hanmer.
40 *only*] om. Rowe.
41 *dinner.*] $Q_3Q_4F_4$. *dinner?* The rest.
43 *Goodly*] *Good* Pope. *Good y^e* Farmer conj. *Goodly:* Jackson conj. *Good my* Anon. ap. Halliwell conj. *Goody* Allen ap. Furness conj.
then] *than* Q_2.
45 *That is*] *That's* Q_1.
too] *to* Qq F_1.
46 *then*] F_4. *than* The rest.
48 *quarrelling with*] *quibbling:—what* or *quibbling without* Jackson conj.
49 *instant?*] $Q_1Q_3Q_4F_4$. *instant;* Q_2F_1 F_2F_3.
55 [Exit.] Exit Clowne. Qq Ff.
56 *dear*] *clear* Lloyd conj.
suited] *sorted* Jackson conj.

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The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?
Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.
Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.
Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

57 *hath...memory*] *hath, planted in his memory*, Allen ap. Furness conj.
61 *Defy*] *Defeat* Allen ap. Furness conj.
cheer'st] Ff Q_3Q_4. *cherst* Q_2. *far'st* Q_1.
Jessica?] *Iessica?* $Q_1Q_3Q_4F_4$. *Iessica*, The rest.
63 *Bassanio's*] *Bassiano's* F_1F_2.
65 *Bassanio*] *Bassianio* F_2.
68, 69 *mean it, then In*] *meane it, then In* Q_1. *meane it, it In* Q_2. *meane it, it Is* Ff. *meane it, In* Q_3Q_4. *merit it, In* Pope. *moan, it is In* Staunton conj. *find it, then In* Halliwell conj. *merit it, 'Tis* S. Walker conj. *earn it, it Is* Bailey conj. (1866). *merit them, In* or *earn it, then In* suggested in Clar. Press ed. *near it, then In* Campbell conj. *wean it, then In* Bulloch conj. *lead it, then In* Furnivall conj.
74, 75 Q_1 ends the lines at *me...wife*.
75 *a wife*] Ff Q_3Q_4. *wife* Q_1Q_2.
76 *too*] *to* Qq F_1.
that.] *that?* $Q_2F_1F_2F_3$.
77 *dinner.*] *dinner?* Q_2F_1.

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Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Venice. A court of justice.*

Enter the DUKE, *the* Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERIO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me

78 *stomach.*] *stomacke?* F_1.
79 *pray thee*] *prethee* Q_1.
80 *howsoe'er*] *howsoere* Q_1. *how so ere* Q_3Q_4. *how so mere* Q_2. *how som ere* F_1F_2. *howsom ere* F_3. *howsome're* F_4.
'mong] *'mongst* F_4.
81 *digest*] Ff. *disgest* Qq.
it.] *it?* $Q_2F_1F_2F_3$.
[Exeunt.] Ff Q_3Q_4. Exit. Q_1Q_2.
ACT IV. SCENE I.] Rowe. Actus Quartus. Ff. om. Qq.
Venice. A court...] Capell. The Senate-house in Venice. Theobald. Venice. Rowe.
...Salerio, and others.] om. Qq Ff. Salanio, Salarino and others. Capell. Enter...and Gratiano, at the Bar. Theobald.
3 *I am*] *I'm* Pope.
6 *From*] *Of* So quoted by Mrs Cowden Clarke.
dram] *dream* Becket conj.
7, 8 As three lines ending *paines*... *course*:...*obdurate*, in Q_1.

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Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Saler. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.
Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose;

15 Saler.] Salerio. $Q_3Q_3Q_4$. Sal. Q_1 Ff. See note (IX).
He is] *He's* Pope.
17 *too,*] F_3F_4. *too* F_2. *to,* $Q_1Q_3Q_4$. *to* Q_2F_1.
21 *strange apparent*] *strange-apparent* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
22 *And.....penalty*] omitted by Rowe.
exact'st] Ff. *exacts* Qq.
24 *loose*] *lose* F_4.
25 *human*] Rowe. *humane* Q_1 Ff Q_3Q_4. *humaine* Q_2.
26 *moiety*] *moity* Q_1. *moytie* Q_2F_1.
29 *Enow*] *Enough* Rowe.
30 *his state*] *this states* Q_2.
31 *flint*] *flints* Q_2F_1.

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And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion-flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

36 *Sabbath*] Q_1 Ff. *Sabaoth* Q_2. *Sabbaoth* Q_3Q_4.
41 *than*] F_4. *then* The rest.
42 *ducats:...that:*] *Ducats?...that,* Q_1. *ducats:...that?* Q_2. *Ducats?...that:* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Ducats?...that.* F_4. *Ducats: ...that,* Q_3Q_4.
42, 43 *I'll...it is*] *I'll now answer that By saying 'tis* Warburton.
43 *But, say, it*] Capell. *But say it* Qq Ff. *answer'd*] Theobald. *answercd* F_1. *answered* The rest.
46 *baned*] *baind* Qq Ff. *brain'd* Rowe. *answer'd*] *answered* Q_1.
47, 48 *pig;...cat;*] *pigge?...Cat?* Q_2.
49 *bagpipe*] *big-pipe* Warburton (misprint).
50, 51 *urine: for affection, Mistress of*] Capell (Thirlby conj.). *urine for affection. Masters of* Qq Ff (*Maisters* Q_2F_3). *...affection. Masterless* Rowe. *...affection, Master of* Rann (Thirlby conj.). *...affections, Masters of* Steevens, 1778, 1785 (Hawkins conj.). *urine for affection: Matters of* Jackson conj. *urine: for affection Masters our* Malone conj. *urine: for affection Masters oft* Bullock conj. *urine: for affection's Master of* Lettsom conj. MS. ap. Furness. See note (XI).
51 *sways*] *sway* Warburton (reading as Qq Ff).
it] *us* Hanmer (reading as Rowe).
52 *it*] *she* Keightley.
54, 55 *pig;...cat;*] *pig:...cat:* Q_3Q_4. *pig?...cat?* Q_1. *pigge:...Cat?* Q_2. *Pigge?...Cat?* $F_1F_2F_3$. *pig,...cat,* F_4.

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Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;

56 *woollen*] Qq $F_1F_2F_3$. *wollen* F_4. *wooden* Johnson and Heath conj. *wauling* Hudson (Capell conj.). *swollen* Steevens (Hawkins conj.). *swelling* Hawkins conj. *sullen* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. LX. pt. 1, p. 506). *mewling* Becket conj. *wooing* Jackson conj. *bollen* Dyce (Collier MS.). *wailing* Cartwright conj. *Walloon* Bulloch conj. *wilean* or *willne* Oliver conj. (N. & Q. 1877). See note (XII).

57 *shame*] *sway* Bailey conj.

58 *offend, himself*] Q_1. *offend himselfe* $Q_2F_1F_2Q_3Q_4F_3$. *offend himself,* F_4.

60 *lodged*] Q_1. *lodgd* Q_2. *lodg'd* The rest.
a certain] *certain* Allen ap. Furness conj.

62 *losing*] Q_1F_4. *loosing* The rest.
him.] *him?* Q_2F_1.
answer'd] *answered* Q_1F_1. *aunswered* Q_2.

65 *answer.*] Ff. *answere.* Q_1. *answers?* Q_2. *answers.* Q_3Q_4.

66 *things*] Qq F_1. *thing* $F_2F_3F_4$.

70 *think you*] *think, you* Theobald (ed. 2). *think:—you* Singer (ed. 2). *stint your* Keightley.
the] Qq F_1F_2. *a* F_3F_4.

72 *bate*] *baite* F_1. *be at* F_3F_4. *'bate* Theobald.

73 *You may*] Qq. *Or even* Ff.

74 *Why he...bleat...lamb;*] Q_3Q_4. *Why he ... bleake ... Lambe:* Q_1Q_2. *The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:* F_1. *The ewe bleate for the Lambe: when you*

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You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
'The slaves are ours:' so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,

behold, $F_2F_3F_4$. *When you behold the ewe bleat for the lamb;* Hanmer. See note (XIII).
75 *pines*] Ff. *of pines* Qq.
76 *no noise*] *a noise* Hanmer.
77 *fretten*] Qq. *fretted* Ff.
79 *what's harder?*] *what's harder:* Qq. *what harder?* $F_1F_2F_3$. *what harder,* F_4.
80 *heart:*] *heart.* $F_1F_2F_3$. *heart?* Qq F_4.
81 *more*] *moe* Q_1Q_2.
farther] Qq Ff. *further* Steevens (1793).
83 *will.*] *will?* Q_2.
91 *your asses*] *you Asses* F_2.
92 *parts*] Qq F_1. *part* $F_2F_3F_4$.
93 *you bought*] *your bought* F_2.
95 *burthens?*] Ff Q_3Q_4. *burthens,* Q_1Q_2. *burdens?* Rowe (ed. 2).
96 *palates*] Theobald. *pallats* Qq Ff.
97 *viands?*] Capell. *viands;* Q_1. *Viands:* Ff Q_3Q_4. *viands,* Q_2.

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Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgement: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Saler. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace.
[*Presenting a letter.*

100 *'tis*]Ff. *tis* Q_1. *as* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *is* Capell.
107 Saler.] Q_1. Salerio Q_2. Sal. Ff Q_3Q_4. Salan. Knight.
110 *letters;*] *letters?* Q_2.
messenger] Qq. *Messengers* Ff.
113 *lose*] $Q_1Q_3Q_4F_4$. *loose* The rest.
114 *wether*] Steevens (1778). *weather* Qq Ff.
116 *earliest*] *soonest* Capell (corrected in Errata).
and] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
118 dressed...clerk.] Rowe. om. QqFf.
119 SCENE II. Pope.
120 *From both, my lord.*] *From both, my L.* Q_1. *From both? my L.* Q_2. *From both: my L.* Q_3Q_4. *From both. My Lord* Ff (as two lines). *From both. My Lord,* Rowe. [Presenting...] Capell. (Giue Letter) Collier MS.

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Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost makest me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolvish, bloody, starved and ravenous.
Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.

121 [Shy. whets his knife. Collier MS.
122 *forfeiture*] *forfeit* Rowe (ed. 2).
123 *sole...soul*] Hanmer. *soale...soule* F_1F_2. *soale...soul* F_3F_4. *soule... soule* Qq.
124 *but*] *for* Pope.
metal] F_4. *mettall* $Q_1F_1F_2$. *mettell* Q_2. *mettle* Q_3Q_4. *mtetall* F_3.
127 *hast*] *hoast* F_2.
128 *inexecrable*] Qq F_1F_2. *inexorable* F_3F_4.
134 *human*] *humane* Q_1 Ff Q_2Q_4. *humaine* Q_3.
136 *lay'st*] Pope. *layest* Qq Ff. *lay'dst* Douce conj.
unhallow'd] Pope. *vnhallowed* Qq Ff.
138 *starved*] *starv'd* Qq. *sterv'd* Ff.
140 *speak*] *speale* F_2.
142 *cureless*] *curelesse* Qq. *endlesse* Ff. *careless* Pope.
here] om. Q_3Q_4.
144 *to*] Qq. *in* Ff.

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Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [*reads*] Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning,—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA *for* BALTHASAR.

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

150 Clerk. [reads] Capell. om. Qq Ff. (Duke reades) Collier MS.
151 *in*] *at* Rowe.
153 *Balthasar*] *Balthazer* Q_1Q_2. *acquainted*] *acquained* F_1. *cause*] *case* F_3F_4.
156 *with him*] om. Gould conj.
158 *lack*] *have* Gould conj.
163 Enter...] Enter P. for Balthazer. Qq Ff, after line 161 (Balthazar $F_1F_2Q_3Q_4$, Balthasar F_3F_4). Enter P. Dress'd like a Doctor of Laws. Rowe.
164 *Come*] Qq. *Came* Ff.
165 *You are*] *You're* Pope.
167 *court?*] $Q_3Q_4F_4$. *Court.* The rest.

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Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,

168 *throughly*] *thoroughly* Steevens (1778).
cause] *case* F_3F_4.
174 *impugn*] *impunge* Q_1.
175 *do you not*] *doe ye not* Q_1.
[To Anthonio. Rowe.
178 *must I?*] Ff. *must I,* Qq.
that.] *that?* Q_3Q_4.
180 *rain*] *dew* Lansdowne's version.
181 *blest*] *blessing* Seymour conj.
191 *likest*] *lik'st* Q_1.

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That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

199 *court*] Qq. *course* Ff.
201 *law,*] *law,*— Allen conj.
205 *twice*] *thrice* Dyce ed. 2 (Ritson conj.).
209 *truth*] *ruth* Theobald conj. (withdrawn). See note (XIV).
215 *precedent*] Qq. *president* Ff.
218 *Daniel ... judgement!*] *Daniel! ... judgement:*—Theobald conj. (withdrawn).
219 *I do*] Qq. *do I* Ff.
220 *let me*] om. F_3F_4.
221 (shows it) Collier MS.

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Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgement: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgement.
Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—

222, 229, 313 *thrice*] *twice* Spedding conj.
222 *offer'd*] Q_3Q_4. *offered* Ff. *offred* Q_1Q_2.
225 *No, not*] *Not not* Q_3.
230 *tenour*] Q_1. *tenure* The rest.
247 *your*] *thy* F_4.

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'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd: but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. You, merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

250, 251 *It...flesh?*] As one line in Qq Ff. Corrected by Capell.
Are there...flesh?] *Are there scales and balance here To weigh the merchant's flesh?* Lloyd conj.
balance here] *ballances here* Rowe.
scales Pope.
251 [Producing scales. Collier (ed. 2).
(Produce them) Collier MS.
253 *do* Qq. *should* Ff.
254 *Is it so...bond?*] Qq. *It is not... bond?* $F_1F_2F_3$. *It is not...bond.* F_4.
257 *find*] *furnish* French conj.
(reades) Collier MS.
258 *You, merchant*] Qq. *Come Merchant* Ff.
263 *her custom*] Qq F_1. *his custome* F_2 F_3F_4.
267 *such*] *sordid* Lloyd conj. *so much* Edd. conj. *searching* Lettsom conj. *such like* Jervis conj.
misery] Qq F_1. *a misery* $F_2F_3F_4$. *deep misery* Keightley.

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Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it presently with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

272 *love*] *lover* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS. and Jervis conj.).
273 *but*] Qq. *not* Ff.
276 *presently*] Q_1. *instantly* Q_2 Ff Q_3 Q_4.
281 *lose*] *loose* $Q_2F_1F_2$.
ay,] Pope. *I* Qq Ff. *I'd* Rowe.
283 [Aside. Halliwell.
285 *whom*] Ff. *who* Qq.
288 [Aside. Halliwell.
290 *I have*] *I've* Pope.
have] *had* Allen ap. Furness conj.
daughter;] Theobald. *daughter* $Q_2F_1F_2F_3$. *daughter,* $Q_1Q_3Q_4F_4$.
291 *Barrabas*] *Barabbas* Collier (ed. 1).
292 [Aside.] Rowe.

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Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!
Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh:'
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,

299 (Shewe scales againe) Collier MS.
301 *jot*] *iote* Q_1Q_2.
303 *Take then*] Qq. *Then take* Ff. See note (xv).
308 *O upright...judge!*] As in Pope. Two lines, the first ending *judge*, in Qq Ff.
313 *this*] *his* Q_3Q_4.
315, 316 *Soft!...haste:*] As in Capell. One line in Qq Ff.
319 *off*] *of* Q_3.
321 *cut'st*] *cutst* Q_1. *tak'st* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.
322 *be it but*] Qq. *be it* Ff. *be 't but* Pope.
323 *substance*] *balance* Collier MS.

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Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy

324 *Or*] *On* Theobald. *Of* Keightley.
325 *do*] om. Pope.
329 *you*] Qq. *thee* Ff.
330 *pause?*] F_4. *pause,* The rest.
thy] Qq Ff. *the* Pope.
334 *He*] *And* Q_1.
337 *have barely*] *barely have* Pope.
339 *so taken*] Qq. *taken so* Ff.
341 *question*] Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4. *heere in question* Q_1.
344 *an*] Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4. *any* Q_1.
348 *one*] Q_2 Ff. *on* $Q_1Q_3Q_4$.
349 *coffer*] *coster* Q_1.

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Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the Duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have

354 *too*] *to* $Q_1Q_3F_1$.
355 *hast*] *had* $F_2F_3F_4$.
against] *gainst* Q_1.
357 *formerly*] *formally* Hanmer (Warburton's Errata).
361 *hast not left*] *hast not, left,* Allen ap. Furness conj.
363 *shalt*] *may'st* Pope.
spirits] Q_1. *spirit* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.
374 *God's sake*] *Godsake* Q_2.
376 *quit*] *quite* F_2.
for] *from* Hanmer.
376, 377 *the fine for...so he will let me*] *their fine of...to let him* Thirlby conj.
goods,...content;] *goods;...content,* Johnson.

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The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.

378 *half*] om. Thirlby conj.
379 *Upon*] *Until* Hanmer.
his] *my* Johnson conj.
380 *lately*] om. Thirlby conj. who would end lines 377—380 with *other*... *death*...*daughter*.
384 *possess'd*] *possess'd of* Capell conj.
393 Gra.] Shy. Q_2.
shalt thou] Qq. *thou shalt* Ff.
395 *not*] Q_1. *not to* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.
[Exit Shylock] Rowe. Exit. Qq Ff.
396 *home with me*] Qq. *with me home* Ff.
to dinner] *dinner* Q_1.
397 *do*] om. Q_1.
Grace of] *Graces* Q_3Q_4.
400 *I am*] *I'm* Pope.

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Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;

[*To Ant.*

And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you: [*To Bass.*]
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!

402 [Exeunt...] Exit... QqFf. Exeunt Duke, and Court. Capell.
403 SCENE III. Pope.
405 *lieu*] *lew* Q_1. *lewe* Q_2.
413 *more*] *mere* Anon. conj.
418 *a fee*] $Q_1F_2F_3F_4$. *fee* $Q_2F_1Q_3Q_4$. *things, I pray you,*] *things I pray you,* Qq. *things, I pray you* $F_1F_2F_3$. *things; I pray you* F_4.
421 *them*] *'em* Theobald (ed. 2). [To Ant.] Edd.
422 [To Bass.] Edd.
424 *this.*] $Q_1Q_3Q_4F_4$. *this?* $Q_2F_1F_2F_3$.

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I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.
Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.
Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,

426 *this.*] *this?* Q_2.
429 *depends on this than on*] *then this depends vpon* Q_1. *depends on this than is* Theobald conj. *on this depends than is* Hanmer.
on the value] *the stone's value* Capell conj.
430 *will I*] *I will* Q_1.
432 *me.*] *mee?* Q_1Q_2.
438 *lose*] Ff. *loose* Qq.
440 *An*] Capell. *And* Qq Ff.
441 *the*] Q_1. *this* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.
442 *enemy*] *enmity* Rowe.
443 [Exeunt...] Exeunt. Qq Ff. Exit. Rowe. Exit with Nerissa. Theobald.
446 *valued*] *valew'd* Q_1.
'gainst] Q_3Q_4. *gainst* Q_1Q_2. *against* Ff.
wife's] Rowe. *wiues* Qq Ff.
commandment] F_4. *commandement* $Q_1F_1F_2Q_3Q_4F_3$. *commaundement* Q_2.

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Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.
[*Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A street.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
And let him sign it: we'll away to-night
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully:
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [*Aside to Portia.*
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

449 [Exit G.] Exeunt G. Q_1.
SCENE II.] Capell. Pope continues Scene III.
A street.] Street before the Court. Capell.
Enter P. and N.] Ff. Enter N. Qq. Re-enter P. and N. Theobald.
9 *His*] *This* Q_1.
I do] *do I* Rowe.
13 [Aside...] Aside. Capell. To Portia. Pope.

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Por. [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
[*Aloud*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Belmont. Avenue to* PORTIA'S *house.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand

15 [Aside...] Aside. Capell.
18 [Aloud] Marked by Capell.
19 [Exeunt.] om. Q_1Q_2.
house f] Q_1F_4. *house.* The rest.
ACT V. SCENE I.] Rowe. Actus Quintus. Ff. om. Qq.
Belmont.] Rowe.
Avenue...] Capell. A Grove or Green Place before Portia's House. Theobald.
1 As two lines in Q_1.
4 *Troyan*] *Trojan* Q_3Q_4.
walls] Qq F_1. *wall* $F_2F_3F_4$.
5 *soul*] *soul out* Allen ap. Furness conj.
6 *Cressid*] Theobald. *Cressada* Q_1. *Cressed* $Q_2FfQ_3Q_4$. *Cresseid* Pope.
9 *dismay'd*] Rowe. *dismayed* Qq Ff.

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Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.
Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Steph. A friend.
Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word

11 *wild*] *wide* Rowe (ed. 1). *wild sea banks*] *wild Sea-banks* F_4. *wild-sea banks* Allen conj. ap. Furness. *waft*] Qq Ff. *wav'd* Theobald.
13 *gather'd*] Rowe. *gathered* Qq Ff.
14 *Æson*] Rowe. *Eson* Qq Ff.
17 *In*] *And in* F_3.
17, 18 *In...Did young*] *In...did Young* Malone.
20 *ne'er*] *never* Abbott conj. *In*] *And in* F_3.
20, 21 *In...Did pretty*] *In...did Pretty* Malone.
21 *shrew*] Q_1. *shrow* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.
23 *no body*] *nobody* Q_1.
24 Enter Stephano.] Theobald. Enter a Messenger. Qq. Enter Messenger. Ff.
27 *A friend ?*] om. Pope. *friend?...friend?*] $F_1F_2F_4$. *friend,... friend.* Q_1. *friend,...friend?* Q_2Q_3 Q_4F_3.

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My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.

32 *wedlock*] *wedlockes* Q_1.
34 *is*] *it* F_1.
35 *us have not*] *have we yet* Rowe.
37 *us*] *vs vs* F_1.
38 Enter L.] Rowe. Enter Clowne. Qq Ff.
41, 42 *Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo,*] Edd. *M. Lorenzo, M. Lorenzo,* Q_1. *M. Lorenzo, & M. Lorenzo* Q_2. *M. Lorenzo, & M. Lorenzo,* F_1. *M. Lorenzo, and M. Lorenza,* F_2. *M. Lorenzo, and M. Lorenzo,* Q_3Q_4. *M. Lorenzo, and Mrs. Lorenza,* F_3F_4. *Mr. Lorenzo and Mrs Lorenzo?* Rowe (ed. 1). *Master Lorenzo and Mrs Lorenza?* Rowe (ed. 2).
43 *hollaing*] Malone. *hollowing* Qq Ff. *hallooing* Collier.
48 *morning*] *morn* Keightley conj. [Exit.] Exit Clo. Capell. om. Qq Ff.
49 Lor. *Sweet soul, let's in*] Malone. Lor. *Sweet love, let's in* Rowe. *sweete soule.* Loren. *Let's in* QqF_1. *sweet love.* Lor. *Let's in* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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And yet no matter: why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit Stephano.*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

51 *friend*] *good friend* Capell.
Stephano] $Q_1F_2F_3F_4$. *Stephen* Q_2F_1 Q_3Q_4.
signify, I pray you] *I pray you signify* Keightley.
I] Qq. om. Ff.
53 [Exit S.] Theobald.
56 *ears: soft*] *eares soft* Qq F_1.
57 *touches*] Rowe. *tutches* Qq Ff.
59 *inlaid*] *inlay'd* Rowe. *inlayed* Qq Ff.
patines] Malone. *pattens* $Q_2F_1Q_3Q_4$. *pattents* Q_1. *patterns* $F_2F_3F_4$. *patens* Warburton.
62 *young-eyed*] Q_3Q_4. *young-ey'd* Rowe. *young eide* Q_1. *young eyde* Q_2. *young eyed* $F_1F_2F_3$. *young ey'd* F_4.
cherubins] Qq F_1F_2. *Cherubims* F_3F_4.
63 *is in*] *listen* Bailey conj.
immortal souls] *immortal sounds* Theobald (Warburton). *th' immortal soul* Johnson conj.
65 *it in*] $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *in it* Q_1 Ff. *us in it* Rowe (ed. 1). *us in* Rowe (ed. 2). *them in* Long MS. *in ours* Bailey conj. *on it* Spence conj.
Enter...] Enter Musick and domesticks of Portia. Capell.
66 *with a hymn*] *with him a hymne* Q_1.
67 *touches*] Q_1. *tutches* The rest.
68 [Music.] Musicke playes. Q_1. play Musique. $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Play musicke. Ff (after line 69). Againe Musick. Collier MS.

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Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:

69 *I am*] *I'm* Pope.
75 *but hear perchance*] Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4. *perchance but heare* Q_1.
79 *therefore*] *Thus* Pope.
poet] *poets* Keightley.
80 *trees*] Qq F_1. *teares* F_2F_3. *tears* F_4. *beasts* Collier MS. (corrected to *trees*).
81 *nought*] Q_1. *naught* The rest.
stockish, hard] Ff. *stockish hard* Qq.
82 *the*] om. F_1.
84 *Nor*] *Or* Macmillan MS.
87 *Erebus*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Terebus* Q_1Q_2. *Erobus* F_1. *Tenebris* Q_3Q_4.
88 Enter...] Enter Nerrissa and Portia. Q_1.
92 *candle.*] $Q_1Q_3Q_4F_4$. *candle?* Q_2F_1 F_2F_3.

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A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;

95 *Until a king*] *Until the king* Anon. conj.
97 [Musicke. Ff. om. Qq.
98 *your...the*] Qq Ff. *the...your* Rowe.
101 *that*] *the* Rowe (ed. 2).
106 *wren.*] Q_1. *Wren?* Ff. *Renne?* Q_2. *Renne.* Q_3Q_4.
109 *ho!*] *hoa!* Malone. *how* Qq Ff. *now* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
110 [observing Lor. and Jes. Capell. [Music ceases.] Ff. om. Qq. rising Musick ceases. Capell.
112, 113 So in $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. As two lines ending *knowes...voyce* in Q_1; as prose in Ff.
113 *voice.*] *voyce?* Q_2F_2. *voice?* F_1.
114 *husbands' healths*] Pope. *husband health* Q_1. *husbands welfare* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.

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But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*
Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.
Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.
Gra. [*To Nerissa*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:

118 *in*] om. Pope.
121 [A tucket sounds.] Ff. om. Qq.
122 *his*] *a* Rowe (ed. 1).
131 *for*] Qq F_1. *from* $F_2F_3F_4$.
132 *You are*] *y'are* Q_1.
136 *sense*] *sense'* (=*senses*) Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
142 [To Nerissa] Rowe.

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Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'
Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.

148 *me*] *to me* Collier, ed. 2 (Steevens conj.).
whose] *one whose* Lettsom conj.
148, 151 *posy*] *poesie* Q_1Ff. *posie* Q_2 Q_3Q_4.
151 *value?*] F_4. *value;* Q_1. *valew:* $Q_2F_1F_2$. *value:* $Q_3Q_4F_3$.
152 *it*] om. Q_2.
153 *your*] Qq. *the* Ff.
157 *no...judge*] Qq. *but wel I know* Ff.
158 *on's*] Qq Ff. *on his* Capell.
159 *an*] Pope. *and* QqFf.
160 *Ay*] Pope. *I* QqF_1. *If* $F_2F_3F_4$.
162, 261 *scrubbed*] *stubbed* Warton conj.
166 *to*] $Q_2Q_3Q_4F_4$. *too* $Q_1F_1F_2F_3$.
167 *wife's*] Rowe. *wiues* or *wives* QqFf.
169 *so riveted*] *riveted* Pope. *riveted so* Capell.

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I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,

172 *leave*] *lose* Long MS.
175 *a*] om. Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
176 *An*] Theobald. *And* QqFf.
177 [Aside] Theobald.
179 Gra.] Gre. F_1.
181 *too*] *to* Qq.
183 *aught*] Steevens. *ought* QqFf.
189 *Even*] QqF_1. *And even* $F_2F_3F_4$.
191, 192 *Nor...mine.*] One line in Ff.
192 *mine.*] *mine?* Q_2.

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And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.
Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd

197 *nought*] *naught* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
198 *displeasure.*]*displeasure?* $Q_2F_1F_2F_3$.
200 *Or*] *Of* Q_1.
201 *contain*] *retain* Pope.
206 *ceremony?*] Q_1F_4. *ceremonie:* Q_2F_1. *ceremony:* The rest.
208 *ring.*] *ring?* $Q_2F_1F_2F_3$.
209 *my honour*] $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *my honor* Q_1. *mine honor* F_1F_2. *mine honour* F_3F_4.
211 *Which*] *Who* Pope.
213 *displeased away*] *away displeasd* Q_1.
214 *did uphold*] Q_1. *had held up* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.
215 *lady?*] *Lady,* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
220 *For*] Qq. *And* Ff.
221 *think*] *think,* Theobald.

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The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him, then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:

222 *the*] *thee* F_2F_3.
doctor.] *Doctor!* Q_2F_1.
223 *e'er*] Rowe. *ere* Qq F_1F_2. *e're* F_3F_4.
230 *Argus*] $F_2Q_3Q_4F_3$. *Argos* $Q_1Q_2F_1F_4$.
232 *mine*] *my* Pope.
233 *that*] Qq. *the* Ff.
my] *mine* Q_3.
236 *him, then*] Collier. *him then* QqFf.
239 Printed as two lines, *Sir... You are...* in Ff.
you are] *you're* Dyce (ed. 2).
243 *myself,—*] *myself*— Rowe. *my selfe* QqFf.
244 *my*] $Q_1Q_2F_1$. *mine* $F_2Q_3Q_4F_3F_4$.

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Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?
Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you

249 [To Bass. Rowe, reading as Ff. *his*] Qq. *thy* Ff. *the* or *that* Grant White conj. *wealth*] *weal* Theobald. *health*, Becket conj.
250 *husband's*] *husband* Q_1. [To Por. Rowe.
258 *me*] om. Ff.
262 *this*] *thee* Grant White.
264 *where*] *when* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). See note (XVI).
265 *it f*] *it.* Q_2F_1.
272 *even but*] Qq. *but ev'n* Ff.

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Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

275 *Than*] *Then* $Q_1F_1Q_3Q_4$.
279 (he reades) Collier MS.
281 *cuckold?*] *cuckold.* Q_2F_1.
288 *road*] Pope. *Rode* QqF$_1$. *Rodes* F_2. *Rhodes* F_3F_4. *Roades* Collier MS.
289 *too*] *to* Q_2F_1.
293 *possess'd of*] *possest off* Q_1.
296 *I am*] *Ime* Q_1.
297 *Let us*] *Let's* Q_1.
298 *upon*] *on* Rowe.
inter'gatories] *intergotories* Q_1Q_2. *intergatories* $F_1F_2Q_3Q_4$. *interrogatories* F_3F_4.

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Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

300 *inter'gatory*] *intergotory* Q_1Q_2 (Cap.). *intergory* Q_2 (Dev.). *intergatory* $F_1F_2Q_3Q_4$. *interrogatory* F_3F_4.
303 *bed now,*] $Q_1Q_3Q_4$. *bed now* Q_2. *bed, now* Ff.
305 *That*] Q_1. *Till* Q_2 Ff Q_3Q_4.
doctor's] om. Q_1.

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NOTES.

Note I.

Dramatis Personæ. 'The Actors Names' were first given in the third Quarto, and repeated in Q_4. A new list was given by Rowe. The spelling of the name Salanio varies between 'Salanio' and 'Solanio;' that of Salarino between 'Salerino,' 'Saleryno,' 'Salirino,' 'Salino' and 'Solarino.' The preponderance of authority seems to favour the spelling given in our text, and we have not thought it worth while to mention each variation as it occurs. Antonio is spelt throughout 'Anthonio,' Balthasar 'Balthazar' or 'Balthazer,' and Launcelot 'Lancelet' or 'Launcelet,' in the old editions. See note (ix).

Note II.

I. 3. 129. *A breed for barren metal.* Pope says in a note: 'The old editions (two of 'em) have it, *A bribe of barren metal.*' This reading is not found in any copy that we have seen of Quarto or Folio, or of either edition of Rowe.

Note III.

II. 2. 52. Mr Knight remarks 'this sentence is usually put *interrogatively*, contrary to the punctuation of all the old copies, which is not to be so utterly despised as the modern editors would pretend.' Mr Grant White follows Mr Knight, and has a long note justifying the punctuation. Mr Dyce's remark that the sentence is a repetition of the preceding interrogation, at line 42, seems conclusive as to the sense. Nothing is more frequent than the omission of the note of interrogation in the older editions, apparently from a paucity of type.

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Note IV.

II. 7. 77. The Folios have '*Flo. Cornets*' at the beginning of the next scene after '*Enter Salarino and Solanio.*' Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson (ed. 1765) omitted all notice of this stage direction. Capell transferred it to the beginning of Scene 7. Mr Dyce added, '*Cornets*' at the end of the scene also. We have adopted the suggestion, as the Prince's leaving the stage would naturally be accompanied with the same pomp as his entrance.

Note V.

II. 8. 42. In the copy of Capell's edition which he gave to Trinity College Library, he has put a comma after 'mind' in red ink. Johnson marked the passage with an asterisk as probably corrupt.

Note VI.

II. 9. 68. Mr Staunton in a note to *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act I. Sc. I, mentions, on Sir F. Madden's authority, that 'I wis' is undoubtedly derived from the Saxon adverb 'gewis,' but in the thirteenth century 'ge' was changed to 'y' or 'i,' and in the latter end of the fifteenth it was probably held to be equivalent to the German 'Ich weiss.' There can be no doubt that Shakespeare spelt it 'I wis' and used it as two words, pronoun and verb.

Note VII.

III. 2. 61. Johnson says that Roberts's Quarto reads *then* for *thou*. It is not so in Capell's copy, or in the Duke of Devonshire's, and is probably a misprint.

Note VIII.

III. 2. 66. Johnson follows Hanmer in reading 'Reply' as a stage direction. It is true that the words 'Reply reply' stand in the margin of the old copies, but they are printed like the song in italics, and seem to be required as part of it by the rhythm and (if we read *eye* with the Quartos) by the rhyme also. Capell prefixes 1 v. to 'Tell me, &c.', and 2 v. to 'It is engender'd...' He says that "the words 'reply, reply' show it to be a song in two parts or by two voices, followed by a chorus of divers assistant voices which 'all' indicates."

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Note IX.

III. 2. 221. We have retained here and thoughout the scene the name 'Salerio,' which is so spelt consistently in all the old copies. Rowe altered it to 'Salanio;' and if the punctuation means anything, the editor of the third Quarto seems to have doubted about the name.

Capell, not Steevens as Mr Dyce says, restored 'Salerio' in the text, supposing Shakespeare to have used it as an abridgement of 'Salerino,' which he put in the stage direction. Mr Dyce thinks with Mr Knight that it is altogether unlikely that Shakespeare would, without necessity and in violation of dramatic propriety, introduce a new character, 'Salerio,' in addition to Salanio and Salerino. Tried by this standard Shakespeare's violations of dramatic propriety are frequent indeed, and it is no part of an Editor's duty to correct them.

In the next scene $Q_2Q_3Q_4$ have 'Salerio,' altered in the Folios to 'Solanio;' for clearly it cannot be the same person as the messenger to Belmont; and in IV. I. 15 the same Quartos make 'Salerio' the speaker, while Q_1 and the Folios have merely 'Sal.'

Note X.

III. 4. 72. *I could not do withal.* In Florio's *Giardino di Ricreatione*, p. 9, ed. 1591, the Italian 'Io non saprei farci altro' is rendered into English 'I cannot doo with all;' and the phrase occurs several times in the same book, meaning always 'I cannot help it.'

Note XI.

IV. 1. 51. Mr Knight attributes the reading 'Mistress of...' to Steevens from the conjecture of Waldron. It was really first adopted by Capell from the conjecture of 'the ingenious Dr Thirlby.'

Mr Staunton says that in line 51 F_1 omits 'it;' but this is not the case in our copy. He was misled by an error in the reprint of the first Folio which appeared in 1807.

Note XII.

IV. 1. 56. We have retained the reading '*woollen*' as it gives a meaning not altogether absurd. In an illuminated copy of an *Office de la Vierge* in the library of Trinity College there is a representation of a bagpipe which appears to be of sheepskin with the wool on. We incline however to think that Capell's conjecture 'wawling' approaches nearest to the truth, and it has been adopted by Hudson.

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NOTE XIII.

IV. 1. 73, 74. In the Duke of Devonshire's copy of Heyes's Quarto (our Q_2) the passage runs thus:

'well use question with the Woolfe,
the Ewe bleake for the Lambe.'

Lord Ellesmere's copy agrees with Capell's *literatim*, and reads, not 'bleat,' as Mr Collier says, but 'bleake.'

Mr Halliwell says that line 74, *Why...lamb*, is omitted in one copy of Heyes's Quarto which he has seen, but that it is found in three other copies.

NOTE XIV.

IV. 1. 209. Warburton has claimed this conjecture in a MS. note to Capell's copy of Theobald, but he did not adopt it in his own text.

NOTE XV.

IV. 1. 303. Mr Knight incorrectly says that this line is first found in the Folio of 1623. It is in all the Quartos.

NOTE XVI.

V. 1. 264. Capell in his Notes says some may prefer *when* but *where* heightens the comparison.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

DUKE, living in banishment.
FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.
AMIENS, JAQUES, } lords attending on the banished Duke.
LE BEAU[2], a courtier attending upon Frederick.
CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
ADAM, DENNIS, } servants to Oliver.
TOUCHSTONE, a clown.
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.
CORIN, SYLVIUS, } shepherds.
WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey[3].
A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.
CELIA, daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a shepherdess.
AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

SCENE—*Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] First given by Rowe.

[2] LE BEAU] LE BEU. Rowe. See note (1).

[3] WILLIAM] 'Clown in love with Audrey,' and 'William, another clown in love with Audrey.' Rowe (ed. 2).

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AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Orchard of* OLIVER'S *house.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion: bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound

Orchard...] Capell. an Orchard. Rowe. Oliver's House. Pope. Oliver's Orchard. Theobald.

1 *fashion:*] *fashion,*— Staunton. *fashion* Ff. *my father* Hanmer (Warburton). *that my father* So quoted by Grey. *fashion; my father* Heath conj. *fashion: He* Rann (Blackstone conj.). *fashion he* Ritson conj. *faith he* Bulloch conj.

2 *me by*] *me. By* Johnson. *poor a*] F_1. *a poor* $F_2F_3F_4$.

3 *charged my brother*] *my brother charged* Seymour conj.

7 *stays*] Ff. *stys* Warburton.

10 *fair*] *fat* Anon. conj.

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to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle con-

15, 16 *countenance*] *discountenance* Hanmer (Warburton).
23 SCENE II. Pope.
25 (Adam goes aparte) Collier MS. Enter...] Ff (after line 22).
26 *here*] F_3F_4. *heere* F_1. *heare* F_2.
31 *be naught*] *do aught* Hanmer. *be wrought* Jackson conj.
34 *prodigal*] *prodigal's* Dyce ed. 2 (Seymour conj.).
39 *him*] *he* Pope.

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dition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent?

45 *your*] *you* Hanmer.
46 *is*] *are* Hanmer.
reverence] *revenues* Anon MS. conj. *revenue* Hanmer (Warburton). See note (II).
52 *Boys*] F_1. *Boyes* $F_2F_3F_4$.
(shakes him) Collier MS.
57 *masters*] F_1. *master* $F_2F_3F_4$.
58 (forward) Collier MS.
63 *from me*] Ff. *me from* Pope.
67 *buy*] *try* Gould conj.

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Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old

77 SCENE III. Pope.
grow] *growl* Anon. ap. Collier conj.
81 *wrestler*] Rowe. *Wrastler* $F_1F_2F_4$. *Wrastle* F_3.
85 [Exit...] Johnson.
86 *wrestling*] Rowe. *wrastling* Ff (and elsewhere).
88 *Monsieur*] *morrow, Monsieur* Dyce ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). *morrow,* Anon. conj.
90 *news*] *new news* Lettsom conj.
court] *new court* Hudson (Lettsom conj.).

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news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that

96 *Duke's*] *old Duke's* Hanmer.
98 *Duke's*] *new Duke's* Hanmer.
100 *she*] F_3F_4. *hee* F_1. *he* F_2.
101 *her*] F_1F_2. *their* F_3F_4.
110, 114, 143 *wrestle*] Rowe. *wrastle* Ff (and elsewhere).
110 *Duke f'*] *Duke.* F_1.
111 *came*] *come* F_4.

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either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will. 122

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles:—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 140

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship! 144

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed

126 *I'll*] *I* F_3F_4.
127 *thee,*] *the* F_2.
139 *anatomize*] F_3F_4. *anathomize* F_1 F_2.
145 Oli.] om. F_1.
[Exit...] Capell. Exit. Ff (after line 144).
147 *he*] *him* Hanmer.

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so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Lawn before the* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn

SCENE II.] SCENE IV. Pope. Lawn...] Capell. Open walk... Theobald. The Duke's Palace. Rowe.
2 *Celia*] *Cellia* F_1.
3 *I were merrier ?*] Rowe (ed. 2). *were merrier:* Ff.
14 *I*] *me* Hanmer.

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monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature,

36 *ill-favouredly*] *ill-favoured* Rowe (ed. 2).
39 Enter Touchstone.] Malone. Enter Clowne. Ff. Enter Touchstone, a Clown. Theobald.
40 *No f*] Hanmer. *No;* Ff.
43 *the*] F_1F_2. *this* F_3F_4.
44 *there is Fortune*] F_1F_2. *Fortune is there* F_3F_4. *then is Fortune* Dyce (ed. 2).

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when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit. 46

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you? 51

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you. 55

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught; now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn. 61

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave. 66

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard. 72

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

48 *perceiveth*] F_1. *perceiving* $F_2F_3F_4$.
49 *and hath*] Malone. *hath* Ff.
51 *the wits*] *his wits* Reed. *the wise* S. Walker conj. *wit*] om. Rowe. *whither*] F_2. *whether* $F_1F_3F_4$.
64 *your*] *you* F_2.
73 *is't that*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *is that* F_4.

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Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter Le Beau.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

74 *One that old Frederick*] *One old Frederick that* Collier conj. *Frederick*] *Ferdinand* Collier, ed. 2 (Capell conj.). *Fernandine* Capell conj.

75 Cel.] Theobald. Ros. Ff. *him: enough!*] Hanmer. *him enough;* Ff. *him.* Keightley conj.

79 *wise men*] F_3F_4. *wisemen* F_1F_2. See note (III).

83 *Le Beau*] Steevens. *the Beu* F_1. *Le Beu* $F_2F_3F_4$.

84 Scene v. Pope.

87 Enter Le Beau] F_1. Enter Le Beu. $F_2F_3F_4$ (after line 83).

88 *Bon*] *Boon* Ff. *what's the*] F_1. *what the* F_2. *what* F_3F_4.

89 *good*] om. F_3F_4.

90 *Sport!*] *Spot?* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

93 *Destinies decrees*] *Destinies' decrees* Anon. conj. *decrees*] Ff. *decree* Pope.

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Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

95 *rank,—*] *Rank*— Rowe. *ranke.* F_1F_2. *rank.* F_3F_4.
96 *losest*] F_4. *loosest* $F_1F_2F_3$.
104 *sons,—*] Theobald. *sons.* Ff.
106—109 Le Beau. *Three...presence.* Ros. *With...presents.*] Ff. Le Beau. *Three...presence.* Ros. *With...necks.* Clo. *Be it...presents.* Warburton. Le Beau. *Three...necks.* Ros. *Be it...presents.* Dyce (Farmer conj.).
122 *breaking*] *of breaking* F_4.

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Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and* Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

125—127 Ros. *But...cousin?*] Touch. *But...rib-breaking?* Ros. *Shall... cousin?* Anon. conj.
125 *see*] *set* Theobald (Warburton). *feel* Dyce, ed. 2 (Johnson conj.). *get* Heath conj. *seek* Jackson conj.
129 *for the*] F_1. *for* $F_2F_3F_4$.
132 ...Frederick...] Rowe.
133 SCENE VI. Pope.
138, 139 *How...wrestling?*] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.
142 *in*] *on* Anon. conj.
man] Ff. *men* Hanmer.
145 Cel.] Cel. and Ros. Lettsom conj.

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Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty. 149

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth. 154

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward. 163

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty. 173

147 *princess calls*] F_4. *Princesse cals* F_1. *Princesse calls* F_2F_3. *princesses call* Theobald. *princess' call* Dyce (S. Walker conj.). See note (IV).

149 *them*] *her* Rowe.

153 *but in*] F_1. *but* $F_2F_3F_4$. *but e'en* Edd. conj.

157, 158 *your eyes...your judgement*] *our eyes...our judgement* Hanmer (Warburton). *other eyes...other judgement* Glover conj.

165 *thoughts; wherein I*] *thoughts. Therein I* Johnson conj. *thoughts. Herein I* Dyce, ed. 2 (Capell conj.). *thoughts. I* Hudson(Speddingconj.). *guilty,*] *guilty is,* Jackson conj.

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Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*They wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout. Charles is thrown.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

174 *that*] om. Rowe.
181 *in it*] *it in* Boswell.
187 *You*] *An you* Theobald conj. *If you* Mason conj. See note (v).
188 *me*] om. F_3F_4.
191 [They wrestle.] F_3F_4. Wrastle. F_1F_2.
194 [Shout. Charles is thrown.] Rowe. Shout. Ff.
200 *Bear...man?*] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.
(Carry him out) Collier MS.

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Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.*

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

201 *Rowland*] *Roland* F_1.
209 [Exeunt...] Capell. Exit Duke. Ff.
210 SCENE VII. Pope.
211 *more*] *most* Hanmer.
221 *me at*] *at my* Hanmer.
223 *as you have exceeded all*] *as you've here exceeded* Hanmer. *as you have exceeded* Capell. *as you have excell'd all* or *as y'have here excell'd all* S. Walker conj. *promise*] F_1. *in promise* $F_2F_3F_4$.
224 [Giving...] Theobald. (Chaine round his necke) Collier MS.

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Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,

225 *out of suits with fortune*] *out of fortune's suite* Becket conj. *out of sorts with fortune* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. 1820).
226 *could*] *would* Hanmer. *means*] *meane* F_2.
230 *quintain*] *quintaine* Theobald. *quintine* Ff. *mere*] *more* F_4. *lifeless*] Rowe (ed. 2). *liueless* Ff. (*liveless* F_4). (To himselfe) Collier MS.
235 [Exeunt...] Exit. Ff.
239 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter Le Beu. Ff (after line 237).
244 *misconstrues*] Pope. *misconsters* Ff.

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More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the taller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
[*Exit Le Beau.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

246 *I*] *me* Rowe.
249 *was*] *were* Hanmer.
251 *taller*] Ff. *shorter* Rowe (ed. 2). *smaller* Malone. *lower* Staunton. *lesser* Globe ed. (Spedding conj.). *less taller* Keightley.
252 *other is*] Ff. *other's* Pope.
259 *her virtues*] *virtues* F_3.
265 [Exit...] Capell. Exit. Rowe (after 264). om. Ff.
268 *Rosalind*] Rowe. *Rosaline* Ff. See note (1).

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SCENE III. *A room in the palace.*

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

SCENE III.] Scena Tertius. F_4. SCENE VIII. Pope.
A room...] Capell. An apartment... Theobald. Cælias Chamber. Collier MS.
Enter...] Re-enter... Pope.
1 *Rosalind*] Rowe. *Rosaline* Ff.
3 *Not*] *No, not* Keightley.
4 *No*] om. Keightley.
7 *there were*] *were there* Anon. conj.
11 *child's father*] Ff. *father's child* Rowe (ed. 2).

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Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;

26 *strong*] F_1F_2. *strange* F_3F_4.
32 *not*] *nor* F_2.
33 *I not*] *I hate* Theobald conj. *I* Capell.
he not] F_1F_2. *not he* F_3F_4.
34 SCENE IX. Pope.
36 Enter...] Enter Duke with Lords. Ff (after line 33).
37 *safest*] *fastest* Collier MS. *swiftest* Singer conj.
38 *uncle?*] Capell. *Unckle!* F_2. *Uncle!* F_3F_4. *Vncle.* F_1.
cousin] om. Hanmer.
39 *ten*] *two* Anon. conj.
44 *mine*] *my* Rowe.

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If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your Highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

53 *likelihood*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *likelihoods* F_1.
depends.] Rowe. *depends?* Ff.
58 *did*] *do* Glover conj.
59 *me?*] Theobald. *me,* Ff.
66 *It...remorse*] omitted in Rowe (ed. 1).
71 *Juno's*] *Venus'* Wright conj.
72 *inseparable*] *inseparate* Collier MS.

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Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.

77 *seem*] *shine* Warburton.
78 *lips:*] *lips* F_1.
79 *doom*] Rowe. *doombe* $F_1F_2F_3$. *domb* F_4.
86 SCENE X. Pope.
whither] *where* Pope.
87 *fathers*] F_1. *father* $F_2F_3F_4$.
89 *cause.*] *cause, Celia* Glover conj.
Thou] *Indeed, thou* Steevens conj.
cousin] *dearest cousin* Hanmer.
92 *No, hath not?*] Ff. *No? hath not?* Rowe (ed. 2). *No hath not?* Singer (ed. 2). *No 'hath not.'* Halliwell conj. See note (VI).
93 *thee*] *me* Theobald (Warburton).
thou] *she* Rann (reading with Theobald).
am] *are* Theobald.

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Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Ros. Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;

98 *your change*] F_1. *your charge* F_2F_3 F_4. *the charge* Singer (ed. 2).
103 *in...Arden*] omitted by Steevens (1793), reading *Why...uncle* as a verse.
105 *forth so far*] *for farre* F_2.
108 *smirch*] F_1. *smitch* F_2. *smutch* F_3F_4.
112 *man f*] Theobald. *man*, Ff.
113 *curtle-axe*] *Curtleax* Theobald. *curtelax* Ff.
114, 115 *and—in...will—*] *and* (*in... will*) Theobald. *and in...will*, Ff.
116 *We'll*] *I'll* Hanmer.
swashing] *swaggering* quoted by Rann.
120 *worse a*] Ff. *worser* Collier MS.

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And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, *and two or three* Lords, *like foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,

122 *be*] *by* F_1.
129 *woo*] Rowe. *woe* F_1. *wooe* $F_2F_3F_4$.
133 *we in*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *in we* F_1. *away* or *in true* Anon. conj.
The Forest of Arden.] A Forest. Rowe. Arden Forest. Theobald.
1 *brothers*] F_1. *brother* $F_2F_3F_4$.
5, 6 *Here...difference;*] *Here feel we not...difference?* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. 1784).
but] Theobald. *not* Ff. *yet* Staunton conj.
After this Keightley, reading with Ff, conjectures that a line may have been lost, such as *Here is no toil; we have only to endure.*
5—7 *Adam, The...wind,*] *Adam. The ...wind,*— Hudson.

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The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
I would not change it.
Ami. Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.
First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:

6 *as*] *or* Collier MS. *at* Staunton conj. *and* Hudson.
fang] Johnson. *phange* Ff.
13 *ugly*] F_4. *ougly* $F_1F_2F_3$.
18 *I would not change it.* Ami. *Happy*] Dyce (Upton conj.). Amien. *I would not change it, happy* Ff.
31 *root*] *roote* F_1. *roope* F_2. *roop* F_3F_4.

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To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:' then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company:' anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we

42 *the extremest*] *th' extremest* Ff.
45 *into*] Ff. *in* Pope.
similes] Steevens (1785). *similies* Ff.
49 *had*] *hath* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
much] $F_2F_3F_4$. *must* F_1.
there] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
50 *abandon'd*] Rowe. *abandoned* Ff.
friends] Rowe. *friend* Ff.
59 *the country*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *countrie* F_1.
country, of Anon. conj.

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Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.
Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.
Duke S. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.
First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.
Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;

62 *to kill*] *kill* Collier MS.
up] *too* Quincy MS.
A room in the palace.] Capell. The Palace. Rowe.
Duke Frederick] Pope. Duke Ff.
8 *roynish*] *roguish* Staunton conj.
10 *Hisperia*] Ff. *Hesperia* Warburton.

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And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.
Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before* OLIVER'S *house.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

Orl. Who's there?
Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!
Orl. Why, what's the matter?

17 *brother*] *brother's* Capell.
20 *quail*] *fail* Lloyd conj.
Before O.'s house.] Capell. O.'s house. Rowe.
...meeting.] Capell. om. Ff.
2 *master?*] Pope. *Master*, Ff.
4 *Rowland!*] Pope. *Rowland;* F_1. *Rowland?* $F_2F_3F_4$.
8 *bonny*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *bonnie* F_1. *boney* Warburton.
10 *some*] *seeme* F_1.
11 *enemies?*] Pope. *enemies*, Ff.
14 *when*] *where* Allen conj. ap. Furness.
15 *bears*] *wears* Anon. conj.
16 Orl.] om. F_1.

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Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son,
Of him I was about to call his father,—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,

17 *within*] *with* F_2.
within this] *beneath this* Capell conj.
20 *Yet...son,*] As in Rowe. In a parenthesis in Ff.
27 *place;*] *place*— Neil.
29 Orl.] Ad. F_1.
29, 30 *whither*] *whether* F_1.
29 *wouldst*] *would* F_4.
30 *so*] F_1. *for* $F_2F_3F_4$.
31 *food?*] Theobald. *food*, Ff.
37 *blood*] *proud* Collier MS.
39 *your*] F_1. *you* $F_2F_3F_4$.
41 *lie*] *be* Hanmer.
42 *in*] *be in* Keightley.

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Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore

49 *in*] *to* Grey conj.
50 *not*] *I* Rowe.
woo] F_4. *woe* F_1. *wooe* F_2F_3.
57 *service*] *fauour* Collier MS. *temper* Lettsom conj. *fealty* Bailey conj. *fashion* Keightley. *virtue* Neil conj.
58 *service*] *servants* Anon. ap. Halliwell conj. *duty* S. Walker conj.
sweat] *swet* Dyce.
meed] *neede* F_1 (Furness). *need* F_4.
71 *seventeen*] Rowe. *seauentie* F_1. *seventy* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND *for* GANYMEDE, CELIA *for* ALIENA, *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

74 *it...week*] *too late: it is a-weak* Becket conj.
SCENE IV. The Forest of Arden.] Theobald. The Forest. Rowe.
Enter...] Enter Rosaline...and Clowne, alias Touchstone. Ff.
1 *weary*] Theobald (Warburton). *merry* Ff.
7 *to*] *to a* F_3F_4.
8 *cannot*] F_1. *can* $F_2F_3F_4$.
13 *Arden*] *a den* Upton conj.
16—18 S. Walker would read as verse *Ay, Be so...here; A young...talk.*
16 Enter C. and S.] Ff (after line 15).

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Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
As sure I think did never man love so,—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

24 *ever*] F_1. *ere* $F_2F_3F_4$.
30 *ne'er*] Rowe. *neuer* Ff.
so] om. Long MS., reading *never*.
34 *sat*] F_1. *sate* $F_2F_3F_4$. *spake* Collier MS.
35 *Wearing*] F_1. *Wearying* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Wear'ing* Grant White.
thy hearer] *the hearer* Theobald.
40 [Exit.] F_1. Exeunt. $F_2F_3F_4$.
41 *of thy wound*] Rowe. *of they would* F_1. *of their wound* $F_3F_3F_4$.
42 *mine own*] *my own* Caldecott.

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Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

45 *a-night*] *a night* F_1. *a nights* $F_2F_3F_4$. *o' nights* Capell. *o' night* Malone.
46 *batlet*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *batler* F_1.
48 *cods*] *peas* Rann (Johnson conj.).
51 *as*] om. Rowe.
52 *in*] *to* Rowe (ed. 1).
56 *Jove, Jove*] *Love, Love* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
57 *much upon*] *too much on* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
58 After this line Collier, ed. 2 (from Collier MS.), inserts *And begins to fail with me.*
59 *yond*] *yon'd* Ff.
63 *sir*] om. Hanmer.
are they very] *they are* Rowe (ed. 1). *they are very* Rowe (ed. 2). *they're very* Hanmer.
64 *Peace*] *Peace, fool* Hanmer.
you,] *your* F_1.

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Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succour.
Cor. Fair sir, I pity her
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like upon report

73 *shepherd*] *a shepherd* Rowe.
76 *recks*] Hanmer. *wreakes* F_1F_2. *wreaks* F_3F_4.
78 *cote*] Hanmer. *Coate* F_1F_2. *Coat* F_3F_4.
79 *sheepcote*] Pope. *sheep-coat* Ff.
81, 82, 84 *you*] *ye* Johnson.
87 *pasture*] *and the pasture* F_3F_4.
89, 90 Arranged as in Capell. As three lines ending *wages...could...it* Ff. As three lines ending *wages...waste ...it* Rowe (ed. 2).
89 *wages*] *wage* Lloyd conj.

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The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.* 95

SCENE V. *The forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither: 5
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques. 10

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more. 13

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo: call you 'em stanzos?

94 *feeder*] *factor* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
The forest.] The same. Capell. Scene changes to a desart Part of the Forest. Theobald.
1 Ami.] Capell. om. Ff.
greenwood] *greenhood* F_4.
3 *turn*] F_3F_4. *turne* F_1F_2. *tune* Rowe (ed. 2).
6, 7 *Here...enemy*] As in Pope. One line in Ff.
6 *Here*] Cho. *Here* Capell.
he] *we* Capell (corrected in Errata).
11—13 Printed in Ff as three lines ending *more...song...more.*
14 *ragged*] *rugged* Rowe.
15, 16 *I do...stanzos?*] As in Pope. Three lines, ending *me...sing...stanzo's?* in Ff.
16 *Come, more*] *Come, come* Rowe.
stanzo... stanzos] *stanza... stanzas* Steevens (Capell conj.). *stanze... stanzes* Anon. conj.

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Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun.
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

18 *owe*] F_1. *owne* F_2. *own* F_3F_4.
22 *compliment*] Pope. *complement* Ff. *Compliments* Theobald.
25 *not,*] *not* F_1.
28 *drink*] *dine* Rowe.
30—33 *And . . . them*] Printed as four lines ending *him:...companie:...giue ...them.* in Ff. First as prose by Pope.
34 [All together...] Steevens (1778). Altogether... Ff. om. Rowe.
35 *live*] *lye* F_4.
39 *Here*] Cho. *Here* Capell.
39—41 *Here . . . weather.*] F_3F_4. *Heere shall he see. &c.* F_1. *Heere shall he see,* F_2.
39, 40 *Here...enemy*] As in Pope. One line in F_3F_4.
39 *he*] *you* Rowe.

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Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that 'ducdame'?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

42, 43 As in Pope. Two lines, the first ending *note* in Ff.

44, 45 Ami. *And...it.* Jaq. *Thus it goes:—*] Amy. *And Ile sing it.* Amy. *Thus it goes.* F_1.

46, 47 *If...ass,*] As in F_3F_4. One line in F_1F_2.

50, 54 *Ducdame...ducdame*] *Duc ad me ...duc ad me* Hanmer. *Huc ad me ...Huc ad me* Rann (Anon. ap. Steevens conj.). *Duck damie...* Bulloch conj. *Duc' da me...duc' da me* Ingleby conj. *Ducdome...ducdome* Ainger conj.

51, 52 *Here...he,*] As in Pope. One line in Ff.

53 *And*] *an* Capell.
come to me] *contemn me* Bulloch conj.
to me] *to Ami.* Steevens (Farmer conj.). *to the same* Anon. conj.

58, 59 As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.

59 [Exeunt severally.] Theobald. Exeunt Ff.

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SCENE VI. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further; O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master. 3

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.* 16

SCENE VI.] Scene continued in Theobald.

The forest.] The same. Capell.

1—3 Printed as three verses ending *further...downe...master* in Ff. First as prose by Pope.

1 *I die*] *I die, I die* S. Walker conj., making three lines ending *O...down ...master.*

4—16 Printed as seventeen lines in Ff. First as prose by Pope.

5 *comfort*] *comfort thee* Anon. conj.

8 *comfortable*] *comforted* Collier MS.

9 *here be*] *be here* Rowe.

10 *I will*] *I'll* Pope.

12 *cheerly*] F_4. *cheerely* $F_1F_2F_3$. *cheerily* Reed.

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SCENE VII. *The forest.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, *and* Lords *like* outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.
First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.
Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.
Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!
Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:'

SCENE VII.] Scene continued in Theobald.
The forest.] The same. Capell. Another part of the Forest. Johnson.
A table set out.] Rowe.
Enter...] Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, ... Ff.
1 *be*] *is* Pope.
4 *hearing of*] *heark'ning to* Seymour conj.
10 *woo*] F_4. *woe* F_1. *wooe* F_2F_3. *company*?] Rowe. *companie*, F_1F_2. *company*, F_3F_4.
After this line Capell inserts *And cannot have't?*
13 *miserable world*] *miserable varlet* Hanmer (Warburton). *miserable word* Becket conj. *miserable!—well,—* Jackson conj. *miserable ort* Hunter conj. *miserable fool* Taylor conj. MS.

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And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;

23 *we may*] *may we* Reed.
25 *one*] *an* Reed (1803).
31 *deep-contemplative*] Malone.
34—36 *A worthy... O worthy*] *O worthy ...A worthy* Anon. conj.
37 *but*] om. F_3F_4.

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And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

52 '*why*'] *way* Rowe (ed. 2).
53 *He that*] *He whom* Pope.
54, 55 *Doth very foolishly,...Not to seem*] *Doth, very foolishly...Seem* Whiter conj. *Doth, very sensibly... Seem* Furnivall conj.
55 *Not to seem senseless*] Theobald (Warburton). *Seeme senseleese* Ff. *But to seem senseless* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *Seem else than senseless* or *Seem less than senseless* Anon. conj.
56 *wise man's*] *Wise-man's* $F_1F_2F_3$. *wise-man's* F_4. *anatomized*] *anathomiz'd* F_1F_2.
57 *the fool*] *a fool* F_3F_4.
58 *my*] *the* F_3F_4.
59 *and through*] om. F_3F_4.
64 *ein*] *fin* F_1.
66 *sting*] *sty* Johnson conj. *swine* Gould conj.
67 *headed*] *beaded* So quoted by S. Walker.
70, 71 *Why...therein*] One line, S. Walker conj.
70 *pride*] *pride of bravery* Keightley.
71 *tax*] *be tax'd of* Daniel conj. *party f*] Pope. *party:* Ff.

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Till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

73 *the weary very means*] F_3F_4 (*meanes* F_3). *the wearie verie meanes* F_1F_2. *the very very means* Pope. *the weary venom means* Jackson conj. *the very wearing means* Collier conj. *the very means of wear* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *the wearer's very means* Singer. *the weary-very means* or *the very-weary means* Staunton conj. *the tributary streams* Lloyd conj. *their very very means* or *the means, the very means* Jervis conj. *the weary, veery waves* Bulloch conj. *the wasted very means* Kinnear conj. *the weary very mears* Walker conj. (N. & Q. 1876). *the weary very moans* Spence conj. (1888 MS.). *the weary very moons* Buchanan conj.
the...ebb] *your bravery bring your means to ebb* Lettsom conj.
do] *to* Jackson conj.
ebb?] Pope. *ebbe.* $F_1F_2F_3$. *ebb.* F_4.
82 *speech?*] Theobald. *speech,* Ff. *speech.* Rowe.
83 *There then; how then? what then?*] Theobald. *There then, how then, what then,* Ff. *There then; how then?* Hanmer. *There then; how, what then?* Capell. *Where then? how... then?* Hudson (Malone conj.).
what then? Let me] *Let me then* Hanmer. *what then? Let's* Hudson (Lettsom conj.).
87 *any...comes*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *any man. But who come* F_1.
SCENE VIII. Pope.
Enter...drawn.] Theobald. Enter Orlando. Ff.

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Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

89 *Nor shalt not*] *Nor shalt thou* Theobald (ed. 2).
90 *Of what*] *What* Capell conj. *come of*] *come* Rowe. *come of, I marvel* Keightley conj.
92 *rude*] *rule* F_2.
95 *hath*] F_1. *that hath* $F_2F_3F_4$. *ta'en*] *torn* Johnson conj.
100, 101 Printed as verse, ending *reason ...dye* in Ff. First as prose by Capell. Two lines, ending *not... die* in Pope.
100 *An*] *And* Ff. *If* Pope. *answered*] *answer'd* Ff. *reason*] *reasons* Staunton conj.
102, 103 As in Pope. Three lines ending *have?...your force...gentleness* in Ff.
104 *and*] *so* Hudson (Lettsom conj.).
106 *gently*] *gentle* Keightley.
107 *been*] *bin* F_1.
109 *commandment*] *command'ment* Ff.

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Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre

112 *Lose*] F_4. *Loose* $F_1F_2F_3$.
Lose and neglect] *Neglect and lose* Gentleman conj.
117 *know*] *known* Hanmer.
119 *hope*] *holpe* Gould conj.
blush] F_1. *bush* $F_2F_3F_4$.
125 *command*] *demand* Rann (Johnson conj.). *commend* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
130 *a*] om. F_4.
132 *Oppress'd...hunger*] Should follow line 129. Anon. conj.
weak] *great* Gould conj.
135 [Exit.] Rowe. om. Ff.
136 SCENE IX. Pope.

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Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,

139 *Wherein we play in*] *Wherein we play* Pope. *Which we do play in* Rann (Capell conj.). *Wherein we play on* Maginn conj. *Wherein...* Jaq. *All*] *Wherein we play.* Jaq. *Why, all* Steevens conj. *Wherein we play.* Jaq. *Ay, all* Anon. conj.
141 *exits*] *Exits* (in italics) Ff.
143 *ages*] *labours* Mason conj. *At first*] *As, first,* Capell conj. *Act first* or *First* Anon. conj. *As, first* Dyce (ed. 2).
145 *Then*] *And then* Rowe (ed. 2). *Then there's* Anon. conj. *Anon* Lettsom conj.
149 *a soldier*] *the soldier* Dyce, ed. 2 (Robson conj.).
150 *pard*] *Pand* Anon. conj.
151 *and*] om. Dyce conj.
154 *In*] *His* Lettsom conj.
160 *His*] *In* Lettsom conj.
161 *shank*] F_3F_4. *shanke* F_1F_2. *shanks* Hanmer.

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Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

167 SCENE X. Pope.
Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Ff.
167, 168 *Welcome...feed*] Verse in Pope. Prose in Ff.
171 *to*] Theobald. *too* Ff.
173—190 *and, good...sing* &c.] Collier MS. omits and adds stage direction 'Duke conferre with Orlando'.
174 Ami.] Amiens sings. Johnson. om. Ff.
175—178 As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.
178 *Becaruse*] *Beside*, Becket conj. *Becaruse...seen*] *Thou causest not that teen* Hanmer. *Because the heart's not seen* Farmer conj. *Because thou art foreseen* Hudson (Staunton conj.). *As griefs that are not seen* Kinnear conj. *seen*] *sheen* Warburton.
182 *Then,*] Rowe. *The* Ff. *Then, heigh-ho, the*] *Then hie to the* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. 1784).

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Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, *and* OLIVER.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:

184—189 As in Pope: four lines in Ff.
185 *bite*] *bight* F_1F_2.
189 *friend*] *friends* So quoted in Johnson's Dictionary.
remember'd] *rememb'ring* Hanmer.
191, 192 *were*] *are* Hudson (Dyce conj.).
198 *master*] *masters* F_1.
199 To Orl. Collier MS.
SCENE I. A room...] Capell. The Palace. Rowe.
Duke Frederick] Duke Ff.
1 *see*] *seen* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
3 *seek*] F_1. *see* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your Highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*

6 *with candle*] *instantly* Cartwright conj.
16 *such a nature*] *escheature* Eyton conj.
SCENE II. The Forest.] Rowe.
Enter...paper.] Capell. Enter Orlando. Ff.
1 [fixing it to a Tree. Capell.
4 *name*] *fame* Anon. ap. Furness conj

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Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners,

11 SCENE III. Pope.
Enter Corin...] Enter Coren... F_4.
16 *vile*] Rowe. *vild* Ff.
25 *good*] *pood* F_1.
28 *good*] *bad* Hanmer. *gross* Warburton. *his good* Kinnear conj. *or*] *and* Hanmer.
29, 30 *Such...shepherd?*] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.
33 *hope.*] *hope*— Rowe.
34 *egg*] Wright. *egg*, Ff.

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then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

41 *Touchstone*] *Mr. Touchstone* Capell.
are] *have* F_3F_4.
50 *a mutton*] F_1F_2 (Furness). *mutton* F_2 (other copies) F_3F_4.
54 *more sounder*] *sounder* Pope.
56 *courtier's*] *countiers* F_2.
58 *shallow man*] *shallow, Man* Rowe.
59 *flesh indeed!*] *flesh, indeed!* Theobald. *flesh indeed:* Ff. *flesh: Indeed!*— Steevens.
66 *hate*] *aught* Gould conj.

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Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *with a paper, reading.*

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

71 *bawd*] F_1F_2. *a bawd* F_3F_4.
72 *twelvemonth*] *twelve-month old* Hanmer.
75 *else*] om. F_3F_4.
76 *young*] om. F_3F_4.
Master] *Mr* Ff.
77 SCENE IV. Pope.
Enter R....reading.] Capell. Enter Rosalind. Ff. Enter Rosalind with a Paper. Rowe.
78 *western*] *the western* Pope.
80 *worth*] *breath* Gould conj.
82 *lined*] *Linde* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Lind* F_4. *limn'd* Capell.
84 *face*] *fair* S. Walker conj.
85 *the fair of*] F_1F_2. *the most fair* F_3F_4. *the face of* Rowe (ed. 2). *of the fair* Becket conj. *the fair face of* Keightley conj. (withdrawn).
88 *butter-women's*] *butter-woman's* Johnson.
rank to] F_3F_4. *ranke to* F_1F_2. *rate to* Hanmer. *rant at* Anon. ap. Grey conj. *rate at* Malone conj. (withdrawn). *canter to* Cartwright conj. *rack to* Wright conj. *amble to* Kinnear conj.

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If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, *with a writing.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. [*reads*] Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:

91 *do*] *doth* Rowe.
95 *Winter*] F_3F_4. *Wintred* F_1F_2.
99 *nut*] F_1F_2. *meat* F_3F_4.
108 *be*] *bear* Hudson (Lettsom conj.).
112 *forest*] *forester* Warburton.
Enter...] Enter Celia, reading a paper. Steevens (1793).
113 SCENE v. Pope.
113, 114 *Peace...aside.*] As in Capell. One line in Ff.
115 [reads] Dyce. om. Ff.
a desert] Rowe. *desert* Ff. *desert silent* Steevens, 1778 (Tyrwhitt conj.). *deserted* Furness conj.
be?] Rowe. *bee*, F_1F_2. *be*, F_3F_4.
118 *show*] F_4. *shoe* $F_1F_2F_3$.

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Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried 'Have patience, good people'!

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable

126 *Or*] *And* Keightley.
129 *The*] F_1F_2. *This* F_3F_4.
131 *charged*] *charg'd* F_1F_2 (Cap.). *chang'd* F_2 (other copies) F_3F_4.
133 *all*] *all the* Rowe (ed. 1).
135 *cheek*] *cheeke* F_1F_2. *cheeks* F_3F_4. *her*] Rowe. *his* Ff.
145 *pulpiter*] Edd. (Spedding conj.). *Jupiter* Ff. *Juniper* Warburton. *Sister* Gould conj.
147 *cried*] *cride, have your parishiones withall, and never cri'de* F_2.
148 *How now!*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *How now* F_1. *How now?* Theobald.
back, friends] *backe friends* F_1F_2. *back friends* F_3F_4. *back-friends* Theobald.

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retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses? 153

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse. 159

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember. 165

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who? 170

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible? 175

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful won-

152 [Exeunt C. and T.] Exit Cor. and Clown. Rowe. Exit. Ff.
153 SCENE VI. Pope.
162 *the wonder*] F_1. *wonder* $F_2F_3F_4$.
163, 164 *palm-tree*] *plane-tree* Collier conj.
164 *Pythagoras'*] *Pythagoras* Ff. *Pythagoras's* Rowe.
166 *Trow*] Theobald (ed. 2). *Tro* Ff.
168 *And*] *Ay, and* Capell.
169 *you*] F_1F_2. *your* F_3F_4.
171, 172 *it is...meet;*] *is it...meet?* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. 1784).
177 *tell*] *till* F_2.

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derful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

180 *hooping*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *hoping* F_4. *whooping* Theobald.

181 *Good my*] *Odd's, my* Theobald. *Good! cry* Becket conj. *Goad my* Jackson conj. *Hood my* Staunton conj. *Good, now, my* Kinnear conj.
complexion] F_4. *complection* $F_1F_2F_3$. *cox perplexer* Heath conj. *companion* Gould conj.

182 *hose*] F_1. *a hose* $F_2F_3F_4$.

183, 184 *South-sea of discovery;*] *South-sea off discovery.* Theobald (Warburton). *South-sea. Discover,* Johnson conj. *South-sea discovery:* Id. conj. *south-sea-off discovery.* Capell. *South-sea of discourtesy.* Gould conj.

184 *who is it*] *who is it?* Hanmer. *who it is* Anon. conj.

199 *speak*] *speak,* Rowe.

200 *maid*] *mind* Anon. conj.

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Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

207 *he here*] *him here* Hanmer.
210 *Gargantua's*] *Garagantua's* Pope.
212 *in*] om. Heath conj.
216 *wrestled*] *wrastled* $F_1F_3F_4$. *wrasted* F_2.
217 *atomies*] F_1F_2. *atomes* F_3F_4. *atoms* Rowe.
219 *good*] *a good* Steevens (1793).
219, 220 *a tree*] *an oak-tree* Hanmer (Warburton conj.).
221, 222 *drops forth such*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *droppes forth* F_1. *drops such* Capell.
229 *thy tongue*] Rowe. *the tongue* Ff.
230 *unseasonably*] *very unseasonably* Steevens (1793).

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Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God buy you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

231 *heart*] Rowe. *Hart* Ff.
232 *burden*] Steevens. *burthen* Ff.
234 *woman?*] Theobald. *woman*, Ff. *when*] *what* Hanmer.
236 SCENE VII. Pope. *here*] *heere* F_1. *neere* F_2. *near* F_3F_4. Enter...] Ff (after line 235).
237 *slink*] *sling* F_3F_4. [retiring. Capell.
242 *buy*] Ff. *b'w'* Rowe. *be wi'* Capell. *be with* Steevens. *b' wi'* Dyce.
246 *moe*] F_1. *more* $F_2F_3F_4$.
257 *rings?*] Rowe (ed. 2). *rings* F_1. *rings.* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*

Ros. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o' clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else

258 *you*] *your* Mason conj.
right] *right in the stile of the* Hanmer.
259 *your*] *you* F_2.
263 *breather*] *brother* Rowe (ed. 1).
264 *most*] F_1. *no* $F_2F_3F_4$.
276 SCENE VIII. Pope.
277 [Exit...] Rowe (after 275). om. Ff. Cel. and Ros. come forward. Theobald.
278 [Aside...] Marked by Capell.
280 *forester?*] Pope. *Forrester.* Ff. [advances. Capell.

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sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper? 289

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal? 294

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal? 299

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal. 305

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal? 309

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep be-

289 *been*] F_4. *bin* $F_1F_2F_3$.
290 *in divers*] *divers* So quoted in Mrs Cowden Clarke's Concordance.
paces] F_1F_2. *places* F_3F_4.
294 *who*] F_1. *whom* $F_2F_3F_4$.
doth he trot] *ambles Time* Hunter conj.
295 *trots hard*] *ambles* Id. conj.
297 *hard*] *ambling* Id. conj.
298 *year*] *years* F_4.
299 *ambles Time*] *doth he trot* Hunter conj.
303, 304 *burden*] Steevens. *burthen* Ff.
305 *ambles*] *trots* Hunter conj.
306 *Who*] F_1. *Whom* $F_2F_3F_4$.
309 *Who*] F_1. *Whom* $F_2F_3F_4$.
stays it] *stands he* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

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tween term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

317 *kindled*] *kind-led* Pope. See note (VII).
320 *been*] F_4. *bin* $F_1F_2F_3$.
323 *lectures*] F_3F_4. *Lectors* F_1. *Lecturs* F_2.
324 *and*] om. F_3F_4.
330 *one fault*] F_1F_2. *ones fault* F_3F_4.
331 *monstrous*] *most monstrous* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
335 *barks*] *borkes* F_2.
336 *odes*] *Oades* F_1.
337 *deifying*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *defying* F_1.

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Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and

344 *are*] *art* F_1.
346 *blue*] *flu* Becket conj.
349, 350 *in beard*] F_1. *no beard* $F_2F_3F_4$.
354 *rather*] *rather a* F_3F_4.
point-device] *point-de-vice* Johnson.
accoutrements] Rowe. *accoustrements* Ff.
358 *Me*] *Make me* Keightley.

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the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel. 372

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth. 389

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go? 396

375, 391 *woo*] F_4. *woe* F_1. *wooe* F_2F_3.
383 *my*] *this* F_4.
from] *for* F_4.
383, 384 *his mad...living*] Ff. *a dying...living* Johnson conj. *a mad ...loving* Id. conj. *his mad...loving* Collier, ed. 2 (Ellesmere MS. and S. Walker conj.).
384 *living humour of madness*] *humour of loving madness* Farmer conj.
387, 388 *liver...heart*] *heart...liver* Bucknill conj.
387 *clean*] *cleane* F_1. *cleare* F_2. *cleer* F_3. *clear* F_4.
394 *I'll*] *I will* Rowe.

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Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.* 399

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *behind.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths. 6

Jaq. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing? 15

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

398 *Nay*] *Nay, Nay* F_4.
SCENE III.] SCENE IX. Pope.
Enter...behind.] Enter Clown... and Jaques watching them. Johnson. Enter Clowne, Audrey, and Jaques. Ff.
2 *how*] F_1F_2. *now* F_3F_4.
Audrey?] Capell. *Audrey* F_1F_2. *Awdrie* F_3. *Audrey,* F_4.
4 *features!...what features*] *feature! ...what's feature* Farmer conj.
7 [Aside] Johnson.
10 *forward*] *froward* Gould conj.
11 *reckoning*] *reeking* Hanmer.
17, 18 *what they...feign*] *what they swear as lovers, they may be said to feign as poets* Johnson conj.
18 *may*] *it may* Collier, ed. 2 (Mason conj.).
lovers they] *lovers; they* Taylor conj. MS.

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Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them.

28 [Aside] Johnson.
31 *foul*] *faule* F_2 (Cap.).
33, 34 *I am foul*] *I am full* Tyrwhitt conj. *for my foulness* Ritson conj.
40 [Aside] Johnson.
42 *may*] *might* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
44 *horn-beasts*] F_3F_4. *horne-beasts* F_1F_2. *horn'd beasts* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).

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Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns?—even so:—poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb

49 *Horns?...alone?*] Theobald. *hornes, euen so poore men alone:* Ff. *Horns! never for poor men alone?* Singer (ed. 2). *Are horns given to poor men alone?* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *Horns? ever to poor men alone?* Dyce. *Horns are not for poor men alone.* Spedding conj. *Horns! Are horns given to poor men alone?* Collier (ed. 3). *Horns! worn of poor men alone?* Kinnear conj. *Horns given to poor men alone?* Hudson.
even so:—poor] *even so, not poor* Long MS.
51 *more*] om. Pope.
63 [discovering himself. Johnson.
64 *What-ye-call't*] *What ye call* Rowe (ed. 2).
65 *God 'ild*] Theobald. *goddild* F_1. *godild* $F_2F_3F_4$.
69 *bow*] *bough* Capell.

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and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey.*

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

70 *her*] F_1F_2. *his* F_3F_4.
desires] *desire* F_3F_4.
78 [Aside] Marked by Capell.
82 Johnson proposes to place this line after line 84. See note (VIII).
Go...thee.] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.
83 Touch.] Ol. F_1.
85 *Master*] *Sir* Theobald (ed. 2).
85, 86 *not,—O sweet*] *Not, o sweet* Capell.
86—88, 90—92 Printed as prose in Ff, as verse by Johnson (Warburton conj.).
88 *behind thee*] *behi' thee* Steevens, 1793 (Farmer conj.). *behind thee, prythee* Keightley.
89, 90 *but,—Wind*] *But wind* Capell.
90 *Wind*] *Wend* Collier, ed. 2 (Johnson conj.).
92 *with thee*] *with thee to-day* Johnson conj. *wi' thee* Steevens, 1793 (Farmer conj.). *bind thee* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *wind me* Kinnear conj. [Exeunt J., T. and A.] Capell. Exeunt. Ff (after line 94).
94 [Exit.] Capell.

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SCENE IV. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

SCENE IV] SCENE X. Pope.
The forest.] A Cottage in the Forest. Theobald. Rosalinds cottage. Collier MS.
5—8 As in Pope. Six lines in Ff.
6 *the*] *a* Rowe (ed. 2).
10 *chestnut*] Singer. *Chessenut* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Chesnut* F_4.
10—13 As in Pope. Four lines in Ff.
12—16 Ros. *And...bread.* Cel. *He... them.*] Ros. *And his kissing*— Cel. *Is as...them.* S. Walker conj.
13 *bread*] *beard* Theobald (Warburton). *hand* Anon. conj. MS. (in Prof. Daniel Wilson's copy of F_2).
14 *cast*] F_1. *chast* $F_2F_3F_4$.
15 *winter's*] *Winifred's* Theobald conj.

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Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love

27 *a lover*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *lover* F_1.
29 *confirmer*] Ff. *confirmers* Pope.
39 *puisny*] Ff. *puny* Capell. See note (IX).
spurs] *spurnes* F_2 (Cap.).
on] om. Pope.
40 *noble goose*] *nose-quill'd goose* Hanmer. *noble joust* Becket conj. *notable goose* Singer (ed. 2).
41 *guides*] *guider* F_2 (Cap.).
44 *Who*] F_1. *Whom* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.
Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *behind.*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:

50 *and*] *as* Allen conj. ap. Furness.
53 *Bring us to*] Ff. *Bring us but to* Pope. *Come, bring us to* Capell. *Bring us unto* Malone. *Bring us to see* Dyce, ed. 2 (Jervis conj.).
54 *I'll*] *I* Hudson (Dyce conj.)
SCENE v.] SCENE XI. Pope.
Another part...] Theobald.
1 *Phebe;*] Rowe. *Phebe* F_1F_2. *Phebe,* F_3F_4.
7 *dies and lives*] Ff. *deals and lives* Theobald (Warburton). *lives and thrives* Hanmer. *dies his lips* Johnson conj. *daily lives* Heath conj. *eyes, and lives* Capell. *lives and dies* Keightley (Tollet conj.) *sheds and lives* Keightley conj. *dines and lives* Collier conj. *killes and lives* Collier MS. *dies—nay! lives* Bulloch conj. *slays, and lives* Kinnear conj.
drops] *props* F_2.
Enter...behind.] Collier. Enter... Corin. Ff. Enter Celia, and Rosalind, at a Distance, Corin leading them. Capell.
10 *eye*] *eyes* Rowe.

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'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

11 *pretty, sure*] Theobald. *pretty sure* Ff.
17 *swoon*] Rowe. *swound* Ff.
20 *eye hath*] *eyes hath* Rowe (ed. 2). *eyes have* Pope.
22 *but*] om. F_1. *thee* Jervis conj.
23 *capable*] Ff. *palpable* Singer.
24 *some moment*] *some moments* So quoted in Johnson's Dict. s.v. *cicatrice.*
26 *Nor*] *Now* Quincy MS. *And* Keightley conj.
27 *hurt*] *any hurt* Hanmer. *hurt to any* Capell. *hurt to any one* Keightley.
O dear] *O my dear* Hanmer.
29 *meet*] F_1. *met* $F_2F_3F_4$.
30 *wounds*] *wound's* Pope.

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Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper

35 [Advancing. Capell.
why,...you? Who] *why? I pray you, who* Collier (ed. 2).
36 *insult, exult, and all at once*] *at once insult, exult,—and all* Becket conj. *insult, and, all at once, exult* Keightley. *insult, and exult all at once* Keightley (Errata).
and all at once] *and rail at once* Theobald (Warburton). *and domineer* Hanmer. *à l'outrecuidance* Forbes conj. *and tyrannise* Gould conj.
37 *What though*] *What though?* Singer. *What! though* Keightley.
have no] *hau no* F_1. *have* Theobald (L. H. conj.) *have some* Hanmer. *had more* Mason conj. *have no* Malone. *have more* Steevens (1793). *had some* Lettsom conj.
37, 38 *no...As*] *more...Yet* Quincy MS.
43 *sale-work.*] *sale-work:* Pope. *sale-worke?* Ff.
44 *my*] F_1. *mine* $F_2F_3F_4$.
46 *black silk hair*] *black-silk hair* Capell. *black silk-hair* Keightley.
48 *entame*] *entraine* Warburton conj.
53 *makes*] *make* Pope.
54 *flatters*] *flatter* Rowe (ed. 2).

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Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin.*

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

60 *when*] *what* Rowe (ed. 1).
62 *being foul*] *being found* Warburton.
66—69 Printed in Ff as four lines, ending *shee'll...fast...sauce...me?* As prose by Pope. Keightley ends the lines *you'll...so...looks...words....me?*
66 [Aside. Johnson, reading *her.*
your] *her* Hanmer.
she'll] *you'll* Keightley.
76 *sister.*] *Sister,* F_3. *sister* F_4.
77 *see*] *see ye* Hanmer.
79 *Come, to*] F_1F_2. *Come to* F_3F_4.
[Exeunt...]Theobald (ed. 2). Exit. Ff.
80 *Dead*] F_1. *Deed* $F_2F_3F_4$. *'Deed,* Hanmer. *Dear* Gould conj.

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Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

99 *And...grace*] *And such a poverty of grace attends it* Rowe. *I in*] F_1. *in* F_2. om. F_3F_4.
102 *loose*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *lose* F_4.
104 *erewhile*] F_4. *yerewhile* $F_1F_2F_3$.
107 *carlot*] *Carlot* Ff (in italics).

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It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

117 *very*] om. Hanmer.
127 *I have*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Haue* F_1. *Have much* Staunton conj.
133 *taunting*] F_4. *tanting* $F_1F_2F_3$.
137 *and*] om. Capell.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason

The forest.] Rowe. Rosalinds Cottage. Collier MS.
1 *be*] om. F_1.
1, 2 *acquainted*] *acquaintance* Egerton MS. (omitting *be* with F_1).
11 *emulation*] *emulative* Gould conj.
13 *politic*] *political* Rowe (ed. 1).
16, 17 *contemplation*] *contemplations* F_3 F_4.
17 *in which my*] *and which by* Malone conj. *on which my* Hudson (Seymour conj.).
which by Boswell.
my] *by* F_1.
18 *me in*] *me, is* Steevens (1793).

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to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands. 22

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too! 26

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.* 29

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise. 39

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind. 45

23 *my*] om. Rowe. *me* Theobald (ed. 2).
26 Enter...] Ff (after line 23).
28 Jaq.] Orl. F_3.
buy] Ff. *b'w'y* Rowe.
an] Pope. *and* Ff.
29 [Exit.] $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1. Exit Jaques. Dyce, after *gondola*, line 34.
30 SCENE II. Pope.
34 *gondola*] Pope. *Gundello* Ff. *gondallo* Rowe.
35 *been*] F_4. *bin* $F_1F_2F_3$.
36 *An*] Pope. *and* Ff.
42 *thousandth*] Rowe. *thousand* Ff.
44 *heart-whole*] F_4. *heart hole* $F_1F_2F_3$.

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Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

46, 63 *an*] Pope. *and* Ff.
50 *jointure*] *ioyncture* F_1.
51 *make*] *can make* Hanmer.
53 *be*] om. Rowe (ed. 1).
54 *beholding*] *beholden* Pope. *comes*] F_1F_4. *come* F_2F_3. *in his*] *against* Anon. conj.
55 *fortune*] *forehead* Long MS.
60 *leer*] *lure* Becket conj.
65 Ros.] Orl. F_2.
68 *warn*] *ward* Steevens conj. *warr'nt* Anon. conj.

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Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

75 *think...ranker*] *thank...rather* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
76 *of*] *out of* Collier MS.
82 *die*] F_1. *dye* F_4. *doe* F_2F_3.
86 *brains*] *braines* F_1. *braine* F_2. *brain* F_3F_4.
91 *him*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
93 *chroniclers*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Chronoclers* F_1. *coroners* Hanmer (Anon. conj.). *Chrowners* Collier MS.
was] om. Hanmer.
Sestos] *Cestos* F_1.
100 *me*] om. Rowe (ed. 1).

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Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say 'a day', without the 'ever'. No, no, Orlando;

108 *thing f*] Rowe. *thing:* Ff.
113 *Orlando*—] Pope. *Orlando.* Ff.
117 *Ay*] om. F_3F_4.
119 Ros.] Cel. Anon. conj.
122 *I...commission*] Printed as a verse in Ff.
123 *there's*] *there* Steevens (Farmer conj.). *thus* Lloyd conj.
127 *have her*] *love her* Hanmer.
128 *her.*] Pope. *her?* Ff.

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men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so? 140

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney. 147

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed. 151

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool! 157

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

131 *woo*] F_4. *woe* F_1. *wooe* F_2F_3. *they wed*] *they're wed* Hudson (Daniel conj.).
138 *hyen*] *Hyad* Kenrick conj.
139 *thou art*] *you are* Rowe (ed. 2). *sleep*] *weep* Warburton (Theobald conj.).
144 *doors*] *doors fast* Rowe (ed. 2).
146 *'twill*] *it will* F_4.
149 *will*] F_3F_4. *wil't* F_1F_2.
156 *occasion*] *accusation* Hanmer. *accusing* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *confusion* Staunton conj.
157 *she will...like a fool*] *she'll...a fool* Capell conj.

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Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit Orlando.*

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

160 *o'clock*] Theobald. *a clock* Ff.
165 *o'*] *o' th'* Rowe.
166 *hour f*] Rowe. *howre.* F_1F_2. *houre.* F_3. *hour.* F_4.
171 *pathetical*] *atheistical* Warburton. *jesuitical* Grey conj.
179 *try*] *try you* Collier MS.
Exit O.] Rowe. Exit. Ff.
180 SCENE III. Pope.

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Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter JAQUES, Lords, *and* Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

For. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home:
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*

189 *it*] *in* F_1.
194 *I'll tell*] *I tell* Hudson (Edd. conj.).
195 *Orlando*] *Orland* F_2.
196 *sleep*] *go sleep* Keightley.
SCENE II.] SCENE IV. Pope. Scene continued in Theobald.
The forest.] The same. Capell.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter Jaques and Lords, Forresters. Ff. Enter Jaques, and Others, Foresters. Capell. Enter J. and Lords, in the habit of foresters. Steevens.
2 A Lord.] Lord. Ff. 1 F. Capell. 1 Lord. Malone.
7 For.] Rowe. Lord. Ff. 2 F. Capell. 2 Lord. Malone.
10 SONG.] Musicke, Song. Ff.
12 *Then sing him home*] See note (x).

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Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,

13 *the horn*] *the horn, the horn, the horn* Theobald. *the horn, the lusty horn* Capell.
16 *And thy father*] *And thy own father* Hanmer. *Ay, and thy* or *Ay, and his* Capell conj.
SCENE III.] SCENE V. Pope. Scene continued in Theobald.
The forest.] The same. Capell.
1—5 *How...here.*] Printed in Ff as five lines, ending *clock...Orlando...brain ...forth...here.*
1 *o'clock*] Theobald. *a clock* Ff.
2 *and here much Orlando*] Ff. *I wonder much Orlando is not here* Pope. *and how much Orlando comes!* Capell. *and here's much Orlando* Steevens. *and here's no Orlando* Ritson conj. *and here,—mute is Orlando* Jackson conj.
4 *and is*] *and* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *and's* S. Walker conj. reading 3—5 as verse.
5, 6 *Look...you,*] One line, Abbott conj.
5 Enter...] Ff (after line 3).
7 *bid*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *did bid* F_1. [gives a Letter. Capell.
8 *know*] F_1. *knew* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.
Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.
Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.
Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.
Sil. Sure, it is hers.
Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?
Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;

11 *tenour*] Theobald. *tenure* Ff.
13 (letter) Collier MS.
17 *man*] *men* So quoted by S. Walker (Versification, p. 266).
18 *do*] F_1. *did* $F_2F_3F_4$.
22 *Phebe did write it*] *Phebe did write it, with her own fair hand* Mason conj.
Come, come] *Come* Taylor conj. MS.
23 *turn'd into*] *turned in* Capell conj. *turn'd so in* Id. conj.
26 *on*] F_1F_4. *one* F_2F_3.
33 *women's*] Ff. *woman's* Rowe.
34 *giant-rude*] Hyphened by Capell.

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Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads*] Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*reads*]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instru-

40 [Reads] Rowe. Read. Ff.
god] *a god* Keightley.
40, 41 *turn'd,...burn'd?*] Rowe. *turn'd?* ...*burn'd.* F_1. *turn'd?...burn'd?* F_2 F_3F_4.
44 [reads] Rowe. Read. Ff.
54 *chid*] *chide* Rowe.
57 *this*] *that* Rowe (ed. 2).

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ment and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit Silvius.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue.
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind

68 *straine*] *straines* F_1. *strings* $F_2F_3F_4$.
70 *snake*] *sneak* Becket conj.
72 *lover*,] F_4. *louer* $F_1F_2F_3$.
74 SCENE VI. Pope.
75 *Where in*] *Wherein* F_3F_4.
purlieus] Capell. *Purlews* Ff.
76 *olive-trees*?] Pope. *Oliue-trees.* Ff.
79 *brings*] F_1. *bring* $F_2F_3F_4$.
83 *should I*] *I should* Steevens (1793).
84—87 *The boy...brother.*] First marked as a quotation by Theobald.
85 *female*] *femall* F_1F_2.
and] *but* Hudson (Lettsom conj.).
bestows] *behaves* Gould conj.
86 *a ripe sister*] *a right forester* Hudson (Lettsom conj.). *to a forester* Kinnear conj. *a ripe forester* Gould conj. *a right sister* Spence conj. (N. & Q. 1888).
the] F_1. *but the* $F_2F_3F_4$.
88 *owner*] *owners* Halliwell (Capell conj.).

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He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?
Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;

92 *this*] *his* Warburton (? misprint).
96 *handkercher*] *handkerchief* Rowe.
99 *an hour*] *two hours* Hanmer.
100 *food*] *cud* Staunton (Scott conj. Intr. to Q. Durward).
103 *oak*] Pope. *old Oake* Ff. *boughs*] Rowe. *bowes* Ff.
104 *with*] *of* Rowe (ed. 2).
112 *which*] F_1. *whose* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.
Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was't you he rescued?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,

122 *amongst*] *'mongst* Rowe (ed. 2).
132 *Was't you he rescued*] *Was't...rescu'd* Ff. *Was it...rescu'd* Theobald (ed. 2).
133 *Was't*] *Was it* Theobald (ed. 2).
140 *As how*] *As, how* Steevens (1793). *place;*] *place...* Keightley. After this line Capell supposes two lines to be lost, e.g. *How, in that habit; what my state, what his; And whose the service he was now engag'd in.* Malone thinks one line is omitted.
141 *In*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *I* F_1.

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Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. [*Rosalind swoons.*

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

152 *story*] om. F_3F_4.
154 *his*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *this* F_1.
155 [R. swoons.] Ros. faints. Pope (after 156). om. Ff.
156 *sweet Ganymede*] *sweet!—Ganymed* Johnson.
158 *more in it*] F_1F_2. *no more in it* F_3F_4. *no more in 't* Pope.
Cousin Ganymede!] *Cosen Ganimed.* Ff (*cosin* F_4). *cousin—Ganymed!* Johnson.
159 Raising her. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
160 *I would*] *Would* Pope.
161 *will you*] om. F_3F_4.
arm?] Theobald. *arme.* Ff.
162—164 *Be...it*] As in Pope. Three lines, ending *man?...heart...it* in Ff.
164 *sirrah*] *sirra* Ff. *sir* Pope. See note (XI).
168 *a passion*] F_1. *passion* $F_2F_3F_4$.

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Ros. So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

The forest.] Rowe. The Forest of Arden. Collier. Arden. Collier MS.
1 *time*] *priest* Gould conj.
8 *in me*] om. Pope.
12 Enter William] As in Dyce. After line 9 in Ff.
14 *ye*] *give ye* Johnson.

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Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. 'Thank God;' a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together

21 *Wast*] Pope. *Was't* Ff. 34 *sir*] *sit* F_1.
29 *wise man*] *wiseman* Ff. See note (III).

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is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

48 *or, to wit*] *to wit* Steevens, 1793 (Farmer conj.).
52 *policy*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *police* F_1.
54 *Do,*] F_4. *Do* $F_1F_2F_3$.
55 *merry,*] F_4. *merry* $F_1F_2F_3$.
56 *seeks*] F_3F_4. *seekes* F_1F_2. *seek* Rowe. The forest.] Another part of the forest. Before a cottage. Dyce conj.
4 *persever*] F_1F_2. *persevere* F_3F_4.
7 *nor her*] Rowe. *nor* Ff.

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Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow: thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame:' for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb in-

12—15 Printed as five lines ending *consent...I...followers:...you,...Rosalinde* in Ff.

13 *all's*] Ff. *all his* Pope.
contented] *convented* Gould conj.

15 Enter R.] As in Dyce. Ff (after line 11). After *followers*, l. 14, in Collier.

17 Oli.] Orl. F_3F_4.
And you] *And you, and your* Johnson conj.
fair sister] *forester* Kinnear conj.
[Exit.] Capell. om. Ff.

25 *swoon*] Rowe (ed. 2). *sound* $F_1F_2F_3$. *swound* F_4.
handkercher] *handkerchief* F_4.

28 *fight*] *sight* F_4.

29, 30 *overcame*] *overcome* F_1.

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continent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them. 38

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind? 46

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger. 63

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

41 *eyes! By*] Capell. *eies: by* Ff.
52 *I say*] (*I say*) Ff.
you] *what you* Rowe.
56 *year*] F_3. *yeare* F_1F_2. *years* F_4.
57 *art*] *heart* F_3F_4.
58 *cries it*] *cryeth* Capell conj.
59 *shall you*] F_1F_2. *you shall* F_3F_4.
62 *human*] Rowe. *humane* Ff.
64 *meanings*] *meaning* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

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Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married tomorrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;

66 *in*] *on* Rowe (ed. 2).
69 SCENE III. Pope.
75 *Look...you*] *Look on him, love him, for he worships you* Anon. conj.
77 *all made*] F_1F_2. *made all* F_3F_4.
82 *all made*] Ff. *made all* Rowe.
89 *observance*] $F_1F_3F_4$. *obserbance* F_2. *obedience* Dyce (Collier MS.). *continuance* Kinnear conj.
91 *observance*] Ff. *obeisance* Ritson conj. *obedience* Malone conj. *perseverance* Rann (Heath conj.). *en-*

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And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Why do you speak too, 'Why blame you me to love you?'

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can: [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

durance Singer, ed. 2 (Harness conj.). *devotion* Bailey conj. *deservance* Nicholson conj. *obsequience* Bulloch conj.

96 [To Ros. Pope.

97 [To Phe. Pope.

99 *Why...too*] Ff. *Who...to* Rowe. *Whom...to* Singer (ed. 2).

103 [To Sil.] Capell. To Orlando. Johnson.

104 [To Phe.] Johnson.

105 *all together*] F_4. *altogether* $F_1F_2F_3$.

[To Phe.] Pope. om. Ff.

106, 107 [To Orl.] Pope. om. Ff.

107 *satisfied*] *satisfy* Dyce, ed. 2 (Douce conj.).

108 [To Sil.] Pope. om. Ff.

110 [To Orl.] Johnson.

[To Sil.] Johnson.

112 *commands*] *your commands* Allen conj. ap. Furness.

113—115 Printed as a verse by Steevens (1793).

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SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished Duke's pages.

Enter two PAGES.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
  With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
  In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

SCENE III.] SCENE IV. Pope.
4 *world.*] F_4. *world?* $F_1F_2F_3$.
11 *the only*] *only the* Hudson (Capell conj.). *your only* Grant White. *voice?*] Theobald. *voice.* Ff.
17 *In the*] Ff. *In* Knight (Edinburgh MS.). See note (XII). *the only...ring*] Edinburgh MS. and Steevens conj. *the onely...rang* Ff. *the pretty spring* Rowe (ed. 2). *the only...rank* Johnson (ed. 2). *the pretty ring* Steevens conj. *the only ...range* Whiter conj. *the only... spring* Harness conj.

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Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

22 *folks*] *fools* Edin. MS. *would*] *did* Edin. MS.
23 *In*] F_1F_2 and Edin. MS. *In the* F_3 F_4.
24 *This*] F_1F_2 and Edin. MS. *The* F_3 F_4.
26 *a life*] Ff and Edin. MS. *our life* Hanmer. *life* Steevens (1778, 1785).
27 *In*] F_1F_2 and Edin. MS. *In the* F_3 F_4.
28—31 Placed after line 19 in Ff. Transferred by Johnson (Thirlby conj.); so in Edin. MS.
28 *And...time*] *Then prettie lovers take the tyme* Edin. MS.
33 *untuneable*] *untunable* Ff. *untimeable* Theobald.
34 *kept*] *keep* F_3F_4.
34, 35 *time...time*] *tune...tune* S. Walker conj.
37 *buy*] Ff. *b' w' you* Rowe. *be wi'* Capell. *be with* Steevens. *b' wi'* Dyce. SCENE IV.] SCENE V. Pope.
The forest.] Another part of the forest. Before a cottage. Dyce conj.
Celia.] Colia. F_2.

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Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?
Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.
Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?
Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?
Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phe. So is the bargain.
Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?
Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.

3, 4 *do not; As*] *do As* Kinnear conj.
4 *that fear*] *that think* Hanmer. *fear they hope...they fear*] *fear their hap...their fear* Warburton. *fear, they hope, and know they fear* Johnson. *fear with hope, and hope with fear* or *fear, they hope, and now they fear* Id. conj. *fear their hope, and know their fear* Capell (Heath conj.). *feign they hope, and know they fear* Blackstone conj. *fear, then hope; and know, then fear* Musgrave conj. *fearing hope, and hoping fear* Mason conj. *fear thee, hope, and know thee, fear* Quoted by Rann. *hope they fear, then know they fear* Becket conj. *fear the hope, and know the fear* Jackson conj. *fear may hope, and know they fear* Harness conj. *fear to hope, and know they fear* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *fear that they hope, and know they fear* Jervis conj. *scarcely hope, and now they fear* Bulloch conj. *fear their hope, and hope their fear* Keightley (Lettsom conj.). *fain would hope, and know they fear* Bailey conj. (1866). *fear that they hope, and hope they fear* Gould conj.
5 *urged*] *heard* Collier MS.
6 [To the Duke. Rowe.
9 [To Orlando. Rowe.
11 *willing?*] Capell. *willing.* Ff.
[To Phe. Rowe.
14 *shepherd?*] Capell. *Shepheard.* Ff.
16 [To Syl. Rowe.
will?] F_4. *will.* $F_1F_2F_3$.

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Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady;

21 *your*] Rowe (ed. 2). *you your* Ff.
24 *refuse*] *refuses* Caldecott (ed. 2), corrected in Errata.
25 *even.*] *even—even so.* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
[Exeunt R. and C.] Exit Ros. and Celia. Ff.
26 *shepherd*] *shepherds* F_4.
31, 41 *been*] F_4. *bin* $F_1F_2F_3$.
33 *Whom*] F_1F_2. *Who* F_3F_4.
34 Enter T. and A.] Enter Clowne and Audrey. Ff (after line 33).
35 SCENE VI. Pope.
36, 37 *very strange*] *unclean* Hanmer (Warburton).

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I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word

44 *been*] F_4. *bin* $F_1F_2F_3$.
48 *was*] *was not* Johnson conj.
50 *seventh*] F_1F_2. *the seventh* F_3F_4.
53 *you of*] *of you* Hanmer (Warburton).
55, 56 *binds...breaks*] *bids...bids break* Warburton.
59 *foul*] om. F_3F_4.
60 *swift*] *wise* Gould conj.
61, 62 Touch. *According ... diseases.*] Jaq. *According...sir.* Touch. *And ...diseases*— S. Walker conj.
61 *fool's*] F_4. *fooles* F_1F_2 (some copies) F_3. *foles* F_2 (Cap.).
and such] *in such* Farmer conj.
62 *diseases*] *discourses* Johnson conj. *phrases* Mason conj. *discords* Anon. conj. *devices* Kinnear conj.

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again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgement: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say, I lie: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct. 77

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie? 84

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If. 97

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

70 *not*] om. F_3F_4.
76 *I lie*] *I lied* Hanmer.
76, 77 *so to the*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *so ro* F_1. *so the* Rowe.
93 *take up*] *make up* Quincy MS.
98 *as*] om. Rowe.

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Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, *and* CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.
To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

101 SCENE VII. Pope.
Enter...] Ff. Enter...Rosalind in Woman's Cloths... Rowe. Re-enter Rosalind, and Celia, in their proper Dress; Ros. led by a Person presenting Hymen. Capell. Enter Hymen, leading Rosalind in woman's clothes; and Celia. Steevens (1793).
104 *Atone*] *Attone* Ff. *Attune* Long MS.
107 *hither*] F_3F_4. *hether* F_1F_2.
108 *her hand*] F_3F_4. *his hand* F_1F_2.
109 *his bosom*] *her bosom* Malone.
110 [To the Duke. Rowe.
111 *To you*] Orl. *To you* F_3F_4.
[To Orlando. Rowe.
113 *sight*] *shape* Rann (Johnson conj.).
114, 115 As Pope. Printed as one line in Ff.
116 [To the Duke. Johnson.
117 [To Orlando. Johnson.
118 [To Phebe. Johnson.

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Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

124 *holds*] *hold* Singer (ed. 2).
125 [to Orlando and Rosalind. Johnson.
126 [to Oliver and Celia. Johnson.
127 [to Phebe. Johnson.
129 [to the Clown and Audrey. Johnson.
134 *these things*] *thus we* Collier MS.
140 *of*] *in* Collier MS.
141 [to Cel. Capell.
142 *Even*] *Than* Bailey conj. *daughter, welcome,*] F_4. *daughter welcome,* $F_1F_2F_3$. *daughter-welcome* Theobald. *as a daughter* Cartwright conj.
143 [to Sil. Capell.
144 *Thy*] *My* Long MS.

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Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld; and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,

SCENE VIII. Pope.
Enter Jaques de Boys.] Rowe.
Enter Second Brother. Ff.
158 *them*] Rowe. *him* Ff.
159 *be*] *prove* So quoted by Abbott.
161 *brothers'*] Capell. *brothers* $F_1F_2F_3$. *brother's* F_4. *brothers*, Reed.
168 *share*] *have* So quoted by Walker.
169 *states*] *'states* Collier.

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And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
Jaq. de B. He hath.
Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To Duke S.*] You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
[*To Orl.*] You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:
[*To Oli.*] You to your land, and love, and great allies:
[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:
[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.
Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.
Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*
Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

176 *court?*] Capell. *court.* Ff.
180, 182, 183, 184, 185 Stage directions given by Rowe.
180 *bequeath;*] *bequeath* F_1.
181 *deserves*] *deserve* Pope.
191 *we will*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *wee'l* F_1.
rites] Rowe. *rights* Ff.
192 *As*] *And* Reed.
trust they'll end, in] Pope. *trust, they'l end in* Ff.
[A dance.] Capell. Exit. F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.

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EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.] Theobald (ed. 2). Seymour supposes what follows to be spurious.

6 *then*] *tho'* Kenrick conj.

7 *cannot*] *can* Pope.

12 *please you*] F_1F_2. *pleases you* F_3F_4. *pleases them* Hanmer (Warburton). *please them* Steevens.

and I] *and so I* Steevens (Farmer conj.).

14 *hates*] *hate* Pope.

them,—] *them*) *to like as much as pleases them* Hanmer (Warburton).

20 *curtsy*] *my curtesy* Keightley.

[Exeunt.] $F_2F_3F_4$. Exit. F_1.

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NOTES.

Note I.

Le Beau is so called in F_1 on his first entrance, afterwards always 'Le Beu.'

The banished Duke is called Duke Senior in the stage directions.

Rosalind is spelt indifferently thus and 'Rosaline.' In Rowe it is uniformly Rosalind.

Rowe, in his second edition, besides 'Touchstone' and 'William,' introduced among the Dramatis Personæ 'A clown in love with Audrey.' He was followed by Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton. Johnson struck it out.

Note II.

I. 1. 46. The correction *revenues* for *reverence* has been made in MS. by some unknown hand in Capell's copy of the third Folio. The writing somewhat resembles Warburton's.

Note III.

I. 2. 79. There can be no doubt that the words 'wise men' here printed as two, in obedience to modern usage, were frequently in Shakespeare's time written and pronounced as one word, with the accent on the first syllable, as 'madman' is still. See Sidney Walker's *Criticisms*, Vol. II. p. 139.

Note IV.

I. 2. 147, 149. It does not seem necessary to make any change in the text here. Perhaps Shakespeare wrote the prose parts of the play hastily, or it may be that Orlando, who is summoned by Celia, but whose thoughts are fixed upon Rosalind, is made to say 'them,' not 'her,' designedly.

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Note V.

I. 2. 187. Before we were aware of Mason's conjecture, it occurred to us that the sentence would run better thus: 'An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before.' 'And,' for 'an,' is a more probable reading than 'if,' as it may have been omitted by the printer, who mistook it for part of the stage direction—'Orl. and' for 'Orland.' We have since discovered that Theobald proposed 'An.'

Note VI.

I. 3. 92. See a discussion as to the proper punctuation and meaning of the words 'No, hath not?' in *Notes and Queries*, 1st Ser. Vol. VII. p. 520, and in Mr Singer's note on this passage. It may be doubted whether the passages quoted by Mr Grant White are apposite to this, where there is a double negative.

Note VII.

III. 2. 317. In the fourth Folio, and in Rowe's two editions, the word 'kindled' happens to be in two lines, and therefore divided by a hyphen. Pope, misled by this, printed it in his first edition as a compound, 'kind-led,' interpreting it probably with reference to the gregarious habits of the animal in question.

Note VIII.

III. 3. 82—85. Johnson proposes to arrange these lines as follows:

Clo... Come, sweet Audrey; we must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee. [*they whisper.*
Clo. Farewell, &c.

Note IX.

III. 4. 39. As the word 'puisny' is here used not in the modern sense of 'diminutive,' but in the now obsolete sense of 'inferior, unskilled,' we think it better to retain the spelling of the Folios.

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NOTE X.

IV. 2. 12. The words 'Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen' are printed in the Folios as part of the song. Rowe and Pope made no change. Theobald first gave 'the rest shall bear this burthen' as a stage direction. Mr Knight, Mr Collier, Mr Grant White and Mr Dyce take the whole to be a stage direction, Mr Grant White reading '*They* sing him home,' for '*Then*.....' Mr Halliwell prints 'Then sing him home, the rest shall bear—This burthen.' Mr Knight gives in a note the music written for this song by Hilton, and published in 1652. In Hilton's setting, the words 'Then sing him home, &c.' are left out, but that, as Mr Knight implies, is not conclusive as to the original song.

Capell's arrangement is as follows:

1 v. *What.....deer?*
2 v. *His.....wear.*
1 v. *Then.....home.*

BOTH.

Take.....born.

1 v. *Thy.....wore it.*
2 v. *And.....bore it.*

CHO.

The horn.....scorn.

Barron Field proposed

Men sing him home, the rest shall bear [This burthen.

Hudson reads, as a stage direction, 'They sing him home, the rest bearing this burden.'

NOTE XI.

IV. 3. 164. Malone wrongly attributes the reading 'Sir' for 'Sirra' to the second Folio.

NOTE XII.

V. 3. 17. The Edinburgh MS. mentioned in our footnotes is one in the Advocates' Library (fol. 18), and the song has been reprinted from it in Chappell's *Collection of National English Airs*, ed. 1840, p. 130.

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3925
.1894
v.2

3925.1894 v.2
Shakespeare
Works

T. M. Greene

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